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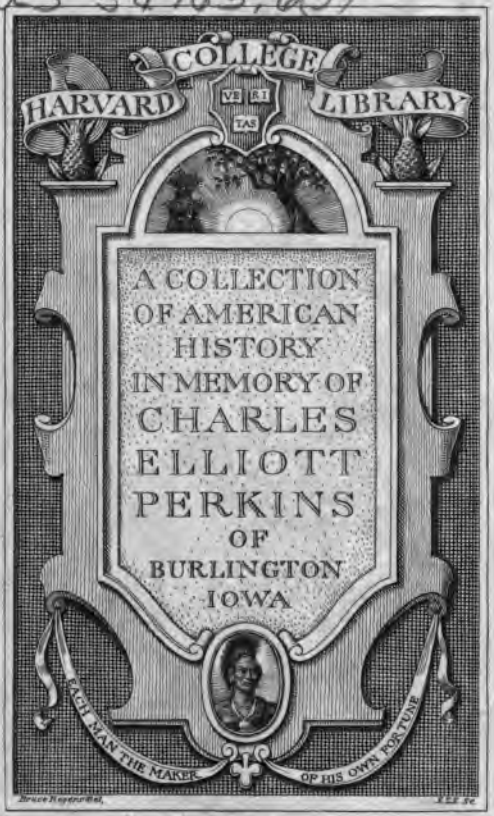
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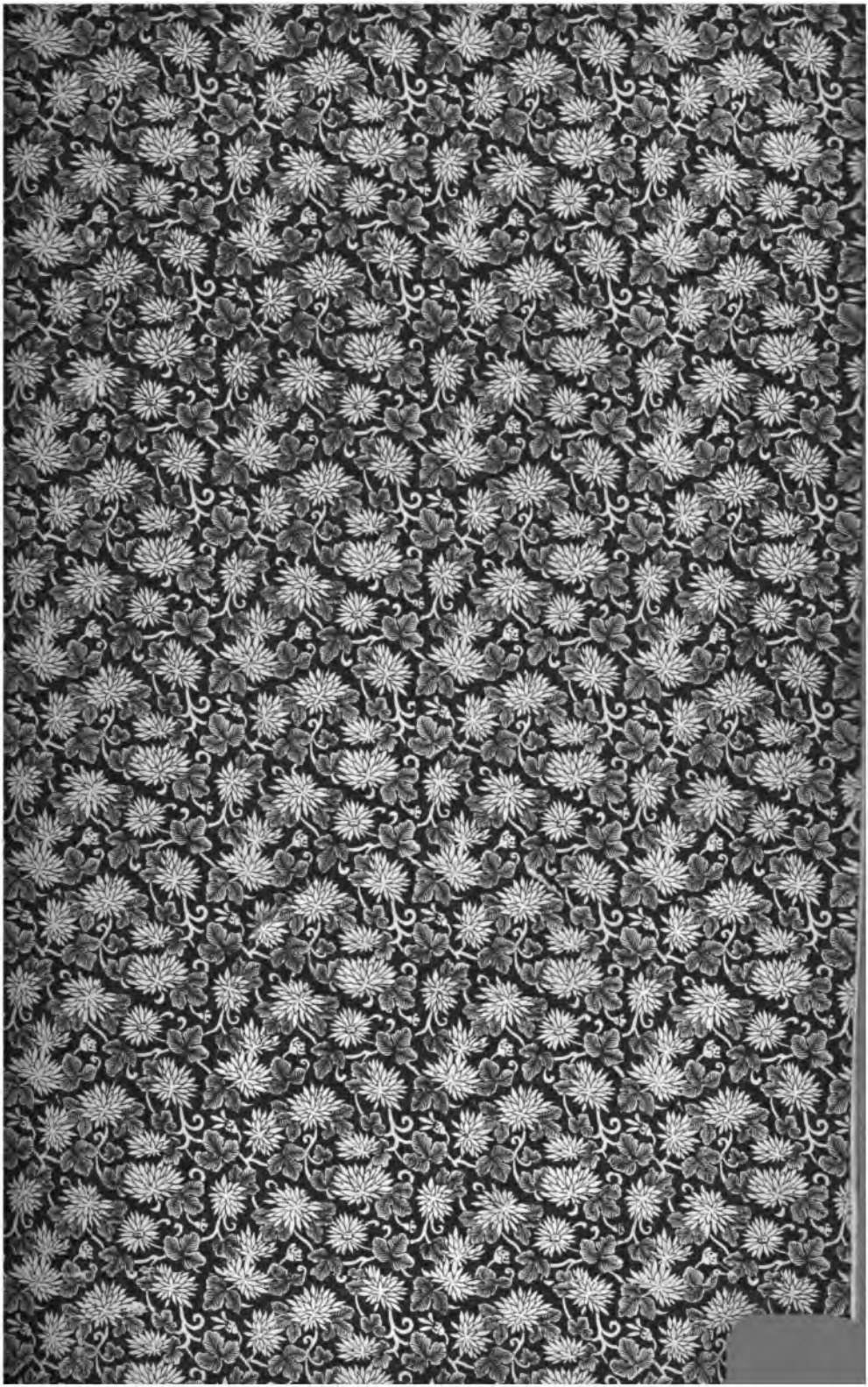

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The Children's Friend

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GEORGE FISHER'S NEW YEARS GIFT.

Jennie Groberg.

Student Weber Stake Academy.

"Mamma," said George Fisher to his mother, "what do you think teacher told me today?"

"I am sure, son, I do not know," said Mrs. Fisher, as she went on preparing dinner for the family.

"Well, she told me I got a high mark in that last history examination and that she was sure I would get through the eighth grade at mid-year all right," and his eyes sparkled with happiness.

"Yes," his mother replied, "but you must not be too sure, remember it will require good, hard study on your part."

George was 13 years old, and his folks had come from Holland only eight years before. Mr. Fisher was janitor of a large private academy and they lived in a little cottage beside the school.

As they were at the dinner table, George said, "Papa, I wish I could go to the academy when I get through the eighth grade. I hate the thought of quitting school."

Mr. Fisher was silent a few moments; then replied, "Well, George, if you will help me all you can during your spare time, we will talk it over and see if we can possibly arrange to let you go. You have always been good, but maybe you can get up a little earlier and assist me with the dusting before you go to school." Just then the ten-minute bell rang and George hurried off.

That evening after school, one of the boys said, "Hello, George, what's your hurry? Come and play catch with us."

"No," he answered, "I am going home to help papa clean out."

"We don't care; we don't want the Dutchman's kid with us, anyway," said Roy Brown.

"He thinks he's pretty smart, and I don't see what he has

got to be proud over, unless it's that he expects to graduate this year," said Fred Jenkins.

While the boys were talking like this about George, he was hurrying home, and soon had a broom and was helping his father sweep the building. As they worked together, his father said to him, "George, we have decided, mamma and I, that we will arrange it so you can go to the academy at mid-year."

"Oh, papa, I am so glad. I will help you all I can," and the thought seemed to fill him with a new determination to work even harder.

The next morning when he awoke, he began thinking of what his father had told him, and at first it seemed only a dream, too good to be true, but, as he realized the possibility of such an opportunity coming into his life, he felt happier than he had ever been before.

That day, just before school was out, a rap was heard at the door. and a little six-year-old child, with ragged clothes and worn shoes, stood there crying, "Please tell George to some home for papa's dying." George was soon notified and hurried for home as quickly as he could. He saw the doctor's carriage outside, and immediately ran into the house. "Where is he?" George said, as he hurried toward the bedroom door. "Keep out," said Fred, "they are fixing papa's leg." Then George learned that his father was not dead but had met with a serious accident.

That day, as Mr. Fisher was crossing the road, he noticed a team coming at full speed, but thought he could get past before it reached him. He knew no more until he found himself in bed and then learned his thigh bone was broken.

As soon as George could gain entrance, he was at his father's bedside. The suffering man said, "Well, George, I guess you had better tell the principal of the school to get another janitor, but you can run over and put some more coal on now, can't you?"

"Oh, but, papa, can't I take care of the building? Please tell the principal so, won't you? Here he comes now. I'll do the best I can, and I am sure I can manage it." The boy realized that if the position were given up, the family would be without means of support, and was eager to assume the responsibility for the sake of his mother and little ones.

When the principal entered, he said, "Well, Mr. Fisher, I am truly sorry that such an accident should happen to you. But I feel to sympathize with you and your family, and if there is anything I can do for you, I shall only be too glad to do it."

The pains grew intense, but still he carried on the conversation. "Well. professor, I know you have always been kind and good, and I tell you I appreciate it. Do you think we could still keep our job? George here will tend to it. You may think

he can't; but he has always been with me, and knows how it works."

"We will do all we can for you, but don't you think he is rather young to have such a responsibility placed upon him?" asked the principal, as he looked at George.

"I know what it means, but still I think he can manage it. I would feel perfectly safe to have it in his care, and——"

"I can do it, I can do it," interrupted George.

"And," continued the father, "I can lie right here and see that he attends to everything."

"Well," said the principal, as he patted George on the shoulder, "you try it in the morning, and by then I'll let you know."

George was delighted to think that maybe he could keep up the work. It's true, he would have to quit school and not graduate, but he consoled himself by saying, "I don't care, I couldn't go to the academy if I did complete the eighth grade now, and I might have known that it was too good to be true." He brushed aside all his fears and immediately set about his work with a brave heart.

Next morning he was up at four o'clock and commenced his new task. He made a fire in the furnace, and while it was burning, he dusted the whole building. All was completed at 7:30. Then he went down to the furnace room again and began to clear up the trash and make it look orderly.

Just then the principal stepped in and said, "Good morning, George; you are up bright and early this morning, aren't you? You have done very well, too. We have decided," and the professor noticed George looked very interested, "that you can take care of the building, and we will help you all we can."

"Thank you, professor; I am so glad, and I will do my best." As the principal left, he ran home and told his father.

George went about, every day, as happy as though he were doing what he enjoyed most. He did it well, and the instructors and students noticed how neat and warm the building was. By rising early and planning his work, he decided it would be possible for him to attend school, besides doing his work.

Monday morning, just one week after his father's accident, he started to school again. In the morning he dusted the building and fixed the fire so that it would last till recess time, and then he would come home again at noon and see to it; at night, with the help of his mother and smaller brother, he swept the building. He had a great deal to do, but was determined to keep up with his class. It was very cold for him to get up in the winter mornings and make a fire, and sometimes he had to shovel the snow away from the walks and around the buildings.

One Friday evening, after school, one of the boys said, "Say, George, our class is going skating tomorrow on Thompson's pond. Wouldn't you like to go, too?"

"I would like to go, but I must stay at home and work," replied George, looking rather sad.

"My, but you have had a long siege of working. How is your father getting along?" said another of his school mates.

"The doctor says he is doing well and will be able to walk on crutches by New Year. Well, I must hurry home. Good night, boys," and he hurried away to hide the tears he could not keep from coming.

"I wonder what he thinks now, he can't continue his schooling, after mid-year? It will take some of the smartness out of him," said his jealous class mate, as he was making a hard snow ball to throw at some of the smaller children.

"Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves instead of making fun of him. You ought to sympathize with him. I like George, and I don't think there's another boy in this class who could do what this boy is doing. He is going to make a man out of himself some day." This came from one of the smaller boys who was not afraid to let them know his thoughts.

Time passed by, and it was the Friday night before holidays. Most all the children were very happy, but George only wished they were over with. He had received his month's wages, but this had to go to pay the smaller bills of the family. There was money left due on the doctor bill, and several others that should be paid by New Year, but he knew of nowhere to get the money.

Monday morning came, and Christmas was to be the next Thursday. His father had been in bed six weeks, and just able to get around a little. George did not have even enough money to buy a few Christmas presents with, and he felt pretty gloomy. That forenoon as he was going down town on an errand for his mother, he was startled to feel a tap on his shoulder and hear some one say, "Hello, there, George."

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" George said, as he looked up.

"Well," the gentleman continued, "I guess you thought that I was never going to pay you for that work you did for me last summer. Here, I will pay you now while I have it. I owed you five dollars, but since I left it so long, I'll give you a dollar for interest," and he laid six silver dollars into George's hand before he had time to speak.

"There, now, take it, you earned it all, anyway." Just then a carriage drove up, and Mr. Jones stepped in it. He was gone before George had scarcely time to thank him for the unexpected money. He stood almost paralyzed. Six dollars looked a great deal to him then.

(To be continued)

JIMMIE AT HOME.

Nine boys and girls on their way home from school, and all talking at once about the Christmas party of the week before.

"Say," said Lucy Elder, "Jimmie Perkins wasn't there. Where do you suppose he was?"

"Ho!" answered John Martin, "he has the mumps."

"Oh, that's too bad!" cried all the girls. "Now he can't sing at our New Year concert."

"Well, I guess not! How would he look standing up there singing with his face all swelled up!"

"John Martin, you ought to be ashamed!" said Lucy. "Jimmie wouldn't make fun of you if you were sick. But you all wait for me a minute. I'm going in to see how he is. I've had the mumps, you know," and Lucy ran up the steps and into the house, while the other children clustered about the window to try to see Jimmie.

Just inside the window was standing Jimmie's Christmas tree, still covered with its candles and ornaments, while on the floor at its foot Jimmie himself, with a badly-swollen face, was building a tall blockhouse to amuse his little brother Willie, who also had the mumps, and who was just sick enough to be very cross and hard to please. On a low chair near by sat mother holding Baby Netta, who was crying with the pain in her face.

As Jimmie turned to speak to Lucy, his foot touched the block-house, and over it went with a crash. Willie, vexed at losing his house, lifted his hand and struck Jimmie full on his aching cheek.

Oh, how it hurt! Jimmie cried out with the pain, but he did not strike back. He ran to his mother, sobbing: "O mother, it aches dreffly! But Willie didn't mean to hurt me."

Sure enough, Willie crept up with tears in his eyes, saying: "Me solly! Me tiss 'oo and make it well."

"Mother, too, kissed the aching spot, and soon Jimmie, Willie, and Lucy all were on the floor building a house "as high as the sky," while baby Netta cooed and laughed at the children outside the window.

"My!" exclaimed John Martin to Lucy when she came out of the house again, "Jimmie's a brick! I know I wouldn't have stood

it so well if anybody had hit me on my sore face. I'd have hit back."

"I don't believe you would, John," said little Amy Brooks softly; "but anyway, I'm going to 'member when I get the mumps to keep patient and pleasant, like Jimmie does."—Selected.

A BRAVE BOY.

Andy Moore was a short, stout little country lad, with a freckled face and rough, brown hands. Sometimes he might be seen with a cap, but oftener without. But he did not care for that; he thought his hair was a good enough covering for his head.

He lived in a wild, rocky country, and he used to study the animals and what they did far more than he did his books. He would sit on the top of a great tree and rock, or stand on a high rock when the wind was blowing so hard that he could scarcely keep on his feet.

On the side of the hill was a rough shanty which he called home. It was built of logs and mud, with nothing but square holes in it for windows. It was not a beautiful place, but it was the only home he had ever had, and he liked it.

In the valley, not far from his home, there was a railroad track; and Andy often watched the engine as it came puffing past, thinking how much it was like a great, fierce, wild animal, as it went screaming through the valley.

But he had never wished to ride in the cars; he was satisfied to lie in the sand and watch the engine rush past, leaving nothing but a cloud of smoke behind it.

One day as he was crossing the track, Andy noticed there was something wrong with it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, for he was only a little boy; but he knew one of the rails was out of place, and he had heard that cars were thrown off and people killed by such things.

Just then he heard a low whistle in the distance. The cars were coming! They would soon be there! If he could only stop them. He was only a little boy, but he would try, for there was nobody else to do it.

Andy never thought of any danger to himself; but he ran and stood in the middle of the track, just near the place where the rail was broken; and then he stretched his arms out as far as he

could. On, on came the cars. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. But Andy stood still and did not move an inch.

Again the engine whistled. Andy took no notice of it. The engineer, of course, had to stop the train; and in a very unkind voice he cried out to the boy and asked him what he meant by standing on the track.

Andy pointed to the broken rail, and when the engineer saw how the brave little fellow had saved the train and the lives of the people on it, the words of blame soon gave place to thanks and blessing.

Everybody rushed out to see what was the matter. If the train had run on to the broken rail, it would have been thrown down a steep bank into the river, and many lives would have been lost. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, brown face, and cried over him; and the men, as they saw what he had done for them, said, "God bless the brave boy!"—Selected.

NEW YEAR'S AT BUDDIE'S HOUSE.

Buddie was a little boy with four sisters, all older than himself. Susan was nine and Martha was eight, and Molly and Dolly, the twins, were six. Buddie, aged four years, was such a very big little boy that Susan told everybody he was the size of Molly and Dolly put together. The four little girls were very proud of Buddie, because he was the only boy. "He has lots of sense, too," Susan told people; "and grandmother says he's better than any of us girls, and grandfather says Buddie's good as gold, but he will holler for his bread and milk at breakfast." The four little girls and Buddie always had bread and milk for their breakfast, and just as soon as Linda, the nurse, put Buddie's napkin under his dimpled chin and tied it around his neck, the little fellow set up a loud call of: "Give me my bre'kfas'! Give me my bre'kfas'!"

New Year's was coming, and Buddie's sisters were busy planning what they would do, for Linda declared that anything a person did on New Year's day, that same thing would they do each day of the entire year. "I intend to get up at five o'clock on New Year's," said Susan.

"I intend to read for an hour and a half," said Martha.

"You two are going to be mighty smart," said Linda. "Wonder how the rest of the folks 'll like being woke up at five o'clock every morning?"

"I am going to get up easy," said Susan.

"I am going to put on my own shoes," said Dolly, feeling very grown up and important.

"So'm I," said Molly, "and button 'em."

"Now let Mr. Buddie tell what he's going to do!" cried Linda.

"Some'n nice," said Buddie, his dimples deepening.

"Ain't you gunno tell nobawdy?" asked Linda; and all the little sisters begged and begged; but Buddie said, his eyes shining, "Wait till New Year's and you'll see."

Now if there was one thing Buddie could do better than anything else it was to keep a secret. So not one of them found out his plan.

On the morning of January first Susan rose at five o'clock, but she was a very sleepy little girl by breakfast time and so hungry that she was cross. Martha could hardly be coaxed to the table, for she was reading and timing herself, and breakfast was an interruption; therefore she was cross, too. But oh, the poor little twins! They had put on their shoes and buttoned them, and all four of them were buttoned wrong, on the inside, and they looked and felt very queer, and they thought they would do this thing every morning for a whole year, and Linda was laughing. All this time Buddie was sitting at the breakfast table with his napkin tied around his neck. "Gracious me!" cried Linda, "ef I ain't forgot to git the boy his breakfast, and bless me, he ain't hollered for it!"

"It's New Year's day," said Buddie, "and I told you to wait and you'd all see some'n nice. I'm not goin' to holler for it today, and I'm never goin' to holler for it any more."

Although Buddie was only four years old and the "only boy," he kept his word. "Buddie has lots of sense," Susan told people, more emphatically than before, " 'cause he didn't try to get up at five o'clock in the morning."—Selected.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

Hassan was a camel-driver who dwelt at Gaza. It was his business to go with caravans, backwards and forwards, across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a wife and a young son, about twelve years old, called Ali.

Hassan had been absent for many weeks, when his wife received a message from him, telling her to send Ali and the camel to Suez with the next caravan, and he would wait there until the boy arrived.

Ali's mother was pained at the thought of sending her young

son away for the first time; but she felt that he was helping his father, and the Lord could care for him.

Ali was delighted to think that at last he, too, was to be a camel-driver, and to take a journey with the dear old camel, of which he was very fond. He had long wanted to ride on its back across the desert, and to lie down by its side to rest at night.

The father had had to save a whole year to buy the camel, and they were all very fond of it. Although it was a great creature by the side of the boy, it would obey his voice, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wished. Ali called it Meek-eye.

Ali got out the trappings for the camel and looked to see that the water bottles did not leak; for they were made of skin and sometimes they cracked.

At last the caravan started. The camels which were to lead the way had around their necks jingling bells, and all the other camels followed the sound of the bells.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the camels, their soft, spongy feet making a noise as they trod the ground. No one spoke to Ali, who was the only boy in the caravan; but he had a stout heart, and talked to Meek-eye and tried not to care.

As the morning passed away, the day grew hotter and hotter. It seemed as if the sand was on fire. Not a tree or blade of grass to be seen, nothing but sand and sky.

At noon they stopped where a small stream gushed out of the rocks; and at night they camped for rest, the camels lying down while the fires were made and the food cooked.

For several days they traveled along in this way, and Ali found that he liked this kind of life.

At noon one day there came one of those fearful burning winds, which are so harmful to the traveler and the camels. The loose sand was raised like a cloud. The camels lay down and pushed their noses in the sand, and their drivers threw themselves flat upon the earth.

The storm passed, but a great fear came upon the drivers, for the sand had covered the track, and all trace of the road was lost. They wandered on and on; and sometimes after going some distance in one direction, they turned back and tried another. Then came a greater danger. Their water bottles were empty.

Poor Ali suffered like the rest. He had taken the last drop of water from the bottle, and knew there was none for tomorrow. At night as he lay by his camel, he heard one of the drivers say: "There is only one thing to be done. We must kill one of the camels and get the water from its stomach. We had better kill the boy's camel. We shall not miss either of them."

There was no more sleep for Ali that night, and he trembled

with fear. What could he do? As he thought of his father and mother he loved so well, he made up his mind to save the camel. When all was still in the camp, he arose, and saying something in his camel's ear, he mounted him and quietly went away.

The night was cool and refreshing, and, as he journeyed along on his faithful camel, he prayed to the God of his fathers to bring him safely through the desert.

At last the day began to dawn, and the sun came up higher and higher. Ali felt faint, weary, and thirsty, and could scarcely hold himself on Meek-eye; but his courage did not fail him; he would yet reach home in safety and save his beloved Meek-eye.

The sun was now at its height. Far off in the distance Ali fancied he saw a palm tree. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, and hastening on, in a short time they were both having a long drink from a well in a small oasis in the desert. Ali then had some ripe dates from the palm tree, and Meek-eye ate the grass and leaves around.

After a restful sleep Ali awoke, and saw marks of steps upon the sand, and then he knew that a caravan had been there just before him. He drove on as fast as he could, and at last he saw the fires of a caravan that had halted for the night. Soon he found himself one of the circle of camel-drivers, who gave him food and drink, and listened to the story of his journey.

Ali felt that his troubles were nearly over. He was awakened by hearing the tinkling of camel-bells, and he saw that another caravan had arrived. As he lay listening in a sleepy fashion, he heard a voice that made him jump from the ground.

He listened again. Could he be mistaken? No; it was the sound of a well-known voice, and soon he was in his father's arms.

Hassan had waited at Suez for some time, but as Ali did not come, he thought there had been some mistake, and had started for home.

A few days later Ali told the story of his escape to his mother, and they lifted up their hearts in thanksgiving to the great Father who had brought him safely home to her through so many dangers.—Selected.

BABY CONNER'S SLED.

Baby Conner lived with her grandparents in a little bit of a house at the top of a high hill. In the winter the hill was covered with snow and it was a great coasting place for the children from the town in the hollow. Baby Conner's grandmother thought that baby was too little to go coasting; but her grandfather went

to work and made her a beautiful little sled, which he painted red. "She's too little to ride on it," said her grandmother, looking at the red sled and at Baby Conner jumping for joy beside it.

"She can have it anyway," said her grandfather. "Fix her up, grandmother, and let her go out on the hill."

When Baby Conner, wearing her comfortable coat and her cap and her mittens, stood outside the gate, with a fat foot planted on the red sled to show that she owned it, I think she was about the happiest little girl in the whole wide world. The children from the town were joyous over Baby Conner's little new sled. "Can I ride on it, Baby Conner?" asked one and then another. And dear little generous Baby Conner said "Yes," to them all.

"She's shouting for joy while the other children are using her sled, the dear little soul," said grandmother from the window.

"I'm glad I made it for her," said grandfather; "but some of them might give her a ride."

"Don't let's say a word," said grandmother; "just let's watch her."

"She'll shout for joy all day because she's lending her sled," said grandfather. "I'm glad I made it for her; but it doesn't seem fair that none of them think to give her a ride."

However, Baby Conner suddenly stopped shouting for joy. Standing there at the top of the white hill she looked about her and saw Polly Green, a great big girl she seemed to Baby Conner, and she didn't have a sled and she never had a turn. It didn't seem fair to Baby Conner. When her own little red sled came back and Willie Day, who already had had it three times, asked her eagerly if he could ride again, Baby Conner shook her head. "No," she said, pointing a mittened hand toward Polly Green, "I want her to ride next."

Polly Green came on a run, her face beaming. "Two can go on it as well as one," Polly cried, "and it certainly is time for Baby Conner to get her turn!" With Polly holding her safely Baby Conner went rapturously down the hill. The grandparents of Baby Conner heard the children's voices through the window of the little bit of a house, and they laughed and laughed as Baby Conner went safely down the hill. That night Baby Conner's grandfather went to work on another sled, a size larger than Baby Conner's; it was for the big girl named Polly Green.—Louise R. Baker.

MARY'S MEASLES PARTY.

There was no doubt about it; Mary had the measles, and there would be a party at Dorothy Brent's just one week from tomorrow, to which twenty of her little girl friends were invited. "Oh, if the horrid old measles had waited just eight more days!" wailed Mary as she looked into the mirror and saw how red and spotted her face was. "Then I wouldn't have cared if I'd had the measles forty times."

"Once is plenty," suggested big Brother Ben, who had had the measles himself and knew all about it. "Never you mind, you can have a party all by yourself and have the whole measles family for your guests," he added, patting her under the chin and looking mischievously into the sober blue eyes.

The day of the party dawned clear and bright. Exactly at one o'clock nineteen little girls arrived at Dorothy Brent's home; but they had not forgotten the other little girl who had peered through the window so wistfully when they passed. Soon they all were busy with pencil and paper, and before long twenty little notes were folded up and started on their mission. By and by, Mary heard a tap at the door, then it opened just a tiny crack, and a note fluttered to the floor. She had just finished reading this when another tap was heard, the door opened again, and another note fluttered to the floor. Mary was kept busy for a long time reading these notes. The last one that came floating in was from Dorothy and read thus:

"Dear Mary!

"We were so sorry you could not come to the party, but we thought maybe the party could come to you. We wish you a happy afternoon and hope we have not disturbed you.

"DOROTHY."

"It's the best party I ever had," Mary told Brother Ben that evening. "The measles are pretty good company after all."—Laura Zipton.

MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

In a humble room, in one of the poorer streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and, bowing, said, "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, "you, a child! and the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the

evening; and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come tonight; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

* * *

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing; many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could he hear but the touching words of that litle song—O, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God, your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.—Selected.

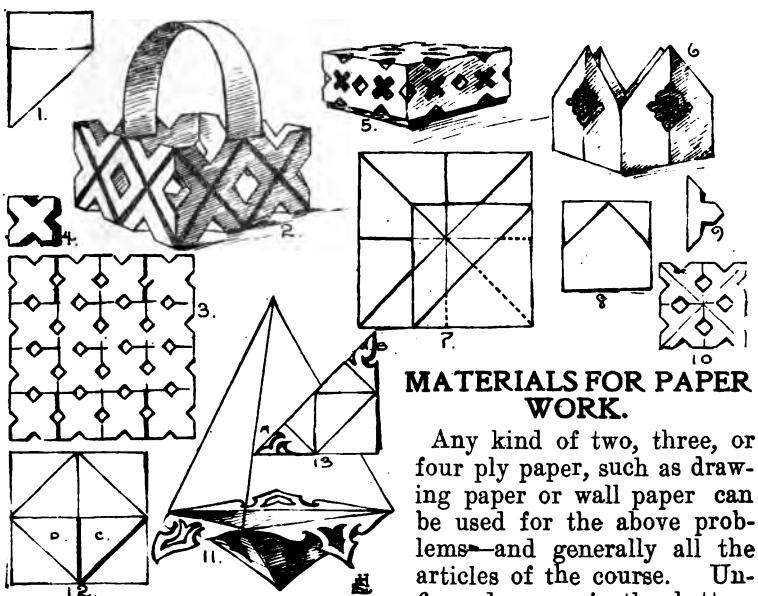
Busy Work for Little Hands.

Elbert H. Eastmond.

Brigham Young University.

"Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword and the chisel and pal ete,
Shall be held in the little brown hand."

Boys Work.



MATERIALS FOR PAPER WORK.

Any kind of two, three, or four ply paper, such as drawing paper or wall paper can be used for the above problems—and generally all the articles of the course. Unfigured paper is the better. To use wall paper it should be rolled opposite first that the curl is removed. Various kinds of colored paper are used: Flower-and-water or starch paste is practicable for the pasting.

To make: The above articles are based on the square, see fig. 1. Fig. 2, the Bricker Basket, is made by first folding a

square of paper so that there are sixteen small squares of equal sizes. See fig. 3. To get the bricker effect, fold together one-sixteenth square as fig. 4, and cut a triangular notch from the four sides—fig. 4. Cut the heavy lines as seen in fig. 3, and place in box form and paste each two corner squares under the respective end faces as shown in fig. 2. A strip of like paper is attached for the handle. The basket is decorated with strips or spots of colored paper pasted on in regular fashion. The Cover Box—fig. 5, is made in the same manner as the basket—both lid and lower part, excepting that the bottom or lower box is left plain and is made a little smaller that the lid may fit.

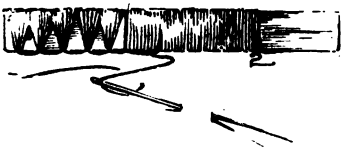
The Lily Basket, fig. 6, is best made of white paper and decorated with colored. The square of paper is folded to place two cross lines and two diagonal—see fig. 7. One corner is then folded to a point a little beyond the center of the square, the remaining three corners are then folded likewise, see fig. 8. The basket is then placed in form, see fig. 6, and constructed by pasting parts that over-lap at the corner. The short fold line at the corners may be cut to assist in the pasting at said points.

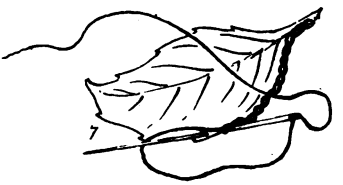
The decorative cutting on fig. 6, is made by folding the square of colored paper in the same manner as the square was folded for the Lily Basket and cutting notches or simple geometric forms from the edges through the fold. A rosette of colored paper is pasted on each side of the problems, as seen in figure 6.

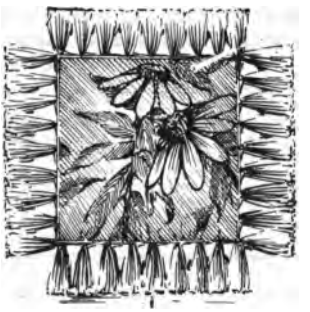
The Triangle Basket—fig. 11, is made from a suitable sized square by folding two cross lined and then each corner down to the center point—see fig. 12. Cut dark lines and paste the face C, under D. A piece of string is attached at each corner and the basket hangs. To make more decorative, the corners may be cut by folding on the axis line, and cutting a decorative edge and spot on the fold line. See fig. 13. A and B show different decorative effects. The basket may be lined with colored paper and decorated with rosettes as the Lily Basket for a different effect.

All problems should be furnished well. One piece of work done well is worth many done in a careless way.

Girls Work.







MATERIALS.

Each girl can perhaps find at home a small square of flowered cloth such as calico or creton, and her mother will let her have a needle and thread, a thimble, a pair of scissors, some Saxony yarn zephyr, crochet cotton, or some kind of yarn. She will need also a strip of pasteboard about two inches wide and one foot long upon which to make the fringe. A small piece of plain cloth for lining.

To make:—Square the piece of flowered cloth and place a chain stitch around the principal flowers and leaves with a color of yarn or crochet cotton that is in harmony with the colors in the cloth. After the forms are outlined, then some may be covered entirely with a simple embroidery stitch, should the artistic girl so desire. Silk floss is, of course, much more beautiful as a decorative medium in these problems, but the common threads and yarns are pretty.

Mats, fig. 1, Pin Cushions, fig. 3, Book Marks, fig. 4, and pen wipers, fig. 5, are suggestions for this line of work. Many other beautiful and useful articles may be made, such as table centers and cloths, sofa pillows, shelf scarfs, and chair covers. The fringe is constructed on a strip of pasteboard or ruler—see fig. 2. Wind the yarn, silk, or crochet cotton around the strip straight and even, then tie several loops together—applying stitch knot. A needle is used to advantage in making the fringe. The fringe is attached to the respective problem, above with an over or blanked stitch. The lining is basted to the goods before the fringe is placed and is attached with the fringe. Fig. 7 is a chain stitch.

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The Children's Friend wishes, as it starts on its journey through the year 1906 and the fifth volume of its career, a very happy New Year to all its co-laborers in the Primary Associations. Every effort possible will be made to have volume five a real help to all interested in the spiritual and moral development of the children, but to accomplish the greatest amount of good it will be necessary for EVERY worker to assist, by being loyal to The Children's Friend. Every lesson well prepared and well given reflects credit on the magazine, poor lessons produce the opposite effect; good lessons mean good order, greater interest, better attendance, and real progress. Every officer is expected to subscribe for The Children's Friend, to read and study it, to keep in close touch with the work as it grows and expands and this, too, whether the officer teaches a grade or assists in any way in the Primary Associations.

We are compelled to state once more emphatically that no orders for The Children's Friend will be received unless prepaid and for one year. Do not ask to have this rule changed, as it only compels us to send a refusal.

We pay no commission on orders and the only agents we have are those who desire to see the Primary Associations grow and prosper, and for that reason are willing to help the General Board in their endeavors for the success of the work.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Suggestions: Keep the interest of your class by being well prepared, have a number of songs ready and sing often during the lesson; let the children choose the songs occasionally. The rest exercise should be given when the children are most ready for it; if they seem restless or tired, then it is time for a rest exercise or a bright, cheerful song. The stories and incidents may be presented in the order that the teacher thinks will be most effective. One memory gem will be given each month, as it is better to learn a few good things well than to repeat a great many and remember none. These lessons are given as helps, the teacher who studies them carefully and adds to them her own individuality will find success and pleasure in her labors.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated ofter the teacher:

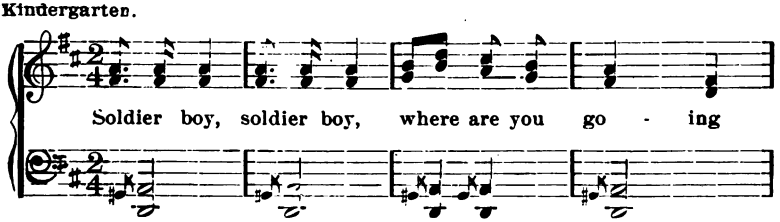
"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy; bless my two ears, and help me hear my mother call me; bless my two lips, and make them speak kind and true; bless my two hands, and make them good, and not touch what they mustn't; bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to; bless my heart, and make it love God, mother, father, and everybody. Amen."

Song for the month, "The Little New Year," No. 41 in The Primary Song Book.

Rest exercise for the month:

SOLDIER BOY, SOLDIER BOY.

Kindergarten.



Bearing so proudly the red white and blue? I'm
go - ing where country and du - ty are call - ing. If
you'll be a soldier boy, you may go too.

DIRECTIONS:—Circle sings "Soldier Boy" etc. One child steps into circle marching with flag. Child sings, "I'm going" etc. At words "If you'll be a soldier boy," s ops and gives military salute to one in the circle who then joins in marching within the circle. This is repeated until all are chosen. This game makes a good introduction for a military march.

Memory Gem for the month:

"See little bird in yonder tree;
How soft and warm he builds his nest;
He asks no help from you or me,
But tries to do his best.

"And if like birdies, little ones,
Your very best you try to do,
You'll find how easy will become
The task that seems so hard to you."

Lesson 1.

Aim: Patience.
Story: Jimmie at Home," page 5.
Incident: Job.

There was a man in the land of Uz named Job; he was a good man. God gave him seven sons and three daughters. Job was very rich, too; he had a great many camels, sheep, oxen, and many servants.

Job had all these blessings for many years, and then God sent trouble to him to see how he would stand it, because everybody must have troubles as well as pleasures.

One day a man came running to Job and told him that while his oxen were plowing in the field, some wicked men had killed them all; just then another man came and said, "A great fire has burntup all the sheep, and still another came and told Job how some men had come and taken away all his camels, and last and worst of all, another servant came and said, "Oh, Job! while your sons and daughters were having a feast, a great wind came and blew down the house they were in, and they were buried beneath it."

Poor Job, now he had lost all his riches, and was very sad and unhappy, but he said that everything he had came from the Lord, and if the Lord wanted to, He could give anything or take everything away. And then God tried again to see if this good man would grumble. Sickness came to Job and boils broke out all over his body so that he suffered very much. His friends and even his wife thought that he should find fault with God for sending him so much pain. But Job said that God knew best.

Then a voice spoke to Job and told him that the Lord knew how to make the earth, the sea and the sky. He sent the rain to make the grass and flowers spring up. He covered the water with ice, the ground with snow, and sends the lightning from the skies. He gives the wild beasts and the birds their food. He gives beautiful wings to the peacock and feathers to the ostrich. He makes the horse so swift and strong, and taught the eagle to build her nest in the high rocks.

Then the voice asked Job if he could do any of these wonderful things, and he said "No." Then Job knew more than ever that the Lord knew best, and that, When God sends trouble or pain, we must bear it patiently.

Lesson 2.

Aim: Helpfulness.

Story: "New Years at Buddie's House," page 7.
Incident: Mother's Work.
Song: "Loving Mother, Kind and True," Primary Song Book, No. 30.

We are all so glad that we have nice, kind mothers. Let us talk about some of the things she does for us—(encourage the children to speak of mother's work)—washes faces—comb hair—washes clothes—irons them—mends them—makes new clothes—buys us things to make the children happy—keeps the house clean—(mention some of the household tasks)—prepares meals—helps to say prayers—tucks us in warm beds at night—nurses sick children, etc. Now, what can children do to help?—have the children suggest some ways in which they could help to make home happy. Now, we will tell you how a little boy tried to help in his home.

Lesson 3.

Aim: Unselfishness.
Story: "Baby Connor's Sled," page 10.
Incident: "The Widow's Reward."

Elijah lived by the little stream in the valley until the rainy season came, when there was usually plenty of water; but this year the ground was very dry, and there was no signs of rain.

To be without rain is a dreadful thing everywhere, but it is more dreadful in those hot eastern countries, for soon after the rain stops falling, the streams and springs dry, and the grass and grain wither.

Little by little even the little stream in the valley dried up, and there was very little to eat. Then the Lord told the prophet to go into another city. When he arrived at the place, he sat down outside of the city gate. Soon he saw a poor woman picking up sticks.

The prophet, whose cloth s were faded, dusty, and worn, came to the woman and asked her for a drink. Then he looked up at her and said: "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand."

"I have no bread at all," said the poor woman. "I have only a little meal and a little oil, which I am just going to bake. When that is gone, I don't know what my son and I shall do."

Although Elijah was a stranger and asked her for what was most precious to her, the woman looked at him and felt so sorry for him that she took him to her house, and gave him part of the food, which was all she had to keep herself and her son alive.

In reward for this kind deed the Lord gave oil and meal to the widow so that she always had enough for herself and son.

Lesson 4.

Aim: Kindness.

Story: "Mary's Measles Party," page 12.

Incident: Moses in the Bulrushes.

A long time ago some of God's people had to work for wicked men, and sometimes the little babies were taken away from their mothers and nobody ever saw them again.

One mother made up her mind to do everything to keep her little baby boy. He was a fine, strong baby, and his mother loved him very dearly. She kept him in the house until he was three months old, and then she began to wonder what she could do with him. Then a thought came into her mind. She went down to the river and got some rushes which grew on the bank, and made them into a basket. Then she put something on the outside of it so that the water couldn't get in. When the basket was finished, the mother laid her little child in it, and carried it down to the river. Her little daughter went with her.

"Miriam," said her mother, "stay here, and watch your brother," and she placed the basket among the willows in the water.

In a short time some ladies came near. One was dressed in beautiful clothes. She was the daughter of the king who had come with her maidens to bathe in the river. She saw something strange among the willows a little way off, and sent one of her maids to see what it was. The girls went and got the basket and brought it to the princess.

When the lid of the basket was opened, they found the dear little baby. It held up its little arms and cried. This touched the heart of the princess.

"This must be one of the Hebrew babies," she said, as she took it out of the basket. She could not help loving the baby, and she made up her mind to save it and keep it for her own. Little Miriam, the baby's sister, had come near, and heard what was said. Now she came out of her hiding place.

"Shall I get one of the Hebrew women for the nurse for the baby?" she asked.

"Yes," said the princess, "go and bring one."

Miriam hurried home and told her mother all that had happened. Soon she came back, bringing with her the baby's own mother.

"Here is the baby," said the princess. "Take care of it for me, and I will pay you well."

She called the baby Moses, which means "Drawn out," for, she said, "I have drawn him out of the water."

The little child grew, and stayed with his own mother for some time. When he was large enough, he was taken to the princess, lived in her palace and was treated just like her son.

Second Grade.

Note to Teachers:

The lessons in the Second Grade for this year will be the principles of the Gospel and many of the virtues, to be taught by means of stories obtained from various sources, such as from the Bible, Book of Mormon, Church History, incidents in the lives of our leaders, and other noted men and women, also moral stories.

The lessons will be given more in detail than those of last year. and at the end of each lesson will be found several points to be brought out in the story—a brief summary of the main incidents, bringing out the subject or aim of the lesson. These notes are not meant to be used as part of the lesson with the children; they are simply an aid for the teacher. If these points are fixed in her mind, when the story is told, the children will get the thoughts.

Do not be afraid of reviewing, for it is by repetition that lessons are learned.

The stories given are to be told to the children, not read to them.

Lesson 1.

Subject: Courage.

A BOY'S COURAGE.

Sixty-seven years ago last November, there was born a little baby boy. It was not a happy home that he came into; his father, Hyrum Smith, had been taken prisoner by a mob a few days before, and he had been marched to his home in Far West and ordered to say a last good bye to his wife, and then led away again. So it was a sorrowful home to which the baby came; but he was made welcome and named Joseph Fielding Smith.

After awhile his father came home; but he could not stay with his family as most fathers do, to love and care for them; and just a few years later he gave up his life for the Gospel.

As the little boy grew older, he had to help his mother in many ways; and when only eight years old, he drove a yoke of oxen and a wagon most of the way through Iowa to Winter Quarters, and after that he acted as herd boy for his mother.

The family thought a great deal of their cattle, for how could they go on the long journey they were planning, over the moun-

tains and across the plains to Salt Lake valley, if anything should happen to the cattle? Little Joseph knew all about this, and was proud to be trusted with the care of anything so precious, and he understood just how much depended upon them.

One morning he and two other boys, Alden and Thomas Burdick, started out on their duties for the day. The cattle were feeding in the valley a little way from the settlement. There were two ways of reaching the valley, one over a "bench" or plateau, and the other through a ravine or small canyon. The boys each had a horse, Joseph's being swifter than the other two.

"You two boys go the short way over the bench," said Alden, "and I'll go up the canyon to the right, and then we'll meet in the valley from the two ways."

"All right," said the two boys, and off they started, and soon reached the upper end of the valley. They could see the cattle feeding by a stream which came down the canyon.

They had such a good time with their horses, running and jumping them over a little gully in the upper part of the valley. While they were playing, twenty or thirty Indians suddenly came in sight a little below the cattle.

"Indians! Indians!" shouted Thomas, turning his horse and starting for home as soon as he saw them.

Joseph started to follow; but, remembering his duty, he stopped short. "My cattle! I must save my cattle!" This thought filled his mind, and he forgot his danger, his home and everything but his duty. He headed his horse for the Indians, to reach the herd before they reached it. One Indian, going after Thomas, passed him.

Joseph reached the head of the herd and turned the cattle up the ravine before the Indians reached them. The rush and yells of the Indians, together with the efforts of the boy, stampeded the cattle up the valley. He followed them, keeping for some time between the herd and the savages. On they all rushed for the settlement.

At last the Indians cut him away from the herd. He turned and going down the stream for a short distance, came around the ravine to the right, to reach the cattle from that side. Before he had gone far, other Indians were seen. They started for him and overtook him, just as he came from the valley. He spurred his horse, and while going at full speed, two of the Indians caught him, and took him, one by the left arm and the other by the right leg, and lifted him from the saddle, for a moment holding him in the air, and then dropping him to the ground.

Before they could do him any further injury, a company of men going to the hay fields, on the opposite side of the ravine,

frightened the Indians away; but they had already taken both of the boys' horses.

In the meantime Thomas had given the alarm. Two relief companies were formed. One went up the canyon and found the cattle with Alden Burdick, and the others went the other route, and found Joseph. All that day they spent searching for the Indians and the cattle they thought had been stolen, but which were safe at home.

On the way home Joseph sat down and cried for his cattle, and the thought of meeting his mother, who could not now go to Salt Lake, filled his heart with sorrow. But through his bravery and faithfulness the herd was saved.

For moral story see "A Brave Boy," page 6.

Points to be brought out in the lesson:

Joseph F. Smith helped his mother when he was quite young. The cattle they owned were to be used in taking the family to Salt Lake valley. The young boy knew how valuable they were, and understood the responsibility resting upon him. The Indians appear and try to steal the cattle. The boy forgets everything but his cattle. He is very brave in trying to keep the Indians from the cattle.

Andy Moore lived by the railroad track. He notices how great and powerful the engine is. He finds the rail out of place and realizes the danger. He stands in front of the approaching engine so that the train will be stopped .

Lesson 2.

Subject: Prayer.

President Joseph F. Smith tells the following story:

"In the spring of 1847 a portion of our family crossed the plains, following the Pioneers to the valley of Great Salt Lake, the remainder of the family intending to proceed on their journey to the west in the following spring. In the fall of 1847 my mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri river to St. Joseph, Mo., about fifty miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter, and for the journey across the plains the following spring. They took two wagons with two yokes of oxen on each. I was almost nine years of age at this time, and accompanied my mother and uncle on this journey as a teamster. The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one. At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal, corn, bacon,

and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open grove on the Missouri river bottoms, by the side of a small spring, which emptied into the river about three-quarters of a mile from us. We were in plain sight of the river, and could apparently see over every foot of the open prairie where we were camped, to the river on the southwest, to the bluffs on the northeast, and to the timber which skirted the prairies on the right and left. Camping near by, on the other side of the creek, were some men with a herd of beef cattle, which they were driving to Savannah and St. Joseph for market. We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to feed during our encampments, but this time, on account of the proximity of this herd of cattle, fearing that they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes. Next morning when we came to look them up, to our great disappointment, our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent all the morning, well nigh until noon, hunting for them, but without avail. The grass was tall, and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through this grass and through the woods and over the bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened, and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down in prayer. I halted for a moment, and then drew gently near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue our travels in safety. When she arose from her knees, I was standing near by. The first expression I saw upon her precious face was a lovely smile, which, discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and an assurance I had not felt before. A few moments later, Uncle Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued, and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were, 'Well, Mary, the cattle are gone.' Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, 'Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will just take a walk out and see if I can find the cattle.' My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri had suddenly turned to run up stream, neither of us could have been much surprised. 'Why, Mary,' he exclaimed, 'what do you mean? We have been all over this country, all through the timber, and through the herd of cattle, and our oxen have gone—they are not to be found. I believe they have been driven off, and it is useless for you to attempt to do such a thing as to hunt for them.' 'Never mind me,' said mother, 'get your breakfast and I will see,' and she started toward the river. The man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out,

'Madam, I saw your oxen over in that direction this morning, about daybreak,' pointing in the opposite direction from that in which mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, paid no attention to his remarks, and did not even turn her head to look at him. A moment later the man rode off rapidly toward his herd, which had been gathered in the opening near the edge of the woods, and they were soon under full drive for the road leading for Savannah, and soon disappeared from view. My mother continued straight down the little stream of water, until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to us. I was watching her every moment and was determined that she should not get out of my sight. Instantly we rose from the 'mess chest' on which our breakfast had been spread, and started toward her, and, like John, who out-ran the other disciples, I out-ran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch which had been washed out of the sandy banks of the river by the little spring creek, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all the morning, and we were soon on our way homeward bound rejoicing. This circumstance was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an indelible impression upon my mind, and has been a source of comfort, assurance, and guidance to me throughout all my life."—Joseph F. Smith in Jenson's "L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia."

For moral story, see "Ali, the Boy Camel-Driver," page 8.

Points to be brought out in the lesson:

At the age of nine, Joseph F. Smith goes on a journey with his mother. He is teamster. While camping one night the cattle are lost. The boy and his uncle search in vain for them. He goes to tell his mother, and finds her praying. He listens to the prayer. The mother goes in search of the cattle, in an opposite direction from that in which she is told they have gone. She finds the cattle.

Ali, the camel-driver, has trouble, as they wish to kill his camel to obtain water. He prays to his Father for help. He leaves the caravan and journeys alone in the desert. His prayer is answered. They thank God for His blessing.

Lesson 3.

Subject: Faith.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

Long, long ago, so long that even the old gray hills must have forgotten, a great many people lived in a beautiful land. Yet they were not happy, because there was so much trouble among them, one trying to hurt another, until it seemed as if it would be much better if there were no people upon the land.

Among all these wicked people there was one good man, named Noah. He had three sons, whom he had taught to believe what the Lord told them. It made him feel sorry to see how his neighbors were living, and he tried in every way to get them to do better; but they only laughed and went on doing the same things. Then the Lord told him that the people must be punished for their wickedness; but that Noah on account of his goodness and belief in the Lord should be saved.

Soon after this the people were surprised to see Noah and his sons cutting down logs and getting timber ready to make a building, and they went and asked him what he intended making.

"I am building a boat," said Noah.

"A boat!" they exclaimed. "What is the use of building a boat so far away from the water. You will never be able to use it."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Noah. "The Lord has told me that the people must be punished for their wickedness; that a great flood is coming to destroy them; and He has told me to build a boat or ark that I and my family may be saved. If you will do better, you may be saved also."

But they only laughed and scoffed at the idea of his building a boat. What did he know about a flood. There had never been one, and it was not likely that one would come now. And instead of helpnig him, they did all they could to hinder him.

But Noah did not doubt for a moment that he should be able to build the ark and that he would have to use it; for the Lord had told him he should, and he worked on in spite of all that his neighbors said about it.

It took a long, long time to build the ark, it was so large, but at last it was finished. It was three stories high and on one side there was a door and also a window. There was a roof on the top, and all over, inside and out, it was covered with something that would keep water out. When this was done, they began to put in provisions. They had to put enough in for eight people, Noah and his wife, and his three sons and their wives; but besides

provisions for themselves, they put in hay, grain, and all kinds of eatables. Noah and his sons then began to get animals, wild and tame, large and small, birds and creeping things, every kind of animal that lived upon the earth, two of each kind, and brought them to the ark. They all went in so quietly; the wild animals did not hurt each other, and the little lamb was not afraid of any of them, not even of the lion. They all seemed to understand that Noah was going to take care of them. Then Noah and his sons and their wives went in, and the great door of the ark was closed.

Soon black clouds covered the sky, and then the rain came down, at first gently, and then harder. The people who had laughed at Noah thought it was just going to be a rainstorm, and would soon be over. But it did not stop. The rain kept falling and falling for forty days and nights, until the sea was filled and the land was covered, even the tops of the highest mountains. Nothing could be seen but water, and every living thing on earth was drowned.

The great boat floated calmly on the top of the water, and the eight people who believed in the Lord, and all the animals with them, were alive and safe.

At last a wind came to dry up the water, and the ark landed on the top of a high mountain, called Ararat. For a whole year Noah and his family had been in the ark, for it took all that time for the water to dry, it was so deep. At last the window was opened and a raven sent out. The bird flew around and around, but it did not come back. Noah waited for awhile, and then sent out a dove. It flew around trying to find something to rest upon, but could not, and so it came back and tapped on the window and was taken into the ark again.

"The water has not all gone yet," said Noah, "or the bird would not have come back."

They waited seven days longer and then sent the dove out again, and soon it came back with an olive leaf in its mouth. Then Noah knew that the water was nearly gone and the trees were beginning to grow. Another seven days they waited in the ark, and then the dove was sent out the third time. This time it did not come back, for it had found a place to build a nest. Now the people in the ark knew that the water was all gone; but Noah was not ready to leave yet. The Lord had promised that he should be saved, and he did not want to leave until everything was as the Lord wished it to be. One day the roof of the ark was taken off, and they heard a voice telling them to leave the ark and take with them all the animals they had brought.

As far as the eye could see there was not a house nor a sign of any human being; but everywhere the grass was springing up

fresh and green, and the trees were full of leaves and fruit, and the beautiful flowers were budding and blooming, and all the world was clean and bright.

You may be sure that Noah and his family were very glad to be on the land once more, and were very grateful to the Lord for taking care of them; and the first thing they did was to gather stones and build an altar so that they might offer a sacrifice to Him. While worshiping Him, they heard a voice saying:

"I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake. While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

And they were promised that something should be given to remember that the Lord would no more send a flood to destroy the world, and while they looked, they saw a beautiful bow of many colors spanning the sky, and they knew this was the bow of promise.

Points to be brought out in the lesson:

Noah is living far from the sea. He has never built a boat or ark, and has never seen a flood. The Lord tells him to build the ark for the flood is coming. Noah does not doubt it, and begins his work. They enter the ark. The flood comes. Still trusting in the word of the Lord, Noah remains in the ark until he is told by the Lord to go.

Lesson 4.

Subject: Kindness.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In a far off: country—in the land where Jesus used to live—there was a very lonely, dreary road. It was also a very dangerous road to travel, for thieves and wicked men would hide there, and when travelers passed along the road, these bold, cruel robbers would rush out and steal whatever the traveler had worth stealing. They were not always content with taking away these things, but would often beat and wound the people cruelly.

One day a man was traveling on this dreary road alone. Suddenly a band of robbers rushed upon him and took away all the best things he had, even his clothes, and then beat and wounded him until he was unable to stand, and left him lying in the road almost dead.

For a long time he lay there with no one to help him. At last a priest came along that way and saw the wounded man, but thinking he had no time to stop to help him, he went on the other side of the road and left the poor man still lying there.

After awhile another man came along the road and saw the

sufferer; but he did not want to be bothered with a sick man, and he, too, passed on the other side.

Then another man—a Samaritan—rode that way. The Jews and the Samaritans hated each other greatly, and would have nothing at all to do with one another if they could possibly help it, and were not expected to show any kindness.

As the Samaritan came up the road he noticed something lying there and hurried over to see what it was. He lifted the sufferer in his arms and noticed he was a Jew. But the man's heart was too full of kindness and pity to leave even a Jew to suffer, so he bathed and bandaged the wounds and placed the poor man on his own donkey and walked beside him until they came to an inn or hotel. Here he took the Jew in and cared for him.

The next day he gave the inn-keeper some money.

"Please take care of the poor, wounded man," he said; "and if it costs more than this money, when I come back I will pay it, whatever it is."

Which do you think was the most like Jesus?

For moral story, see "Malibran and the Young Musician," page 13.

Points to be brought out in the lesson:

The wounded Jew is not helped by the priest nor the Levite, both of whom should have helped him. The Samaritans and Jews hated each other greatly. The Samaritan helps his enemy.

The great singer is very tired, but does not refuse to see the little boy. She sings his little song at her grand concert. Through her singing, the song is purchased by the publisher, and the needs of the poor invalid mother supplied.

Third Grade.

BIBLE STORIES

Suggestions: The boys and girls in this grade should be permitted to do the most of the work in these lessons under the direction of the teachers. The lessons should be copied and given out to the class for the succeeding week's work. A good plan is to give every member a part of the lesson, for example, supposing there are twenty boys and girls in this grade, give five topic one, five topic two, and so on. By this means every one will be learning the lesson and much more interest will be manifested if all know something of the incidents related, and some one will be prepared every time. This means considerable work for the teachers in this grade, but it will make the work much more satisfactory. It would make this labor easier if the boys

and girls had The Children's Friend for themselves, as it would do away with the copying.

The children should read the lesson carefully and then relate it in their own words. Never permit a lesson to be read.

Instead of a topic for the teacher it is suggested that the lesson be well in mind so that the teacher may supply all points omitted by the children and be ready to ask questions that will impress the main points in the lesson.

Lesson 1.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. How Jesus Was Saved From His Enemies.

Reference: Luke 4: 16—30.

After Jesus had been visiting the Samaritans, He returned to Nazareth, the home of His boyhood. When Sunday came He went to the synagogue. The synagogue was the name of the place where the people met to pray and hear the word of God. As Jesus went in, all the people looked at Him; they had known Him as a little boy; now he had grown into a famous man who performed many remarkable things, and they wondered if He would do great miracles in His old home. In the synagogues were high seats for those who read to the people. Jesus stood in the high place and read, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." Then He sat down to explain what the reading meant. He told them that He was the one meant, who should come and preach to the poor, and that the Gospel was for all people as well as for the Jews. This made the people angry, they did not want Jesus to preach that way. They all got up and drove Him out of the synagogue, up the street to the edge of a hill, for they wanted to throw Him over its edge and kill Him. But it wasn't the time for His death, so when they reached the top of the hill the power of God rested upon Jesus and made Him invisible, His enemies could not see Him, and He was able to get away in safety.

2. Healing of the Crooked Woman.

References: Luke 13: 10—17.

Once wnen Jesus was teaching in a synagogue He saw an old woman whose back was so bent that she could not look up, but always had to look at the ground, and she had been in this condition for eighteen years. In all that time she had not been able to see the beautiful sky with its sun, moon and stars, or the high mountains, which are so grand, or to see the faces of the people she met. Her's was indeed a sad fate, and when Jesus saw her He was filled with pity for her, He called to her to come up close

to him, and He laid his hands so tenderly on her head and said, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and immediately she straightened herself and began to give the glory to God.

3. Healing the Man With the Palsy.

References: Matthew 9: 2—7; Mark 2: 3—12; Luke 5: 18—25.

Once there was a great crowd of people in Peter's house, there were so many that even around the doors were crowded, and no more could get in. Jesus was inside preaching, and that was the cause of the crowd . Four men came up the street where Peter's house was, they were carrying a bed, on the bed was a man very ill with a disease called the palsy; this disease makes the people who have it shake all the time, and suffer greatly; the men were bringing the sick man to Jesus, because he wanted to be made well. When they reached the house, they could not get in, the people were so interested that they would not make room for the four men with a bed. The poor, sick man was so sure that Jesus could help him that he said he must get in somehow. Peter's house was just one story high, with a flat roof, and as the men were wondering what to do they decided to try and get the sick man into the house through the roof. So, with the help of ropes they pulled the sick man, wrapped in his bedding, onto the roof; then took off some of the tiles used for covering the roof, and looking to see just where Jesus was, they gently lowered the bedding until it with the sick man lay on the floor in front of Jesus. The people were much astonished, but Jesus was pleased; He knew that it was the great faith of the sick man that had brought him there. Then Jesus said: "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee, arise, take up thy bed and walk," and the man got right up and went home, and there told everybody how he had been healed by the power of God.

4. The Blind Beggar.

References: John 9: 1—11.

One Sunday Jesus was walking along the streets of Jerusalem and saw a young man sitting on the ground begging. The young man had been born blind. His parents were living, but they had not taught him to work, and allowed him to beg for the things he needed. Jesus was sorry for him, but He desired to compel the man to help himself, so he cured the blind man in a new way. He took some of the dust from the ground, spat on it, and made a plaster, which He spread on the man's eyes, then he said to him: "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash." The blind man knew just how to reach the water; when he reached there, he washed off the plaster of mud, opened his eyes and for the first time in his life he saw the light and the beautiful things of the world. After that he knew that Jesus was the Lord.

Lesson 2.

Review.

Topics for Class:

1. The Ten Virgins.

References: Matthew 25: 1—13.

Once when Jesus was talking to His disciples He told them they should always be ready for the Kingdom of Heaven and to help them to understand He told them the parable of the ten virgins.

In Jerusalem, when a man was married, he always took his bride home at night, and some of his friends, each one carrying a lamp, would go out to meet him. These ten virgins in the parable had made ready to go out and meet a bridegroom. They had lamps all lighted, but the bridegroom was long in coming, so they sat down to rest, and finally all fell asleep. Five of the virgins had brought extra oil, five had none except what was burning in their lamps.

By and by the call came that the bridegroom was coming. Up jumped the ten virgins and looked to see if their lamps were burning brightly. But they had burned so long and now were in need of more oil. The five foolish virgins tried to borrow from the five wise virgins, but they were answered, We have not enough for you and for us; go and buy more for yourselves. They hurried off, but when they returned they were too late.

This parable means that if we expect to be with Jesus when He shall come the second time, we must be ready. The supply of oil means the Spirit of God which must burn in our hearts and be kept burning with the oil of good deeds.

2. The Ten Talents.

References: Matthew 25: 14—30.

This is another of Jesus' parables and is about a man who took a journey into a distant country. Before he started, he called his servants and gave them his property to take care of while he should be away. To one servant he gave five talents, to another two, and to another only one. He gave each one just as much as he thought each servant would know how to use. Then he went away. The first servant used his five talents well; he earned with their help five talents more; the servant with two talents did the same, so that each had twice as much as when the master went away. But the servant with the one talent did not appreciate what he had, but buried it and had no use of it himself or for anyone else.

By and by the master returned, and calling his servants, asked for an account of what they had done. The two who had worked with their talents reported first; their master, well pleased,

told them that because they had done their best with what they had, he would now give them more, and because they were faithful they should live with him and be happy.

Then the one who had buried his talent, tried to excuse himself for not doing anything, by finding fault with his master. But the master was angry and took the talent away from him, leaving him without anything.

In this parable, the master means Christ, who is away from us, but is coming back some day. The servants mean us, and the talents are the things which He has given us to work with. Some have more talents than others, each one has as many as he knows how to use. When Jesus comes again, He will reward those who have used their talents in working for Him, but He will punish those who have not used them, or who have only used them in working for themselves.

3. The Two Houses.

References: Matthew 7: 24—27. Luke 6: 47—49.

Jesus told this parable about two men, who, each of them, built a house. One chose a rock on which to build his house, When it was done there came a great storm and beat against it. But the rain could not move the rock, nor the wind blow it away, therefore this house stood firm and the storm did it no harm. The other man built his house in a place where there was nothing but sand. And the storm came against it also. And the rain washed the sand away from underneath it, and the wind blew against it, and it fell and was destroyed.

Then Jesus said that all those persons who listened to His teaching, and did what He taught them, were like the wise man who built his house upon the rock. But those who listened to His teaching and would not do as He taught them, were like the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. For the two men who built the houses meant the righteous and the wicked; and the storm meant the judgment day.

4. The Foolish Rich Man.

Reference: Luke 12: 16—20.

Jesus told this parable that people may know how foolish and wicked it is to put trust in riches. There was a rich man who had fields and vineyards. When harvest time came and the grains and friuts were gathered in, he had so much that his barns and storehouses could not hold them. Then he decided to build larger barns, and by and by he would have so much that he need work no more but eat and drink, and be merry all the rest of his life. But God was not pleased with a life that would be so selfish, and that night the man died and was compelled to leave behind all his riches. The only riches that go into the next world are the good deeds done during this life.

Lesson 3.

Review.
Topics for Class:
The Transfiguration.
References: Matthew 17: 1—8; Mark 9: 2—8; Luke 9: 28—36.

1. Jesus decided to warn His disciples about the coming of His death. He told them that He must go to Jerusalem and there be cruelly treated by the chief priests and rulers of the Jews; that He would be killed by them, but would rise from the dead on the third day. When Peter heard this he was surprised, and said, No, these things shall not happen to thee. Yet it was to suffer these things that Jesus had come into the world, and when Peter said they should not happen to Him, it seemed as if he wanted Jesus to live, and set up an earthly kingdom, rather than die to save the people from their sins. Therefore Jesus was much displeased with Peter, and called him his enemy, because Peter did not want Him to do the things that would please God, but the things that would please Peter himself.

Then Jesus said that if any man wanted to be His disciple, he must not seek his own pleasure, but must take up his cross every day and follow Him. Jesus meant that His disciples must follow His example and do what is right, no matter how hard and painful it may be. For, He asked, what good would it do any one to have all he wanted in this world, or even to have everything in the world for his own, as long as he lived; if, after he died, he should lose his own soul.

2. The Transfiguration (continued).
References: (same as topic 1.)

After six days, Jesus took Peter, James and John, three of His apostles, and went up on a high mountain to pray. And while He prayed, His face was changed, so that it shone bright, like the sun, and His raiment (clothing) glistened, and was white as snow. And suddenly two men were with Him. They were Moses and Elijah, who had come back to this world to talk with Him about His being crucified at Jerusalem. The Bible says they appeared in glory; this means, we suppose, that they looked beautiful and glorious as they may look in heaven.

The apostles knew that it was Moses and Elijah, and they wanted to stay there on the mount with them, and not go down any more. Peter said, Master, it is good for us to be here; if Thou art willing, let us make three tents, one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah. While he was speaking, there came a bright cloud and covered them, and God's voice spoke out of

the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. When the apostles heard it, they bowed down with their faces to the ground, and were greatly afraid. But Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, be not afraid. And when they rose up and looked around, Moses and Elijah were gone and they saw no one except Jesus. Jesus said to them, Tell no man of the things you have seen, until I be risen from the dead. But they did not understand what Jesus meant by "rising from the dead."

3. Jesus Teaches Humility.

References: Matthew 18: 1—4; Mark 9: 33—37; Luke 9: 46—48.

Although Jesus had told the apostles plainly, what was going to happen to Him, how He would be cruelly treated and put to death at Jerusalem, yet they had never understood Him when He spoke of these things. They still expected, whatever He might have to suffer, that afterward he would set up an earthly kingdom and become very great, and that then they would become great also.

And one day, as they were walking along the road, they began to dispute with one another as to which of them should be greatest. Jesus knew how they had been talking, and when they came into a house, He said to them: "What is it that you disputed among yourselves by the way?" But they were ashamed and did not answer Him. Then He called a little child and set him in the midst of them, and told them that unless they should put away their pride, and their desire to rule over one another, they could not belong to the kingdom of heaven. But whoever should be most humble and willing to obey like that little child, would be the greatest in His kingdom.

Mary and Martha.

References: Luke 10: 38—42.

4. There was a little village near Jerusalem, called Bethany. It was a pretty place, shaded by palm trees, just below Mount Olivet.

In this valley a little family lived. There were two sisters, named Mary and Martha, and a brother, named Lazarus. They all loved Jesus and begged Him to come often to their house. When Jesus came and sat down in the house, Mary always sat at His feet, to listen to His words. But Martha went to the kitchen to prepare a fine dinner.

She was not pleased with Mary for leaving her to do all the work alone, and she came to Jesus to complain of her sister. She said, "Dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her come and help me."

It was wrong for Mary to complain to Jesus, but she was angry, and thought Jesus would praise her; but He blamed her and praised Mary. He told her that she cared too much for the things of this world, and that Mary had chosen the better part, which should not be taken from her.

By this Jesus meant that it was better to care for the salvation of our souls than to provide fine food to eat and drink.

Lesson 4.

Review.

Topics for Class:

1. The Great Supper.

Reference: Luke 14: 16—24.

One Sabbath Jesus went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees, and, while there, He spoke a parable about a man who made a great supper. When everything was ready, the man sent his servant to those who were invited, telling them to come for the supper was ready. But they all sent excuses. The first said, "I have bought a piece of ground and must go and see it;" another said, "I have bought a fine yoke of oxen, and am going to try them;" another said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

The servant came and told his master. Then the master was angry and said, "Go out quickly into the streets and bring into my house the poor, the lame and the blind." The servant did as he was commanded, and when he returned, his master sent him again, bidding him bring in enough poor to fill his home, for none of those who were invited first should have an opportunity to share in the supper.

2. The Explanation of the Parable.

In this parable the man who gave the supper means God; the supper itself means the good news of the Gospel; and the men who were first invited and would not come, mean the Jews, because the Gospel was preached to them first, and they would not believe it.

The people who were brought into the supper afterward, mean the people of other nations, who had heard the Gospel since that time and obeyed it. And the command to go out into the streets and lanes and bring them in, means that not only the rich and great, but also the poor and despised, are invited to share in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

3. The Rich Young Man.

References: Matthew 19: 16—22; Mark 10: 17—22; Luke 18: 18—23.

One day a young man came running up to Jesus and knelt down at His feet. He was rich; and he was a ruler or lord—a great and honorable man. He said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Then Jesus mentioned some of the commandements: "Thou shalt not kill, nor steal, nor tell lies; honor thy father and thy mother."

The young man answered and said, "I have obeyed all these commandments since I was a youth until now."

Then Jesus gave him another commandment, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; then come and follow me."

But the young man did not want to sell all his fine property and be poor like Jesus. So he went away sorrowing, for he wanted to have all the good things in this world and the next world, too.

When the young man had gone, Jesus said to His disciples, "How hard it is for the rich to enter the kingdom of God.

4. The Publican and the Pharisee.

References: Luke 18: 10—14.

And Jesus spoke a parable to those persons who think themselves better than others. He said, "Two men went up to the temple to pray, one of them was a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee chose a place where the people would see him; there he stood up proudly and prayed in this way, 'God, I thank Thee that I am not like other men, who are unjust, and who take more than belong to them. I thank Thee that I am not a sinner like this Publican. I fast twice in the week; I give to the priests my tithing on all I get.' But the Publican, who felt himself to be wicked, and was sorry for it, stood where he hoped no one would notice him, and bowing down his head, he beat upon his breast in great distress, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" Then Jesus told those who listened to Him that this Publican went back to his home more forgiven than the Pharisee. "For," He said, "every one who is proud and thinks much of himself, shall be put down, but he that is humble and confesses his sin shall be raised up higher."

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GEORGE FISHER'S NEW YEARS GIFT.

Jennie Groberg.

Student Weber Stake Academy.

(*Continued from January number.*)

"Now," he said to himself, "I will buy them all a present. Oh, I am so happy! Won't this be a surprise to them, though?" Just then something seemed to whisper to him, "Take the money get you a new pair of skates. George hesitated a moment, then shook the thoughts from him and went immediately to spend the money for others in the family. He got papa a nice neck scarf, mamma a head shawl, Fred a pair of skates, Johnny a sleigh, Mary a story book and little Ethel a doll. This with a few more trinkets and some nuts and candy he had delivered up to his Aunt Mary's. On his way home he stopped and told her about it. He walked home that day with a merrier heart and lighter steps than usual.

"Mamma," said little Mary, just the day before Christmas, "you said that Santa Claus wouldn't come here this year; but I've been praying and I believe he will; he allus has."

"But other years we have given him some money to get things with. This year we will have to give it all to the doctor. You ought to be glad we have plenty to eat and keep us warm, and that papa is getting better," said the mother with a pitiful look. "Would that her prayer could be answered," she thought to herself.

Christmas eve came, and they were all determined to hang up their stockings, even if Santa Claus would not give them anything. George was not going to hang his, but the children were determined he should. He managed to be the last one in bed that night—as he thought.

The next morning was beautiful. About a foot of snow had fallen during the night, which made it seem all the more Christmas-like. Johnny was the first one up; he ran into the kitchen. "Hurrah! Old Santa Claus brought me just what I

wanted. Now I can coast down the hill." This was the bugle sound for the rest of the children; for within five minutes they were all in the kitchen, mamma, too, and found her stocking. As she looked at her shawl, she said, "Santa Claus has indeed been good to us. He has surprised me, I can tell you."

"George," cried Fred, "I can see something in your stocking. You had better come and see what it is."

George entered the room with a smile of true happiness, that which only comes through one's sacrificing one's self for others.

"Well," he said with a surprised look, "he has not forgotten me either; just my favorite, 'James Whitcomb Riley's Poems.' It's funny he knows just what we like, isn't it?"

"Mamma, I told oo he'd tome, didn't I? And he bringed me a dolly," said little Ethel, as she hugged it up to her snugly.

There was not a happier family in that neighborhood, than the Fisher family that Christmas morning, when all the children gathered around their father, who sat in his easy chair, and knelt down to thank their Father in heaven.

They forgot their fears and anxieties for that day, but awoke to be reminded of them the next day. The first of January was near, and the doctor bill, the rent, and other debts were due. They looked with dread for New Year's morning to come. Surely the landlord would not be cruel enough to turn them out and the doctor would have to wait for the rest of his money; but these thoughts brought little comfort.

The New Year was ushered in by the joyous peal of many bells, but the brightness without only tended to make darker the gloom within that unfortunate little home. Little Ethel came running into the room where her mother was and said, "Mamma, what are you crying for? I have been praying, and I just know He will answer my prayer. You said He wouldn't for the Christmas, but He did, and I believe He'll do it again, so please don't cry."

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Fisher," but we cannot ask too much of the Lord." But the child's implicit faith filled the mother with a new hope, and the tears were dried once more.

After breakfast, as they were all planning how best to meet the demands of their creditors, the postman stopped in front of their house and blew his whistle. "There is the letter man," said Fred, and he ran to meet him. "I wonder what mail there can be this morning?" said the father.

"It's a letter," said Fred. "Guess who for?" and he handed it over to George.

It was written in a bold hand, addressed to "Mr. George Fisher." "I wonder whom it can be from?" said George, as he anxiously opened it.

"It's from God," said little Ethel, as she looked up at her brother.

They all gathered around to hear what it contained. He opened it and found a check and a letter that ran as follows:

"To Mr. George Fisher."

"We, the students of the Academy, have appreciated your work, and feel to sympathize with you. We learned that you wished to attend our school after mid-year. Enclosed you will find a check for fifty dollars, which has been contributed by the students. We hope this money will help you in your schooling, for we want you with us.

"Yours sincerely,

"STUDENTS OF ACADEMY."

"This is indeed a letter from God," said George, and tears of joy and thankfulness filled his eyes as he murmured to himself, "Father in Heaven, I thank Thee!"

That New Year's day is still remembered by the Fisher family as the day of their deliverance—one of the happiest they ever spent.

A KIND GENERAL.

One day, when his army was in camp, Washington walked out alone to enjoy the morning air and see what was going on. As it was winter, he had put on a long overcoat that hid his uniform; and so the soldiers whom he passed did not know that he was the general.

At one plat there was a corporal with his men building a breastwork of logs. They were just about raising a very heavy log when Washington came up.

"Heave ho!" cried the little corporal. "Up with it, men! Up with it!" But he did not put a hand to it himself. The men lifted with all their might. The log was almost to its place, but it was so heavy they could not move it any further.

The corporal cried again, "Heave ho! Up with it!" The men were not able to do more; their strength was almost gone; the log was about to fall.

Then Washington ran up, and with his strong arms gave them the help they so much needed. The big log was lifted upon the breastwork and the men looked their thanks at the tall stranger who had been so kind. But the corporal said nothing.

"Why don't you take hold and help your men with this heavy lifting?" asked Washington.

"Why don't I?" said the little man. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Oh, indeed!" said Washington, as he unbuttoned his overcoat, and showed the uniform which he wore. "Well, I am the general; and the next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me."

You can imagine how the little corporal felt when he saw that it was General Washington who stood before him. It was a good lesson for him.—Selected.

HOW JOHNNIE WAS PUNISHED.

A cry, or yelp of pain, brought Johnnie's mother quickly to the window.

"Oh, it's only a cur dog," said her little son, in the act of casting another stone; "how he did 'ki-yi,' to be sure."

Tears stood in the eyes of Johnnie's mother, tears of sympathy for the little animal, which went limping off on three legs, and tears of sorrow that it was her own little boy who rejoiced in giving suffering to an inoffensive, helpless animal.

Johnnie noted the tears in his mother's eyes, and hung his curly head in shame.

"Come in, my son," said his mother, gravely, "and I will tell you a little story."

"Whoop!" cried Johnnie, who dearly loved a story, yet wondering not a little why his mother should reward, instead of punishing him, for a deed he knew to have been mean and cruel.

"The story I am going to tell you," said she, when they had seated themselves, "is about a little girl in whose heart the seeds of kindness and pity, as well as love for all mankind, took root and early grew. She was not the sort of little girl to look on any suffering creature, especially a dumb animal, and merely say, 'Poor little thing, how dreadful!' and pass on. Oh, no! Her first thought was how to help, how to ease the pain of the suffering one.

"Well, this child, who in time became famous, noticed one day that a shepherd, whose flock of sheep she was fond of watching, was not accompanied, as usual, by his dog.

"'Where is your beautiful sheep-dog, Mr. Shepherd?' ashed she.

"'He will never be of any more use to me, Miss,' said the

man, sadly. 'Yesterday a wicked boy threw a stone at the faithful animal and broke one of his legs. I will have to kill him to-night to put him out of his pain.'

"Where is he?" inquired the little girl, her heart full of compassion at once.

"'In my hut over there,' said the man; 'he is unable to move.'

"At first Hector, for that was the dog's name, would not let the little girl touch him. But his whines of pain and the look of misery in his brown eyes led her to persevere.

"'Dear doggie,' said she, tears of pity in her voice, as well as in her eyes, 'I want to help you,' all the while her little hand gently stroking his head and silky ears.

"The intelligent animal finally understood, and when she stooped and felt of the poor swollen leg, he made no effort to resist her.

"The little girl found there were no bones broken, though the leg was badly hurt and very much swollen. So she lighted a fire and put on the kettle. When the water was hot she took her flannel skirt, tore it into strips, and after bathing the leg well, dipped the bandages in the hot water, also, and bound up the wounded limb.

"Oh how relieved the dog felt! He licked her hand and wagged his tail, the only way the poor dumb creature, Johnnie, could express his gratitude."

Johnnie nodded his head. He understood now why his mother had chosen to tell him a story instead of punishing him. He resolved at once to find the dog he had injured and in the same way relieve its pain.

"Well," continued his mother, "the shepherd came home before the little girl had left the hut. She told him the leg was not broken and what she had done to relieve the dog. How glad the shepherd was. He would not have to kill the faithful animal, after all, in order to put it out of its misery. It was the best sheep-dog he had ever owned, he told the little girl, and thanked her again and again for her help and kindness.

"The next morning she went to the hut again. The dog crept to her at once. He held up the wounded paw and she dressed it again in the same way she had done before. This time, however, she had brought some liniment and bathed it with that, too.

"In a few days he was well enough to limp out to the field with his master and help him in caring for the sheep. The blessed little girl never visited the shepherd and his flock afterward but his dog ran to greet her, wagging his tail and in other dog language expressing his gratitude and joy."

Johnnie looked at his mother thoughtfully.

"Blessed!" he repeated, "why do you say 'blessed?' Did you know the little girl, mamma?"

"All the world knew of her, Johnnie, for in time that little girl became famous, as she relieved that poor animal's pain and saved him from death, so did she, when grown to womanhood, nurse and save thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, instituting hospitals, and ministering to them even on the field of battle.

"Blessed indeed was her life and work, Johnnie, for she lived to relieve suffering and pain, never to inflict it."

Johnnie's face flushed. Mamma's lesson was already bearing fruit.

"You say 'was,' not 'is,' so I know the kind little girl and famous woman no longer lives. What was her name, mamma?"

"No, she died only a few years ago, quite an old lady, and her name, Johnnie, was Florence Nightingale."—Elenora Kinsley Marble.

NIP AND TUCK AND THE TELEPHONE.

Ethel and Edith loved each other dearly, but didn't often have a chance to play together, because Ethel lived at one end of the big city and Edith at the other. One day, however, Ethel's mother took her to spend the day with Edith. Edith had a big fox terrier and the children had such fun dressing her up in Angelina's clothes! Angelina was the French doll and viewed the proceedings with disfavor. But how funny Nip looked! "I should like to have a fox terrier, too," Ethel said to mother on the way home.

"Perhaps you may some day, dear," was mother's reply.

Not a very long while after that Edith came to see Ethel. When she came in, she was carefully holding a basket, and what do you think was in the basket? A tiny little terrier pup, one of Nip's puppies. Ethel jumped up and down in glee. "We'll call him Tuck," she said, "'cause he's all tucked in so snug."

"Nip and Tuck," said Edith, at which they all laughed merrily. "But," continued Edith, thoughtfully, "he hated awfully to be taken away from his mother. Just think how we'd feel, Ethel."

"Yes," sighed Ethel. "Poor little dear! But what can we do? I do hope fox terriers don't have soft hearts like ours," and she buried her face in the puppy's fur. Suddenly her face lit up

with delight. "I know, oh, I know!" she cried. "We'll use the telephone!"

"How?" asked Edith doubtfully.

"Why, you put Nip up to the 'phone at your end, and I'll hold the receiver to Tuck's ear at this end, and then you just squeeze Nip a little and make her bark, and then when Tuck's turn comes I'll squeeze him, and they can talk to each other. Hurrah!"

I'm afraid Edith shortened her visit a little. But when she reached home and they tried their plan, what fun it was!

"Bow wow!" said Nip.

"Yap, yap!" said Tuck.

So it went for quite three minutes. Edith was sure there was a happy and relieved expression on Nip's face, and as for Tuck—well, Ethel just couldn't keep him away from the telephone after that. "I always can tell," she confided to mother, "when Tuck has something 'special to say to his mother. He just stands and looks at the telephone. Don't you think they must love each other a lot, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"But not as much as I love you, mother."—Cecil Whittier Tront.

CHARLIE'S FIRST SLIDE.

The little boy was excited. "Grandfather Hobart! Grandfather Hobart!" he shouted. "Wait and see me slide."

It was his first sled, and his sliding place was the driveway from the street down to the barn. Several times he had gone down all right, but now his pleasure would not be complete without some one to see how well he could coast.

Grandfather Hobart stopped and leaned on his cane while Charlie seated himself and started off in fine style; but fearing that his old friend might not wait till he reached the end of his slide, he turned his head to make sure he was there. Alas! the sled turned, too, and went into the bank of snow on the side of the drive. Over went the boy, the soft snow filling eyes and mouth and ears. He thought he heard a laugh as he picked himself up, while he caught the words, "Thinketh he standeth—heed lest he fall," as the old man went slowly on his way with a pleasant smile on his dear old face.

"I wasn't standing. I was sitting on my sled. Grandfather

Hobart must have been thinking out loud. It sounds like the Bible, somehow. I'll ask mother about it when I go in."

He forgot all about it till night. He was standing by the window watching the men go home from their work. One man was walking faster than the others, and just as he had passed them all, his feet flew up in the air and he came down with a whack. The boy laughed and then the words he heard in the morning came to his mind. He repeated them to his mother and asked her what they meant.

"Do you think the man who fell was careful to see where he put his feet?"

"I guess not, or he wouldn't have stepped on that bit of ice. I saw it from here."

"It is better to be afraid of falling than to feel too sure. It is a Bible verse. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' It means that we must watch ourselves lest we do wrong, and not feel that there is no danger for us. If you had been watching your path this morning instead of looking back, your sled would have gone straight down the path."

"But it made Grandfather Hobart laugh, and it didn't hurt me one bit. It wasn't wrong, was it?"

"No, dear," said the mother, smiling. "It is good to put a little pleasure in anyone's life. The dear old man had a hearty laugh over your trouble in the snow, and I don't doubt it did him a world of good."—Ruth Norman.

HOW DOROTHY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Miss Oliver came out into the hall. Two little girls sat on a low seat waiting for her. Miss Oliver was the nurse. She looked very sober. "Your mother's head aches so that I can't take you to the park, children. I must stay and take care of her." As Miss Oliver spoke, she took hold of Mary's hands and went on: "This is the little girl who said yesterday that she wished she could really help mother; and here is her chance. Take care of Dorothy, don't be noisy, and don't quarrel." Then Miss Oliver went into the sick room.

Mary felt much older all at once. She stood there wondering what to do. Then she said, "O Dorothy, let us go upstairs in the nursery and play."

"But I want to go to the park; I'm tired of the nursery," said Dorothy, ready to cry.

"Come," said Mary, taking her by the hand; we'll play

school. You know you're always wanting to go to school like big girls. Now you can go."

"Can I? But where's the teacher?" asked Dorothy as the two mounted the stairs.

"You'll see," Mary replied with a little laugh. Once in the nursery, Mary hunted up Brother Charlie's slate and a big book, and drew up two chairs. Dorothy took the smaller one, and Mary the big rocker. She drew something on the slate and handed it to her little sister. "You make these lines, and then we'll read. See, I'm the teacher, and you're a scholar; just think! It's a mighty nice thing to be a scholar; but wait! I must put up my hair like mother; teachers always do that." So Mary found some hairpins and up went her hair on top of her head.

Dorothy went to work. She drew wonderful things on her slate, and the teacher praised her, and set her new copies. Then Mary opened her book and read to her. The book was upside down, but the story was good. It was Cinderella, and Dorothy listened to every word. "I lite school, Mary," she said; "let's play it all over again."

Mary was tired, but she didn't say so. She thought up her new things and read the story of the Red Hen, because Dorothy was such a good scholar. When Miss Oliver came up she said: "You've been as quiet as mice, and you're to have supper up here with your best dishes. Your mother is fast asleep. Now I will sing you a funny song, and you shall tell me what you've been doing and then it will be time for supper."—Daisy Rhodes Campbell.

NERVOUS NANCY.

"You're afraid."

"I'm not."

"You are. You daren't go in, so there."

"I dare," said Nancy. "I don't want to. It isn't as if it would do anybody any good if my brains were kicked out."

Joe was always glad to have a chance of displaying his courage. At the same time it is doubtful whether he would have performed this feat had he not known that Jenny was tied to the manger and busy with her evening feed. As his feet landed silently on a thick bedding of straw they didn't make enough noise to arouse Miss Jenny's very ready iron-shod heels.

Nancy's face was white, and looked all the fear that she

would have liked to own to; but Joe's taunt of "Nervous Nancy" was enough to make her protest that she was not in the least afraid of anything. She bit the corner for her pinafore, as she always did when alarmed. Joe said it was disgusting to have a sister who screamed if a milch cow looked at her, ran away from a beetle, and could not repress a shudder at the approach of Mr. Turkey Gobbler in the farmyard.

Joe's eyes glistened with pleasurable excitement when their father brought home the new mare from the fair.

Nancy sorrowed quietly for Dapple, the quiet old gray, who had been sold to make place for the newcomer. Even "Nervous Nancy" could not be afraid of Dapple. There was something reassuring in the nudge of his soft, dark muzzle in the apron, seeking for an apple, or a piece of sugar. Farmer Bevan soon owned himself as sorry as Nancy, and regretfully said that he had been "done."

"Not but she's a grand mare," he said "plenty of bone and sinew, and a well-bread animal; but suh a temper! I might have known she was drugged at the fair and they so eager to sell, and all."

A few days after the above conversations the two children were idly throwing corn to the chickens when a white-aproned figure appeared in the porch.

"There's mother," said Nancy. "Oh, what's the matter, I wonder?"

"It's father," said she, coming forward with a very white face. "He's worse; Joe must hurry and fetch the doctor and bring him back straight off."

The farmer had complained of a slight headache, after a hard day's work in the hay field, and though he put it down to a touch of the sun, nobody had thought much of it, until, after a heavy sleep, his wife found him feverish and delirious.

Off Joe went in haste, whistling, poor boy, to keep up his heart. It seemed such a dreadful thing to these healthy country children, who never saw the doctor, or took medicine from one year's end to another. If it had been anybody else they could have understood it; but father ill, father in a fever! It was too dreadful to think of.

Joe's whistle died away dismally, and Nancy followed her mother into the house, with a very scared little face.

"Can I come in?" she asked, and at mother's nod she slipped into the corner of the large, sanded kitchen floor. Poor father! He lay all his length on the settle, looking bigger and stronger than ever, with his hair and beard rumpled, and the high color on his cheeks. He was muttering broken sentences, and shout-

ing orders to his men, as if he thought himself still at work in the hay.

Nancy crouched miserably in her corner, watching her mother laying cooling clothes on his head, drawing the curtains closer, and hushing the singing of the kettle on the hob.

"We must keep him quiet," she said, and Nancy killed a blue-bottle who was banging his head against the diamond-paned window. She would have preferred to go and sit in the porch, where she could watch and listen for the wheels of the doctor's trap.

Then she fell to calculating how long he would be. An hour—no, he would run; three-quarters, about, and then, finding the doctor—and they would drive back, no doubt. Yes, he could not be much less than an hour and a half.

"What's that noise?" asked her mother in a whisper.

Yes, there was a sound. A scraping sound, or rather, as if some one were using a chisel, in the outbuilding across the yard.

Then came two or three thuds, like a hammer on wood; and Nancy's heart stood still for a moment.

"Eh," said father, suddenly, half opening his eyes. And mother wrung her hands in distress.

"Oh, what a pity. We must keep him quiet!"

"I'll see what it is," said Nancy, quietly, and she slipped out of the door.

What was it? In the dark yard she fancied all kinds of vague, moving shadows, and the sound went on; but now the hammering was more frequent. So Nancy crossed over to the stable door. Yes, it was there; it was Jenny.

The door was locked. Without hesitation Nancy ran back for the key, which was always hung on its nail when the day's work was done.

There was a fusilade of hammering on the loose box partition when she got inside, and a glance around told the reason. A pail of water, and Jenny's evening feed, stood ready outside the door. Nancy guessed, what afterwards proved to be true that the farm boy who had been ordered to attend to Jenny, had shirked his duty for fear and gone home, leaving her supperless.

Very angry Jenny was at such treatment, and very vigorously and plainly she chose to express herself and plainly stout boards trembled with the violence of her kicks and she exercised her strong, white teeth on the wooden fittings.

Nancy stood on tip-toe and cautiously opened the top half of the door, where Jenny's head quickly appeared, with the white blaze on her forehead, and the sharp ears well pricked.

"I'd better give her a drink," said Nancy, feeling very sick

and queer; and she undid the door from the bottom and thrust in the pail of water.

Down went Jenny's nose. She gave one sniff at her new groom, then thrust her muzzle into the water, and there was silence, while her neck swelled and sank as the water ran low. At last she threw up her head, sending a shower over Nancy's face, and with a fling of white stockings turned her head to the manger.

But when Jenny found that a drink of water was to be her supper, she became more angry than ever, and a fresh chiseling and hammering began. Nancy thought of her father, waking and starting at the sound, and she looked at the bucket of food, and then at Jenny's dancing heels.

"We must keep him quiet," she said, echoing her mother's words. The bucket felt like lead, and her head swam round horribly as she stumbled through the straw litter to the manger. She was in such a state of confusion that it did not occur to her to put the pail inside the door and leave Jenny to help herself.

No, right across the floor she staggered, an easy target for the mare's nimble heels. She saw a glimpse of white eye-balls, as she raised the heavy bucket, and then, oh, what relief!

Jenny's nose was buried in the sweet-smelling oats and bran, and a contended munching and scrunching followed.

Nancy made a mad rush for the door, with bucket kicking spitefully on her shins. It was nearly over now. Once outside the door she was safe. She could laugh, scream, run, do anything she liked. No, she must not scream, that would waken father.

She slammed to the door, fumbled desperately with the bolt, and a strange, comfortable, far-off feeling came over her.

A little later the doctor jumped into his trap and drove off, with a cheery promise to call tomorrow.

The fever had passed off in sleep, and the farmer was now out of danger.

"Where's Nancy?" asked Mrs. Bevan. She went to see about a noise that kept him awake. I haven't seen her since."

Joe found her at last, lying in a faint by the loose-box door, with the big pail still on her arm.

Nancy could never help feeling ashamed of her nervousness, when she heard them tell how she had fainted for fear of Jenny, but somehow, after that, nobody ever called her "Nervous Nancy."—Bristol Times.

NELL AND THE ANGEL OF THE NEW YEAR.

Minnie M. Brown,
Student University of Utah.

"Sister, I don't understand what 'New Year' means," said browneyed Nell. But Sister was going to a watch party, and didn't have time to explain. She hurried Nell into her trundle bed, whence that little person promptly took her departure to slumberland. She did not leave her question behind her, however, for scarcely had her feet crossed the magic boundary, when she met a most beautiful and majestic angel, clothed in glistening white, with a great star in her forehead and a long, gold rod in her hand.

"Come with me, little Earth-child," said the angel, "and I will show you what you wish to know. I am the Spirit of the New Year. Soon I will be sent to the sad, old earth, with a present for everyone there."

Nell's brown eyes opened very wide indeed when she heard this strange news, for she was not expecting any present from anyone. She secretly wondered what her present would be, and immediately the angel smiled and said, "I'll show you, little Nell."

Nell was too much surprised to answer, but obediently followed the lovely vision. Soon they came to a house which looked remarkably like Nell's own home. They entered, and in every room were countless little spirits hiding everywhere. Some of these tiny creatures were black and ugly; some were sweet and fair. Nell stared at them with all her eyes, wonder filling her whole soul. Then the angel raised her shining gold rod, on which Nell saw the word "Unselfishness" written in glittering white letters, and waved it in the air. At once all the ugly, black spirits fled out of the rooms, but the little bright spirits laughed joyously, and began to play very happily together.

Nell gazed up into the beaming eyes of her angel, with tears rising unbidden to her own brown orbs.

"Where have all those naughty spirits come from?" she half whispered.

"They are everywhere in the world," replied the Spirit of the New Year. "Their names are: Cross Words, Anger, Falsehood, Laziness, Disobedience, Pride, Vanity, and a thousand other bad names. The beautiful white spirits are named Obedience, Cheerfulnees, Kindness, Truth, Love, Helpfulness, besides many more names, just as sweet. Sometimes so many of the black spirits come into one house that they drive all the good ones away. We have to watch very carefully, for the good ones are shy and must often be called; but the bad ones are impudent

and bold. Here is a rod like mine, which you can use to drive away the naughty spirits from your home."

With these words the Shining One took from within her great golden rod, a small one, just like it, and gave it to Nell. Then the brown eyes were again raised to the majestic face above it, as Nell tried to thank the angel for her gift. Her tongue seemed paralyzed and refused to move. Again and again she made an effort to speak, but only gasped, and—the next moment she awoke.

Bells were ringing, whistles blowing, people shouting, and even the dogs were barking. Nell sat up in her bed, filled with alarm. The next moment she remembered, and as she lay down again she murmured to herself, "The Spirit of the New Year is giving a present to everybody. I'm going to see how many ugly, black spirits I can drive out of our house, and how many pretty, bright ones I can call in. I'm going to begin in the morning, and never stop until I die."

HER MISSION.

She was only a little woman, tis true,
And hers was a common story;
She never had dreamed of a thing to do
That would lead to fame and glory.

She could not paint, see could not sing,
And she could not write a sonnet:
And she had not a face that could lend a grace
To a stylish love of a bonnet.

She had not wealth, and she knew not ease;
She had never traveled for pleasure;
She knew not the art to charm and please
In the realm of social leisure.

And yet she deemed that her life was blest
In its humble sphere of duty,
Though only those who knew her best
Guessed half of its hidden beauty.

For hers was a genius for little things,
The realm of home to brighten;
And she scorned not the humblest work that brings
Some force to cheer and lighten.

For comfort and order were hers to command,
And the joys of life seemed longer,
While childhood clung to her loving hand,
And manhood through her grew stronger.

And some who loved her were half afraid
That her sphere was far too small;
But, oh, the happy home she made,
Was a great thing, after all!

And when her beauteous spirit shall flee
From its realm of loving and giving,
Her stainless monument shall be
The lives that were blessed by her living.—Woman's Life.

Busy Work for Little Hands.

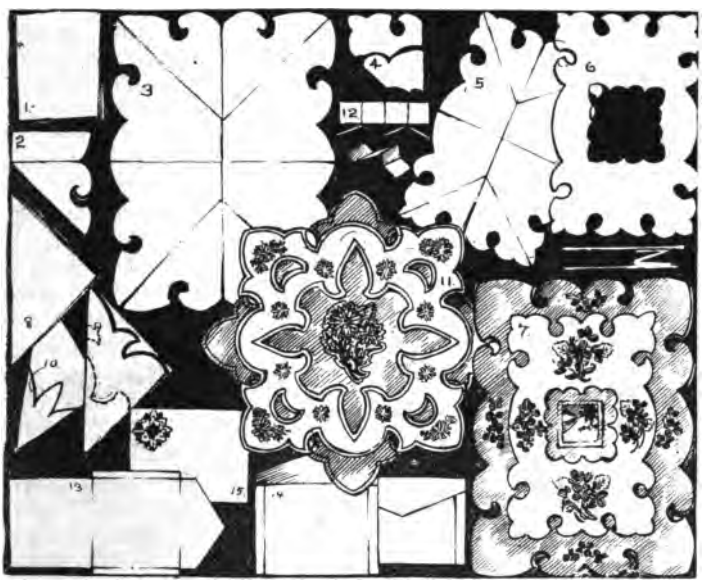
Elbert H. Eastmond.

Brigham Young University.

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere."

Paper Work.

VALENTINES.



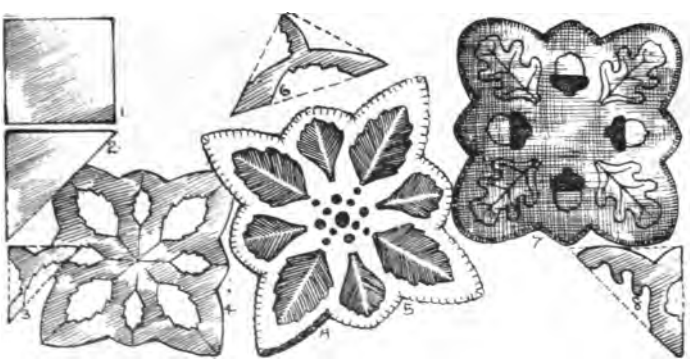
MATERIALS.—Generally the same as suggested for the January Boy's work. The most beautiful valentines are made from white paper. The decoration of the valentines here given is supplied from flowered wall paper.

TO MAKE.—Use a suitable size of paper for the backing—(See fig. 1). Fig. 1 represents the piece of paper folded to one-fourth size. Fold now at point a, as shown in fig. 2, and place curved cuts along the edge as shown in fig. 2, and obtain a back-

ing as fig. 3. To make the front of the valentine, fig. 6, use a small size of paper and cut in the same manner as the backing, fig. 5. Fold, fig. 5, as shown in fig. 4, and cut center—fig. 6. The front of the valentine is slightly held out from the backing with lifts folded as shown by figs. 1 2. Several lifts are placed between the front and backing in the manner shown by the illustration drawn between figs. 6 and 7. Bunches of small flowers are cut from wall paper and pasted on the front and backing, as seen in fig. 7. A small picture is placed in the center of the backing through the opening of the face. Fig. 11 is made from a square of paper for the backing, and the same size square for the face. First fold the square, as shown by fig. 8, and cut at the heavy lines, fig. 9; this will give the backing to fig. 11. The other square of paper is cut in the same way and also cut at dotted lines, fig. 9, and the front of fig. 11 is given. The various cut forms may be outlined with wax, crayon, pen and ink, or pencil, as shown in fig. 11. Apply lifts, decorate in the same way as in making fig. 7. Fig. 10 is another suggestion of a center cut for fig. 11. Figures 13, 14 and 15 will show the making of an envelope.

Girls Work.

DOILY.



MATERIALS.—Six to twelve inch square of sateen, linen, nainsook, etc. Crochet cotton or silk floss, scissors, needle, and paper for pattern cutting.

TO MAKE.—Cut a square of paper the size of desired doily

—fig. 1, fold as fig. 2, then to fig. 3. On each folded line of fig. 3, draw the one-half of a leaf—then cut the leaf part from the paper. Open the square and you have fig. 4. Trace this pattern to the cloth after the margin cut is placed, and apply the needle. Work the edge with the blanket or button-hole stitch —wide or close, see point (a), fig. 5. The decoration on the doily may be worked with simple chain and embroidery stitches, in colors of harmony or in white or cream effect.

Aim to have the children keep their work clean while in making. Neatness is necessary to all art.

SKIMMING IT.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say; meaning, if you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner.

Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby and distressed if any one thought her unwilling to render such office, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that it is Tommy's turn. Thus all day long people who love one another skim the sweetness from every service they render.

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"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not."

LILLIE T. FREEZE.

Lillie T. Freeze and Josephine R. West are two members of the General Board, who have been connected with the Primary work so long that wherever there is an association their names are known and loved as the counselors to President Louie B. Felt. For years they have labored and spent their time and talents in the interests of the children, and their best thoughts and hopes are given to the advancement of the youth of Zion.

Sister Lillie, as she is lovingly called by those who know her well, has been for many years a sufferer from ill health; but, in spite of this, she has been ever ready to think and plan for the Primary cause. No one who has ever come in contact with her or has

heard her beautiful words of counsel and encouragement has failed to feel the influence of love and humility which always attends her; and many a discouraged officer, who has thought she could see no ray of light in her work, has, by the sweet influence and loving, encouraging words of Sister Lillie, been made to feel to "take heart with the day and begin again;" and has blessed the wise counselor for her words of hope and cheer.

A visit from Sister Freeze is something to which the children look forward; for they know they will be made happy by her kindness.

The boys have been of special interest to this sister, as she has recognized the need of helping them; and many a little musical band has been formed just because she has said she would like to hear music by the little boys of the Primary Association. To express a wish for it was all that was necessary for Sister Lillie, and the boys would practice early and late, asking no other reward than to please Sister Freeze.

Owing to her ill health, Sister Lillie has asked to be released as counselor to President Felt; and while she will no longer act in her old capacity, she will still be a loved and honored member of the General Board; and her work in the future, as in the past, will be of benefit to the associations, and her loving influence will still be felt in Primary work.

JOSEPHINE R. WEST.

Sister West, also, has made herself known and loved among both officers and children. For many years she was the Stake President of the Primary Association of Weber Stake, and never was a President more honored or beloved than was Sister West. If for any reason it was impossible for her to visit an organization at the time appointed, although some one else went in her stead, the children felt her absence was a great disappointment, and the visit had to be made by her personally as soon as possible.

Sister West exercised great influence in getting the boys to attend meetings. Many a young man has told of her kindness to him, and has testified that her gentle influence and

her faithful work in the Primary Association has made great changes in his life and helped him to become an upright and honorable man. To her, more than to many, has come the great reward here for her work—the knowledge that her labor has not been in vain and that lives have been made better and brighter through her efforts. Her heart is given to work with the children, and her wish is for their welfare.

Sister West resides in Ogden, and is sometimes called away to other places; and on acount of her not being able to meet as often as she wishes with her President, she has asked to be released as counselor to President Felt. She is still a member of the General Board, a tried and true one, and the Primary Associations have in her an earnest and able friend.

On account of the vacancies in the General Board created by the release of Sister Lillie T. Freeze and Sister Josephine R. West, the following sisters were chosen and sustained at a meeting of the General Board, held December 29th, 1905: May Anderson as first counselor, Clara Woodruff Beebe as second counselor, Olive Derbidge Christensen as secretary, Ida Bowman Smith as treasurer, and Margaret C. Hull as assistant secretary.

HUMAN NATURE.

"We tried a new experiment in our town," said the man with the silver-rimmed spectacles. "We thought that the tendency to vanity was so great that there ought to be some reward for people who were capable of standing aside and rejoicing in the success of others. So we organized a society and arranged for the presentation of modesty medals."

"How did it work?"

"Badly. As soon as a man won one of the medals he would swell up and get so proud that we'd have to take it away from him."

One should every day look at a beautiful picture, or hear beautiful music, or read a beautiful poem.—Ruskin.

Learn to say no: and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Ruskin.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeted after the teacher:

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father, whom I cannot see,
In the morning's calm
Hear me, while I sing to Thee
Happy hymn and psalm.

Teach me something every day
Of Thy love to me,
Till my heart shall overflow
With the love of Thee.

Thank Thee, Father, for thy gifts—
Home and friends, and food—
And because I love Thee so,
Help me to be good.

Pardon me, for Jesus' sake,
When I do Thee wrong,
And to please Thee all my life,
Make me brave and strong.

In me, by me, through Thy love,
May Thy will be done.
Father, whom I cannot see,
Bless Thy little one.

Song for the month:

"I'm Not Too Young for God to See." No. 8, the Primary Song Book.

Memory gem for the month:

(The children should be encouraged to repeat the memory gem until they are perfectly familiar with it, talk about its meaning and let each child have an opportunity to recite it alone. Do not be afraid of repetition. Adopt the same plan with the prayer, let some child lead in the prayer with the teacher.)

LITTLE DEEDS.

Little deeds, like little seeds,
Grow and grow and grow;
Some are flowers and some are weeds,
Giving joy or woe.
Let us sow but happy deeds
Everywhere we go!

—Emma C. Dowd.

Rest exercise for the month:

EAR TRAINING.

One of the players is to be blindfolded and the others stand about the room as they please. The blindfolded one then walks or gropes around until he touches a player, and the player touched must then stand still and make a noise in imitation of some animal, say a cat, a dog, a cow, a pig, or a horse.

If the blindfolded player chooses, he can have the sound made three times, and if he then guesses the name of the child, the child takes his place. If he does not guess correctly, he releases the player and tries again.

Lesson 5.

Aim: Kindness.

Story: "How Johnnie Was Punished," page 44.

Incident: "The Good Shepherd."

Once upon a time there was a shepherd who had the care of a great many sheep. He took good care of them because he loved them all so dearly. When they were hungry he would feed them, when they were thirsty he gave them water so they could drink, and every night they were led safely into the fold where they could be safe from all danger, and nothing could come to make them afraid. One day when the shepherd was leading the sheep into the fold, one little one lingered behind and thought it could take care of itself; it wandered off into the wrong path and very soon was lost; it could not see any of its companions, and soon became very much afraid; the night was cold and dark, and the foolish little sheep was very sorry that it had not stayed with the kind shepherd. Bút the shepherd knew that one of its sheep was lost, when they were going into the fold he counted every one of them and knew that one was gone. He did not want to lose any of them, so he locked all the rest in the fold and started out to find the missing one. Up and down the mountain side the shepherd went looking everywhere for his little sheep. At last he heard in the distance something that

called "Ba'a, ba'a," and that helped him to find the poor, tired and frightened little animal. The shepherd was so glad to find the little sheep that he just took him right up in his arms and carried him home.

Lesson 6.

Aim: Love.

Story: "Nip and Tuck and the Telephone," page 46.

Incident: "The Woman With the Lame Back."

A long time ago there lived a poor woman, who was very lame, her back was so weak that she could not stand up straight like you and me. It hurt her to walk so she never went to many places, and the worst of all was that she hardly ever saw the blue sky and shining sun by day or the moon and stars that shone at night.

One day this poor woman heard about Jesus, that He had power to make sick people well.

"Where does He live?" she asked.

"He has no home, He just travels around among the people, preaching and blessing those who are sick," answered the person who had told her about Jesus.

"Will He ever come here, do you think," said the poor woman.

"Maybe," was the reply.

One day the lame woman heard that Jesus was preaching to the people in her town.

"Now," she cried, "I must do my best to go to Jesus, for I'm sure if He sees me and knows how I suffer, He will be willing to help me."

So she hobbled along as best she could until she came to where Jesus was preaching.

Dear, kind, loving Jesus, as soon as He saw her, He was sorry for her and He knew, too, that she had come to Him to be made well.

"Come to me," he said to her. And when she had come right close to Jesus, He laid His hands upon her and blessed her. and when He took His hands off, she stood up straight and could see all around and the blessed sky and the sweet face of Jesus. How happy she was and delighted that now she could go and tell everybody about her wonderful blessing.

Lesson 7.

Aim: Carefulness.

Story: "Charlie's First Slide." page 47.

Incident: "Pharaoh's Dream."

Pharaoh was a great king. One night he had a very strange dream, he wanted very much to know what it meant, so he asked a great many wise men to help him, but they were not able to tell what the dream was. A young man, named Joseph, came to the king and told him that his dream was about corn growing in the fields and about cows, cows that were very fat and cows that were very thin, and that it meant that the king must take great care of his corn and his cows because very soon they would be needed, for the people would have no food to eat. Joseph told the king that God had sent the dream so that he would be able to help his people.

The king was so pleased with Joseph, he made him a great man, and told Joseph that he must help to save the corn and the cows. Joseph did this, and by and by he was able to help a great many people.

Lesson 8.

Aim: Helpfulness.

Story: "How Dorothy Went to School." page 48.

Incident: "Joseph Helps His Family."

Joseph's brothers came to Egypt where Joseph lived, because in their own country there was no food, and they needed corn to make bread. Joseph was very glad to see them, and gave them a good dinner, the best dinner they had had for a long time. Then he filled their sacks and sent them home; after a while Joseph's father and all his brothers came to live with him, and he was able to take good care of them, because of the king's dream and the help God gave in telling Joseph to take care of the cows and the corn when there was plenty.

Second Grade.

Lesson 5.

Subject: Courage.

THE BRAVE APOSTLE.

Acts 3 and 4.

It was in the far-off country of Palestine—the land where Jesus was born, where He had played as a little child, the land where He had grown to be a man and had taught the people

such beautiful things, had blessed the little children, healed the sick, and even brought the dead to life; the land where He had suffered and died, and had again visited His Apostles and then said good-by to them and had ascended into heaven.

Now that Jesus was no longer on the earth, many people thought that they could hear nothing of Him or His teachings; but they were mistaken. But God had given the Apostles power to do many things in the name of Jesus, and they went among the people, teaching the Gospel as He had taught them.

One day, when the time for prayer came, Peter and John went to the temple. At the beautiful gate sat a poor, lame man, one who had never been able to walk. He could not work, and every day he was carried to the gate, and sat there asking for help from all who entered.

As the Apostles came in, he put out his hand for help. They both looked at him sorrowfully.

"Look at us," said Peter.

The man, thinking he was going to receive some money, looked up.

"Silver and gold have I none," said Peter; "but such as I have, give I thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

He took the poor, lame man by the right hand, and raised him; and suddenly strength came to the bones, and the man stood up and walked and danced for joy, and then entered the temple with them, praising God for His goodness.

The lame man had been at the gate every day for such a long time that many people knew him, and when they saw him walking and dancing, they were so surprised. Peter noticed this, and asked why they were so astonished, and why they looked upon him as if it were by his power that the man had been healed. It was faith in Jesus Christ that had made him strong and well. Then he taught them many other things, and told them that they should believe in Jesus.

Some of the priests came and listened to him, and were angry at what they heard; so they took Peter and John prisoners.

"By what power or in what name have you done this?" they asked angrily.

Peter stood up bravely and answered:

"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified, does this man stand before you healed."

The priests wondered at their courage; and also wondered what they could do with such men; they were almost afraid of them. They ordered the Apostles not to teach anything more about Jesus. But Peter and John were not to be frightened in this way.

"You can judge for yourselves," said they, "whether it is right to listen to you more than to God; but we must tell about the things we have seen and heard."

The priests warned them again that they must do no more preaching, and the Apostles were released.

They hurried to their own people, and told what had happened, and praised the Lord and prayed that He would always give them power to be brave and go about teaching the people and healing the sick in the name of Jesus, just as they had been doing. Their prayer was answered and they went about the city preaching as usual.

For moral story, see "Nervous Nancy," page 49.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: After Jesus had ascended into heaven, the Apostles were given power to teach in His name. They met the lame man at the gate Beautiful. He asked for alms, and received no money from the Apostles; but was healed by the power of God. The man was very grateful. The people wondered how he was healed. Peter preached to the people. The priests are angry and take the Apostles prisoners. They are warned not to speak about Jesus nor His teachings. They boldly say that it is right for them to tell about what they have seen and heard. They are again told not to preach about Jesus and are released. The Apostles preach the same as usual.

Nancy's father has a horse of which she is frightened. Her father is taken sick and must not be disturbed. The horse is noisy on account of not being fed. Nancy, although very much afraid of him, goes to the stable and feeds the horse, and keeps her father from being disturbed.

Lesson 6.

Subject: Perseverance.

THE BOY WHO SUCCEEDED.

In a little place in Kentucky, February 12, 1809, was born a little child, who was named Abraham Lincoln. His father and mother thought there was never such a fine baby.

"He shall learn to read just as soon as he is big enough," said the father, who had not had the chance to learn to read. "He shall go to school, too, if I can earn money enough to send him."

His parents were very poor, and his home was just a log cabin—not as good as the barns we see now. In the cabin there were holes for doors and windows, and skins of bears were hung over to keep out the rain and snow and the cold; but the wind would blow in the house and sometimes the rain and snow would

get in, too. The house was built in the woods, and little Abraham could lie in his bed and hear the wolves howling outside, and through the cracks between the logs could see the stars shining in the sky.

There was very little furniture in their home, and Abraham's mother did not even have a stove. She used to bake the bread in an iron kettle, called a bake kettle. She would put the kettle on some hot coals and put some hot coals on the lid of the kettle, and when the oven was hot, would put her bread in to bake.

She had to make all of their clothes, too. She would spin the yarn and weave the cloth, so of course Abraham could not have many new clothes, because it took so long to make the cloth for them. Once his mother made him a suit of bear skin, and he was very proud of it.

When the little boy grew big enough he used to go to meeting. The meeting house also was built of logs. It had no floor, and the preacher had a stump of a tree for a pulpit. He would stand on the stump when he spoke to the people, and they would sit around on logs and listen to him. Abraham used to like to play he was a preacher, and his sister would sit and listen to him and then they would both sing a hymn.

Soon he grew big enough to go to school. It was a strange school; big men used to go with the little boys and girls, and they all learned the lesson from one book, called a Speller. In a short time Abraham could read well, and stood at the head of the class. In the night when all the rest of the family were asleep, he would sit in the dim fire light, learning to read and write. His father was too poor to buy him a slate, and so he had to write on a wooden shovel. He couldn't get many books, because they were very scarce where he lived. There were only three books in his home. Every scrap of paper he could get hold of he would read and read, and when he found a few words he liked, he would write them with a piece of charcoal on a piece of wood or anything he could find. He wanted to learn all he could, so he listened to all the people he saw who came from different places.

His father decided to move to another state. It was such a hard journey; there were no trains and sometimes not even good paths, and the father would have to go before them and cut the brush away so that they could get through. Then they often had to wade through the streams of water. Abraham and his sister thought that great fun. When they reached the new home, they had to build another house of logs, which was very much like the old one. Books were just as scarce here, but Abraham did not get discouraged. He walked twelve miles once to borrow a book, and when he had read it, he walked twelve miles to take it

back again. Poor boy! How he would have enjoyed reading the books the children have today!

Once a man let him have a book—the Life of Washington—but he said that if anything happened to it, he would have to pay for it. Abraham read it whenever he could find time. Sometimes he had to wait until the rest of the family were asleep, and then he read it by the light of the fire. He had to be very careful with it, because he had no money to pay for it if any harm came to it. He used to put the book away very carefully, but once it fell into a crack between the logs. In the night a heavy rain storm came up, and when the boy got up in the morning he found the book soaked with water. He took it back to the man who owned it and told him about the accident. The man knew he was telling the truth.

"What can I do to pay for it?" asked Abraham.

"Are you willing to work?" said the man.

"Oh, yes, I will do anything I can," the boy answered.

"Well," said the man, "I think you can pull fodder for me three days."

Abraham did it willingly, and when the work was done the man gave him the book. He said he was never so happy in his life as when he got the book for his own.

When he grew to be a young man, he would not give up when he had once started to do anything. Once he and some others were hired to build a boat. For this work they were to get twelve dollars a month each. When the boat was finished (and every plank of it was sawed by hand) it was launched on the river and floated down to a town where a drove of pigs were to be taken on board. At this time the pigs of the region ran wild; some of them were almost savage and were hard to manage. They had been gathered and penned, but not one inch could they be made to move toward the boat. They tried every way they could think of to get them on board. There was only one thing left to do, and Abraham decided to do it. He actually carried them on board, one by one. His long arms and great strength helped him to grasp them and hold them, and they soon were taken from the shore to the boat.

He wished to become a great man, so he studied harder and harder, for he knew that ignorant men never made great men.

After awhile he went to work in a store. He would tell stories that made people laugh, and everybody liked him.

Once an old lady came to the store to buy some tea. Abraham gave her the tea, but soon after she had gone, he found that he had not given her enough. When the store was closed that night, he walked over a mile to take the rest of the tea to the old

lady. People found him to be so good and honest that they learned to call him "Honest Abe."

Before long people all over the state heard of him. He was beginnig to be a great man; and he was sent to the legislature. Our country was in great trouble then, and a good, brave, honest man was needed to be President. The people knew of no one who could do better than Abraham Lincoln; so they chose him, and he proved to be one of the greatest Presidents our country has ever had.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Abraham's parents were very poor. The boy had very few advantages. He had no light, and so had to read by the firelight. He had no slate and had to use a wooden shovel. He learned to read well in spite of difficulties. He had few books, but learned them well. He did not become discouraged. He helped build a boat, sawing the lumber by hand, and then succeeded in getting the pigs on board. He was chosen to the legislature, and afterwards became President of the United States.

Lesson 7.

Subject: The Lord Cares for His Children.

HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED.

Exodus 1: 1—10.

Many, many years ago some people, called Israelites, or Hebrews were living as slaves in the Land of the Nile. They would often talk of one of their ancestors, Joseph, who had been sold into Egypt so many years ago. They liked to tell how he had been made one of the great rulers of Egypt, and had been next to the king in power, and how all the people used to bow down before him.

But now the Egyptians had forgotten Joseph, and Pharaoh —all the kings of Egypt were called Pharaoh—did not remember anything about him nor how much he had done to help the people during the time of their great famine. Great changes had come to the Israelites. Their beautiful lands, which Joseph's king had given to them, had been taken away, and many cruel laws had been passed to injure them. But still they had prospered, and now the king began to fear them.

"These people, who call themselves the Children of Israel," he said, "are becoming a great people. If we let them alone there will be more of them than there are of us; and if there should be war, they might join our enemies and fight against us."

So all the Children of Israel were made the slaves of the

Egyptians. Their men were sent to make brick and build large houses and cities, and they had masters, who made their lives very unhappy. Then a law was passed that every little baby boy that was born to any of these people should be put to death. The king thought in that way there would not be so many men to fight against him.

One mother resolved that her little baby boy should live. He was a fine, strong baby, and his mother loved him very dearly. She kept him in the house until he was three months old, and then she began to wonder what she could do with him. A thought came into her mind. She went down to the river and got some rushes which grew on the bank; these she wove into a pretty little basket. Then she daubed it with pitch to make it strong and water-tight. When it was all finished, the mother laid her little child in it, and carried it down to the river. Her little daughter went with her, wondering what her mother intended doing.

"Miriam," said the mother, "stay here and watch your little brother," and she placed the basket among the reeds in the shallow water of the river.

In a short time some ladies came near. One was dressed more richly than the others. It was the daughter of the king, who had come with her maidens to bathe in the river. She saw something strange among the reeds a little way off, and sent one of her maids to see what it was. The girls went and brought the basket to the princess.

When the lid was opened, they found the dear little baby. It held up its little arms and cried. This touched the heart of the princess.

"This must be one of the Hebrew babies," she said, as she took it out of the basket. She could not help loving the baby, and she made up her mind to save it. "I should like to keep it for my own."

Little Miriam had come near and heard what was said. Now she came out of her hiding place.

"Shall I get one of the Hebrew women for a nurse for the baby?" she asked.

"Yes," said the princess, "go and bring one."

Miriam hurried home and told her mother all that had happened. Soon she came back, bringing with her the baby's own mother.

"Here is the baby," said the princess. "Take care of it for me, and I will pay you well."

She called the baby Moses, which means "Drawn out," "for," she said, "I have drawn him out of the water."

The little child grew, and stayed with his own mother for some time. When he was large enough, he was taken to the

princess, lived in her palace, and was educated and treated as her son.

For moral story see "George Fisher's New Year," page 41.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The Israelites were made slaves. The baby boys were to be slain. Moses was a baby at this time. His mother wished to save him. The Lord gave her the thought of making the basket. The baby was placed on the water. His sister watches him. The princess rescues the baby. His own mother is chosen as nurse.

Lesson 8.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15: 11—32.

Subject: Kindness.

This is one of the beautiful stories Jesus told the people: He meant to show how kind and forgiving God is to all who are sorry when they have done wrong.

There was once a father who had two sons—one was good and industrious, and the other idle and often wicked. The idle son was tired of staying at home and wanted to have a better time.

"Give me all the money that belongs to me," he said, "and let me go away and do as I like; I do not want to stay here with you and my brother."

"Very well," said the father; and he gave him the money belonging to him, and the son went away.

For a little while he had a good time; but the money was soon spent. The boy became poor and hungry and ragged. Then he saw how wicked and ungrateful he had been to leave his happy home and his good, kind father.

At last he had not even a bit of bread to eat, and was glad to ask a man to give him some work to do. The man let him feed his pigs; and the poor boy was so hungry that he often longed to eat the food that he gave to the pigs.

"I can stand this no longer," he thought to himself. "Even the poorest servants of my father have plenty and to spare. I will go back. I dare not ask to be his son again, but perhaps he will let me work for him."

So he went back, and, as he walked along the familiar paths, he thought of the time when that was his home, and he had fine clothes to wear and plenty to eat, and now—. He paused a moment and looked at the house, and saw some one coming towards him. Surely that was his father. He started to meet him, and then hesitated, thinking he did not deserve any kindness;

but his father recognized him, and ran to meet him, and kissed him and forgave him, and welcomed him home.

"But, father," he said, "I am not worthy to be your son."

The father would not listen, but told the servants to bring out some rich clothing, and a ring for his finger, and then make a great feast to welcome him home.

The other son was busy in the fields when his brother returned, and did not see his father run out to meet him. But when his work was over and he went back to his father's house, he saw it all lighted, and heard music and singing, and wondered what had happened.

"What does it all mean?" he asked one of the servants.

"Your brother has come home," said the servant, "and your father is so glad that he has made a feast to welcome him."

The son was angry and jealous and would not go into the house. Then the father came out and begged him to come in.

"Have I not always been a good son to you?" he asked his father; "but you have never made a feast for me."

"I have had you always with me," said the father; but your brother has been lost and is found. It is right that we should make a feast and do all we can to make him welcome home."

For moral story see "The Kind General," page 43.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The son had been idle and caused his father trouble. He asked for his share of the money so that he might go away and have a good time. The request was granted. He spent all his money and became very, very poor. He had to feed pigs, and longed for the food the pigs ate. He determined to go home and ask his father to take him as a servant. He goes back. His father runs to meet him and welcome him home. He is forgiven for all his wrong doing through the kindness of the father. The brother is jealous, but the father explains that the lost son is found, and should therefore be welcomed.

Washington sees some of his men doing some hard labor. The corporal does not help them. The general helps the soldiers. He asks the corporal why he does not assist. The corporal thinks that work is beneath him. The general reproves him for his unkindness.

Third Grade.

BIBLE STORIES

Lesson 5.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. Touching the Garment of Jesus.

References: Matthew 9: 20—22; Mark 5: 25—29; Luke 8: 43—48.

Jesus went into Capernaum. And one of the rulers of the synagogue came to him, and kneeling down at his feet, begged him earnestly, saying, My little daughter is sick and ready to die: I pray Thee come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may live. Jesus went with him, and so did his disciples. And many people followed after Him and crowded around Him. Among them was a woman who had suffered for twelve years from a disease which no physician could cure; for she had asked many and given them all the money she had, yet she was no better, but rather grew worse. When she heard that Jesus was there, she said to herself, If I can but touch His garment, I shall be made well. So she came in the crowd behind Him, and touched Him; and as soon as she had done it she felt that her sickness was cured.

Then Jesus, turning toward the people that followed, said, Who touched me? His disciples answered, Thou seest the multitude pressing against Thee, and askest Thou, Who touched me? But He looked around to see her who had done this thing. When the woman saw that He knew it and that she could not be hid, she came trembling, and falling down at his feet, told before all the people, why she had touched Him and how in a moment she was made well. Jesus said to her: Daughter, be not afraid; because thou hadst faith in me, thou art healed.

2. Evil Spirits in Swine.

References: Matthew 8: 28—34; Mark 5: 1—15; Luke 8: 27—35.

One day Jesus met a man who had an evil spirit. He had torn off his clothes and was very fierce, so that no one could pass by that way. His friends had often bound him with chains, to keep him at home; but he broke the chains, and went and lived in the caves that had been hollowed out of the sides of the mountains, for tombs. And always, night and day, he was wandering in the tombs and mountains, crying out and cutting himself with stones. But when he saw Jesus a good way off, he ran to Him and fell down at His feet and worshiped Him, saying: What have

I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God? I beseech Thee, punish me not.

Now there was near the mountain a herd of swine feeding, and the evil spirits that were in the man (for more than one had gone into him), begged Jesus, that if He commanded them to come out, he would let them go into the swine. Jesus said to them, Go. And when they had come out of the man, they went into the herd of swine; and the whole herd ran swiftly down a steep place into the sea, and were drowned in the waters. And the men who took care of them, fled into the city and told what they had seen. Then all the people came out to see Jesus. And they saw the man who before had evil spirits, sitting down, quiet and clothed, and in his right mind.

3. The Precious Ointment.

References: Matthew 26: 7—13; Mark 14: 3—8; John 12: 3—8.

One day when Jesus was sitting at the table with His disciples, Mary, the sister of Martha, took a pound of ointment called spikenard, which was very costly, and bowing down at His feet, she anointed them with it, and wiped them with her hair; and the house was filled with the sweet smell of the ointment. And one of His Apostles, named Judas Iscariot, who afterward betrayed Him, said, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and the money given to the poor? Judas said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because He was a thief. But Jesus answered, saying, Let her alone; why do you find fault with her? She has done a good work on me. For you have the poor with you always, and whenever you will you may do them good, but you will not have me always. And Jesus said to His disciples, that wherever His Gospel should be preached over the whole world, this thing that Mary had done to Him, should be told, that it might be remembered of her.

4. The Widow's Mite.

References: Mark 12: 41—44; Luke 21: 1—4.

Jesus was sitting in the court of the temple, where there were many large chests, into which people put what money they pleased. The money was used by the priests in buying animals for sacrifices, and incense, and oil, and all that was wanted for the temple. Many of the rich Pharisees came and put in large sums of money. Jesus could see their hearts and He knew they were proud of their gifts and liked to be praised. At last a poor widow came and threw in two mites, which make half a cent. Jesus knew that this was all the money that she had, and he was much pleased with what she had done, and He called His disciples

around him and said, That poor widow has given more than all the rich men; for after they had given much they had much left, but she cast in all she had.

Lesson 6.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. Entry Into Jerusalem.

References: Matthew 21: 1—11; Mark 11: 1—10; Luke 19: 28—44; John 12: 12—19.

The time of the Jewish passover being near, Jesus left Bethany to go to Jerusalem. When He was near to the Mount of Olives, He sent two of His disciples into a nearby village and told them they would find a colt tied up, that no one had ever ridden, and they were to untie it and bring it to Him, and if any one asked them why they did so, they were to say, Because the Lord has need of him. The two disciples went and found the colt, as Jesus had said. As they were loosing him, the owners asked, Why loose you the colt? They answered, The Lord has need of him. Then they let them take him. And they brought him to Jesus; and the disciples put their garments upon the colt, and Jesus sat on him and rode towards the city.

2. Entry Into Jerusalem (continued).

References: Same as topic 1.

As Jesus rode toward the city, the multitudes who were traveling in the same direction were filled with a desire to honor the man who rode the colt; some took off their outer garments and spread them along the way; others cut down branches from the trees and scattered them so that He might ride over them. This was the way they were used to honor kings who rode through their streets. And the people who went before and those who followed after, cried with a loud voice, Hosanna! Blessed is He that has come to us, sent by the Lord. Yet Jesus knew that although they were now praising Him, they did not love Him in their hearts, and that in a few days they would be crying out to crucify Him.

3 The Destruction of Jerusalem.

References: Matthew 24, 3—28. Mark 13: 3—23. Luke 21: 5—24.

As Jesus drew near to Jerusalem, he looked on the city and wept, because He knew of the sufferings that were coming to the Jews. He told how enemies would bring their armies and make a camp around the city, and how they would destroy it, every

house would be thrown down, so that not one stone would be left standing upon another; and all this was to come upon this people because, although Jesus had been sent by God to save them, they would not believe in Him, and were going to put Him to death.

4. The Great Commandment.

References: Matthew 23: 36—40; Luke 10: 25—27.

A Pharisee came to Jesus and asked Him a question. He said, Master, which is the first, or principal one, of all God's commandments? Jesus answered, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the other one that is like it is, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Then Jesus said: On these two commandments hang all the law and the Prophets; He meant that all the other commandments in the Bible come from these two. For if we obey the first, we shall do all our duty to God, and if we obey the last, we shall do all our duty to our neighbor; and so we shall do everything that the Bible commands us to do.

Lesson 7.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. The Passover.

References: Matthew 26: 17—19; Mark 14: 12—16; Luke 22: 7—13.

Jesus and His Apostles were going to keep the feast of the passover together, and the Apostles came and asked Jesus where they should make it ready. He answered, Go into Jerusalem, and there you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he is going, and say to the man who lives there, The Master wants thee to show us the chamber where He shall come to eat the feast of the passover with His disciples. And the man will show you a large upper room, furnished; there make ready the feast. The disciples did as Jesus commanded, and the man showed them the room, and they made the feast ready there.

2. Which is Greatest?

Reference: Luke 22: 24—27.

In the evening Jesus came with His Twelve Apostles, and as they were partaking of the passover, He talked to them, saying: I have greatly desired to eat this passover with you before I die, for I say unto you, I will not any more eat of the lamb that has been sacrificed, until I myself have been sacrificed for

the sins of the people. But the Apostles did not understand him and thought He meant to set up an earthly kingdom, and that now the time was near. And they began to dispute among themselves, as they had done before, about which of them should be greatest in that kingdom. Then Jesus told them that among the people of this world, those who were great ruled over the rest. But, He said, it shall not be so with you. For whoever among you will be the greatest, let him be the most humble, and the one who will be chief, let him be as if he were the servant of all.

3. Washing the Apostles' Feet.

Jesus asked the Apostle, which was the greatest, the person who ate at the table, or the one who served while he was eating. Yet, He said, I am among you as one who serves. And He arose from the table, and laid aside His outer garment. He poured water into a basin, and taking a towel, began to wash the Apostles' feet. Peter did not like to have Jesus wash his feet as though Jesus were a servant, but Jesus said to him, Thou dost not understand why I do it now, but thou shalt know afterward. But Peter said, Thou shalt never wash my feet. And Jesus answered again, If I wash thee not thou canst not be one of my disciples. Then Peter let him wash his feet.

So after He had washed their feet, and put on His garment again, He said to them: Do you know what I have done unto you? You call me Master and Lord, and you say well, for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you ought to wash one another's feet, for I have given you an example that you should do as I have done to you.

4. The Last Supper.

References: Mattew 26: 26—28; Mark 14: 22—24; Luke 22: 19.

As Jesus and His Apostles were eating together, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and broke it in pieces and gave it to His Apostles, saying: Take and eat, for this is my body which is broken for you. He meant that the bread was like His body, and represented it, because His body was soon to be broken, and crucified, and offered up on the cross for them. Then He took some wine in a cup, and when He had thanked God, He gave it them, and they all drank of it. And He said to them: This wine is my blood, which is shed for the forgiveness of sins. He meant that the wine was like His blood, and represented it, because His blood was very soon to be shed, like the blood of the sacrifices at the altar, so that all who believed in Him and kept His commandments might be saved.

Lesson 8.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. To be given by the teacher:

The Lord commanded His Apostles to meet together after His death and to eat the bread and drink the wine in the same way that He had shown them; they were to do this often in remembrance of His sufferings and death.

Today this is called the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and every Sunday we should be ready to eat and drink at this holy ceremony. The Lord has given us beautiful prayers to be offered for the blessing of the bread and water, and I will read them to you (see Doctrine and Covenants). We should never take the Sacrament without thinking about what we are doing, we must be clean in body and in mind, no evil or foolish thoughts should be in our minds, we must be able to say that we can forgive anything or anybody and have only love in our hearts.

The Lord used wine in the last supper, but it is not wisdom for us to use anything but water that is clean and pure, as it is impossible to obtain the pure, unfermented juice that was called wine in the days of the Savior.

2. Last Words of Jesus to His Apostles.

References: John 14: 15, 16 and 17.

After the last supper, Jesus gave His Apostles some instructions about what they should do when He was gone. Then he prayed for them, that they might be kept from sin and might love one another, that they might be with Him in heaven.

After this they sang a hymn together, and then they left the house where they had eaten the passover, and went to the Mount of Olives, which is a short distance from Jerusalem; and they went into a garden that was there, called the Garden of Gethsemane.

3. The Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus told His Apostles to sit down and wait for Him while He went by Himself to pray. Then He went and kneeled down and prayed. Jesus knew what was coming, and He suffered so much that He wanted God to help Him and while He prayed, an angel came and comforted Him. Then He rose up from praying and went back to His Apostles; he found them sleeping and said to them: Why sleep ye? Arise and pray, lest you be tempted to do wrong. And He went away to pray again. When He came back the Apostles were still asleep; He said, Rise up, and let us be going; behold, he who will betray me is coming near.

4. The Betrayal.

References: Matthew 26: 47—50; Mark 14: 43—44; Luke 22: 47: John 18: 2—5.

Judas, the man who was to betray Jesus, had been watching and when Jesus and His Apostles went into the Garden of Gethsemane, he thought it was a good time to have the soldiers come and take Him, because there were none of His friends with Him except His Apostles.

Judas told the soldiers that they would know which of the men to take, for he would go to Him and kiss Him, then they were to take Him and hold Him fast. Then he went into the garden, followed by the soldiers, and going up to Jesus, said, Master, Master, and kissed Him. Jesus said to him, Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss? Then the soldiers took Jesus.

IN HIS NAME.

There are a few notworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are closing, and when the shop-girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as though the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away, she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no signs she quietly dropped a ten cent piece into his fingers and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned and walked rapidly back to the

dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter cold wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her, and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.—Youth's Companion.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

The Children's Friend

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ELINOR'S WOLF-SKIN RUG.

Elinor Archer was a little girl who lived on a ranch in Texas.

Mr. Archer's ranch was so large that his next neighbors were twenty miles away, and they had no children, so Elinor had no playmates.

Her mother tried to make up for this by getting her a great many dolls, and Elinor, playing alone with her dolls, came to feel toward them exactly as though they were living beings.

One evening quite late she came in and told her mamma that she had left Rosabel, her prettiest and newest dolly, out at the big rocks where she had been playing.

"And I must go right back and get her," she said, "she's not been long away from town, and she'll be afraid out there."

"My dear," her mother objected, "you can't go so far this evening. It would be night before you could get there. Just wait, little sweetheart, and mother will go with you in the morning to get the dolly."

Elinor puckered her face to cry—crying (with a little whining sometimes) was Elinor's besetting sin. "Oh, mamma," she whimpered, "I just can't leave my dear Rosabel out on the plain all night. It might rain, and then she'd get her complexion all washed off!"

"Now love," her mother urged, "you know it never rains at this time of the year. Rosabel will be safe and dry when we get her in the morning."

"But an old coyote might come and eat her up!" Elinor went on. "I must go back, mamma—I really must! She'll be scared to death." And I am sorry to say Elinor whined and cried all through her supper-time, and even after she was put in her little bed.

It is the most dangerous thing in the world to go to sleep crying. For one thing, you are sure to have bad dreams; and for another, if you are like Elinor and sometimes walk in your sleep, this is the very time that you will do it.

The lady moon rose late that night. It was twelve o'clock when she had climbed high enough in the sky to look in at Elinor's window. And there she saw, first little Elinor lying peacefully in her pretty white bed, with the plaster cherub on the wall to guard her, and then little Elinor in her white night-gown scrambling out of bed.

The child was fast asleep, but the door was unfastened, as it nearly always is in a Texas ranch house. Elinor walked toward it, opened it and went out. If she had been awake, she could not have found her way back to the rocks where she had been playing more than one mile from the house; but a sleep walker finds directions without need of sight, and the child went out the gate and off across the broad prairie without a moment's hesitation.

Bismarck, the big house dog, rose as she crossed the porch, and silently followed her. When she got to the rocks she found her doll without looking for it. She picked it up, and sat rocking and singing to it. Bismarck thought this very foolish behavior. Why a girl should get out of her bed and walk a mile across a lonesome plain at night to find a worthless doll, evidently puzzled his doggish brain considerably. The moonlight was very dim, as a waning moon always is. A coyote was barking on the hillside nearby, and Bismarck bristled up, for he hated coyotes.

There came the long-drawn howl of the lesser wolf, and Bismarck growled outright. A slinking gray shadow came up behind the little girl's shoulder, Bismarck sprang at it, there was a wild outburst of barking, howling, snarling, and clicking of teeth.

The wolf—for it was a wolf—had brushed against Elinor's shoulder, and this, with the noise, waked her. She sat cold, shivering, and most desperately frightened while the two great animals growled and fought, bit and tore, beside her.

Imagine, if you can, just how you would feel to wake up in the middle of the night and find yourself alone, out of doors, in the dark, with what you took to be two wild beasts, fighting about which one should eat you up. This is just what Elinor thought, and finally she gathered up her doll and attempted to run away.

But dear me! Her poor little feet were sore from traveling unshod over the rough ground. Now that she was awake she could not see, and she had scarcely stumbled a dozen steps before Bismarck (who had settled with that slinking wolf and shaken the life out of him), joined her. She was going in the wrong direction—that is, quite away from home; and the dog pulled at her little gown to pull her back into the right path.

Finally, after much sitting down to weep, and being coaxed to try again by the dog, Elinor put her hand on Bismarck's collar and let him lead the way.

It was dawn before she reached the ranch house; and there

they found a scene of wild confusion. Mamma had waked first and found her little girl gone. She had roused all the others, and they were searching and calling in all directions. Elinor was caught up and kissed probably more than any little girl in the State of Texas ever had been kissed before.

"I think it was mean," she said, when they finally asked for explanations, "somebody carried me away out to the rocks, while I was asleep, and left me there in the dark; and if it hadn't been for Bismarck the wolves would have eaten me."

Her mother was kneeling at her feet, putting shoes and stockings upon those tired, scratched little feet, when Elinor said this, and she looked very reproving.

"My little daughter, do you not know that it was these two naughty little feet that carried you out in the night?" she asked. "When people go to bed feeling as angry as my little girl did last night, they are certain to dream about whatever the thing is they are sulking over; and that is just what you did, dear, you dreamed of it, and walked in your sleep, out to where the doll was."

Elinor was only half convinced. She told them at the breakfast table all about the fight between Bismarck and the wolf; and her father and one of the cowboys went out, and, sure enough, they brought in the carcass of the dead wolf.

Elinor's papa took the hide and made a little bedside rug for her; and now whenever she is inclined to whine, or go to bed with a sullen face, her mother asks, laughing,

"Elinor, do you want another rug?" And Elinor's face clears very quickly, for I can tell you she does not want to make any more night journeys to see Bismarck kill a wolf.—Selected.

ELSIE'S GIFT.

Grandfather Sweet was sick in bed—and on his birthday, too. It was just too bad, Elsie thought. Grandfather Sweet was not Elsie's real grandfather; he was just a gruff, gray-haired old gentleman who lived near the Kings. Everyone called him grandfather. He was always kind to Elsie, and she would rather go down to the Sweets' old red brick house and listen to Grandfather Sweet's stories than do almost anything else.

Today there was to be no school all afternoon, and Elsie could have listened to ever so many stories, if only Grandfather Sweet had been well enough to tell them. As it was, she fed the little yellow chicks and kept the hen away while they ate. Next, she went down to the barn to pet the new calf and watch its antics.

Tired of this she took a walk in the garden. How the beans had grown! And the tomato plants surely had grown an inch since she looked at them in the morning. Elsie loved to see things growing; but she could not enjoy them this afternoon for thinking about poor Grandfather Sweet. "I wish I had something to take him," she thought. "Sick people always like things; and then it's his birthday. Last year I gave him some chocolate drops; but I haven't a single penny this year. Oh, me!" The little girl heaved a very big sigh.

She had come by this time to the strawberry bed. The snowy blossoms had been falling for a week, and in their place were hard green berries, some getting pink. "I wish I could find some ripe ones. Oh, my!" Elsie dived down among the leaves and brought up—yes, a large, red berry that the June sun had ripened! "Oh, I wonder if I could find enough." Elsie flew to the dining room where her mother was working. Mrs. King nodded, and Elsie came running back with a cup. After much searching another ripe berry was found, and then another and another, until the cup was almost full. Elsie went into the house, hulled the berries, put them in a small glass dish, and sprinkled sugar over them. Then she went into the yard and plucked a blush rose and laid it daintily atop the berries. "Look, mother!" she called as she passed the dining-room window, just ready to start.

Mother looked out and smiled. She thought Elsie in her pink sunbonnet with the glass dish of red berries and the pink rose made a very pleasant picture. "That is a very pretty present," she said. "I am sure Grandfather Sweet will like it."

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so, mother," Elsie answered as she ran happily away to the Sweets.—Olive Winn.

BOYS WORTH HAVING.

One summer day a dozen years ago a twelve-year-old boy was seated behind a small desk in the ante-room of a New York morning newspaper office. He was one of the regular force of office-boys. One of these had the day before gone away, a fact which had in some mysterious way been noised abroad, and during the day a score of other boys had been in to apply for the place. None of them had been engaged.

Shortly before six o'clock another boy appeared, about the age of the one who sat in the room.

"I heard you want to get another officeboy," said the newcomer.

The boy in the chair looked the other over carefully without replying. The applicant was a clean, manly-looking little fellow, with frank blue eyes. The officeboy went into the inner room, and then the assistant editor appeared. "What's your name?" he asked, briskly.

"Walter Simmons, sir," answered the boy.

The man questioned him and looked at his letters of recommendation. In a moment the boy was engaged.

"You'll go on the night force," said the editor. "Begin tonight at six o'clock—you'll get off somewhere around two. There'll be a couple of the old boys here to tell you what to do."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, moving toward the door.

As he stepped from behind the desk the editor noticed that he was barefooted.

"Here, where are your shoes?" said the man. "You'll have to hurry if you've got to go home after them."

The boy looked down and hesitated. Then he glanced up at the man and said:

"I haven't any shoes, sir."

"No shoes? Well, we can't have a barefooted office-boy. Can't you get some?"

Again the boy hesitated. "I'll try my best, sir," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"All right. Turn up here at six with shoes on and the place is yours—otherwise we'll have to get some one else," and the editor hurried away.

The boy walked slowly out to the head of the stairs. He paused here, and gazed wistfully back into the ante-room. Then, catching the eye of the boy inside, he turned and ran down the steps.

"Hi, there? Hold on, kid!" came a voice from the head of the stairs. He turned on the first landing, and saw the other boy looking down at him.

"What's the reason you ain't got any shoes?" asked the office-boy.

"All worn out and thrown away. I've been out of work a month, and my mother's sick."

"Got any stockings?"

"Yes; one pair," and he gazed down at his bare legs below short trousers.

"Well, you must be about my size. I have a pair of shoes I might lend to you for a week till you draw your pay. What'd ye say to that?"

"You wouldn't ask if you knew how much I want the place."

"Well, you skip home and get the stockings. Come right back

and wait where you are. You'll have to hustle if you get back by six."

Walter certainly did "hustle;" he was back several minutes before six, and stood panting on the landing, half afraid that the other would not keep his word. The next moment his new-found friend looked down at him.

"Sit right down there," said the office-boy. "Put on the stockings and I'll be along at six."

Walter did as he was told, and as everybody went up and down by the elevators he was not disturbed. In a few minutes the office-boy came, sat down beside him, and began taking off his shoes.

"This is the only pair I've got," he explained. "Nothing very stylish about them, but if they'll do on my feet, they'll do on yours. They cost a dollar, anyhow, and you want to be careful of them—no skating on the floor or kicking the desk legs. Try that one."

"That fits all right," answered Walter.

"Well, get 'em both on quick. My name is Tom Bennett, and I live at 989 Roosevelt street. There's a bakery in the basement that's open all night. The boss knows me. When you get off at two, you go round there and leave the shoes with him. I'll tell him you're coming. See that you don't fail, 'cause if you do I'll be out of a job myself tomorrow. I got your name and your address from Mr. Hunt, and if the shoes ain't at the bakeshop in the morning I'll be looking for you." He stuffed his own stockings into his pocket and went down the stairs in his bare feet. The other went up and began his duties.

For a week this arrangement was kept up. Tom found his shoes each morning at the baker's, and each evening the exchange was made on the landing.

At the end of this time Walter was able to get himself a pair, and the partnership in foot-gear came to an end. But the friendship so oddly begun has never ended, and both boys proved to be capable of rising to better things. Tom is now in the business office, and Walter is a reporter.—Hayden Carruth, in Youth's Companion.

ARTHUR'S "PUSSIES."

Baby Ida was fast asleep and so was Mamma Marie, tired out with her day's hard work. Yesterday Arthur had helped to do the big washing—one can do a good deal, even if they are but six

years old—and now a row of Ida's pretty little dresses and another of Arthur's own gay blouses were hanging, all daintily ironed, on the clothes dryer in the sunny kitchen.

Arthur stared at them thoughtfully—yes, there was his beloved red blouse with the goldy buttons, and next to it, a sober brown, with tiny silver buttons, that Aunt Elodie had given him last birthday. How much they looked like the silvery heads of the pussy willows when they had shed their jackets! Happy thought! Arthur would go out and get some "pussies" while mamma and baby were finishing their afternoon nap. So, tugging on his coat and boots, he stole softly out, cap and mittens in one hand and a big apple in the other. The winter sun swinging low along the tree tops seemed to be smiling all to himself about something.

Up the old wood road through the pines groves into the swampy woods along the meadow's edge, that was the way to the pussy willows.

Arthur trudged along, stopping now and then to answer a scolding squirrel.

How green the pines were, every one reaching up, up into the blue sky, with all its might. Under them were beds of evergreen vines on which grew the queer little two-tined "forks" so convenint to us in summer play-houses.

Arthur was gathering a handful when all at once something went flop, flop, right in front of him. Arthur gave a scream of delight; there was a dear little wild rabbit, so white and round as to be hard to see among the smooth round mounds of snow that covered the mossy stumps on either hand.

Pussy willows were forgotten and away went Arthur after Bunny.

For half an hour the chase went on, then suddenly the rabbit disappeared in a huge brush pile.

Tired and disappointed, Arthur sat down on a log to eat his apple. When it was finished he started back to get his "pussies" and go home.

The woods were beginning to seem a bit lonesome when one of the last rays of sunlight lighted up a group of willows a few rods away, making its catkins glisten.

Such "pussies!" Arthur forgot to feel lonely in his eagerness to get a big armful of them. Mamma Marie should have a boquet in every room—wouldn't she be delighted!

The sun went down behind the tree tops, and Arthur started on again. But where was the track that was to guide him back? He wandered this way and that, growing confused and frightened. Still he saw no sign of the zig-zag trail he had made in following the Bunny.

Then, being a very little boy in the big dark woods, he sat down, "pussies" and all, and cried aloud.

An owl flew by and cried, "Who-who-ho-oo?"

Another sound was coming nearer and nearer. Arthur stopped crying and listened—then, hugging his pussy willow twigs close, he ran toward the place the sound seemed to come from.

Twenty minutes later the men at Brecker's Camp were astonished to see a small figure struggling through the underbrush towards the log-cabin, where they had just begun to get supper. It was they whom Arthur had heard as they came back to camp after their day's work on the mountain side.

"Hello, there," called one of the men. "If there isn't Peter's little boy!" and he ran and picked Arthur up and took him to the warm cabin. Arthur was tired and hungry, and O how good the supper tasted as he sat by his new friend and told the men in his pretty broken English how he happened to get lost! After supper he was taken home on horse-back—which was a great honor and a fitting end to such an afternoon of adventures.

As he rode away Arthur sat up very straight, waving a branch of pussy willow and crying, "Go' by—Go' by.

When he got home papa and Mamma Mary were calling and searching everywhere for him. Even Baby Ida was shouting "A'tur! A'tur!"

They were all so glad to see him safe again, but papa said he mustn't go into the woods without telling anyone, ever.

The "pussies" looked very pretty in the vases, but Arthur has a feeling yet, that mamma was gladder to see him than to have the beautiful pussies—though why he can't imagine.—S. M. Coffin.

THE EDUCATION OF BONES.

It was the little teacher's first school and the first day of school. She was wearing her first long skirt, too, and had done her hair on the top of her head in the effort to make herself look old and dignified. But down in her heart she felt like a frightened little girl. Some of the older boys, Timothy for one, were taller than she, and when she looked in their direction she unconsciously put on her most severe expression, to make up for her lack of inches.

It was just half-past nine when the visitor came. The scholars were bending over their books, and the school-room hummed like a beehive. The little teacher was getting ready to put some work

upon the board when the visitor pushed the door open, and came up the aisle with noiseless steps. Then he lay down by Timothy's desk.

The odd thing was that no one seemed to notice him. No one looked up nor laughed. The little teacher was so astonished that for a moment she could not find her voice. Then she said in her sternest tones, "Timothy Goss, put that dog out."

Instead of obeying, Timothy raised his hand as a sign that he wanted to speak. "It's only Bones," he explained, smilingly. "Bones always comes to school. He behaves so well that the teachers don't mind and he likes it. Timothy was going on with his explanation when the little teacher interrupted him by rapping on the desk.

"That will do, Timothy," she said. "I don't wish to have you answer me back. Put the dog out at once."

Timothy rose to his feet in bewilderment, and then Bones, who seemed to understand that he was the subject of the conversation, without catching the exact drift, made things worse. He walked straight up to the teacher's desk, wagging his tail, as if to say, "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I always liked the teachers, and they liked me. Let's be friends."

The little teacher did not understand dogs. She caught up the ruler with a frightened idea of using it to protect herself. "Call him away," she cried, her lips very white. In another moment she could have screamed, but Timothy spoke Bone's name, and Bones stopped short where he stood. Then he followed his master out of doors, while the school buzzed with indignation.

District Number Two School was proud of Bones. His record as a school-going dog had been talked of in every farm-house within a dozen miles. He never missed a session, and not only was he a model of deportment, but he strongly disapproved of anything like inattention on the part of the scholars. If a slate was dropped, or a laugh broke the stillness of the study hour, a low growl from Bones reproved the offender. When a boy wandered off at recess and failed to hear the bell, Bones promptly hunted him up, and drove him back, just as he drove home the cows at sunset. In short, he was one of the features of the school, a sort of teacher's assistant, and to have him turned out in this ignominious fashion, touched the pride of every scholar. But no one else could feel it as Timothy did.

Timothy was the good boy of the school. He was an orphan, and had less to love than some of the others, which may have been the reason why he cared so much for books. But most of all Timothy loved Bones. The two were friends, comrades and allies. They had been inseparable from the time Bones was a clumsy puppy, always tripping over his own paws. And now the teacher

had turned Bones out of school and Timothy could hear him whining uneasily under the windows.

When the teacher called him to put an example on the board, Timothy shook his head, and the scholars whispered to one another. Timothy never failed in arithmetic.

This was the unfortunate beginning of the little teacher's first school, and as the days went by, things grew no better. Bones was no longer on hand to awe the refractory by his low, deep growl. Timothy was sulky, and the others missed the help of his good example. Day after day the inattention and lawlessness grew. The little teacher lost her color and her eyes had a worried look. How could she bear to go home and tell father and mother that she was a failure?

Two slow weeks dragged by, and at last it was Friday afternoon. The hands of the school-house clock was pointing to four. The little teacher kept her voice steady till school was dismissed, and then she sat down and cried. She was to spend Saturday and Sunday with friends in the next village, and for these two days she meant to forget all about school worries. After she had refreshed herself by a good cry,she wiped her eyes and went cheerily to work sweeping up the school-room and setting things to rights. School District Number Two expected the teachers to act as janitors as well.

She carried her dust-pan and broom into the closet, hung them on the wall and turned to go out, when a breeze swept through the open windows and closed the door. The little teacher laughed—her heart was light now—and felt for the latch. The surface she touched was smooth. There was neither knob nor latch on that side. The little teacher was a prisoner.

It took her some minutes to realize what it meant. She was shut into the closet of that lonely school-house, and it was Friday night. The people at her boarding-house would not expect her back. Her friends in the adjoining village would suppose that she had been prevented from making her visit. The school-house stood back from the road, and it was unlikely that the few passers-by would hear her screams. They might not find her till the boys and girls came to school on Monday morning.

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried the poor little teacher. "What shall I do!"

Then, though she knew that it was almost useless, she screamed until she was hoarse and out of breath. After that she crouched on the closet floor, shivering and putting her hands over her face.

All at once her straining ears caught a sound in the school-room. Velvety footsteps came nearer and nearer, there was a snif-

ling at the crack of the door and then a short, quick bark. "Oh, Bones," cried the little teacher, "dear old Bones!"

In the dark she held out her hands to him, crying for joy. And Bones evidently understood, for in a moment she heard him jump and catch the latch in his teeth. The door did not open, but the shaking and rattling of the latch were some comfort. The dreadful sense of being alone and forgotten no longer weighed her down. Bones was there.

For five minutes Bones jumped and growled and worried the latch, and then all at once there was the sound of scurrying feet across the school-room floor. "Bones," the little teacher called faintly. "Oh, Bones, come back," but no understanding bark answered her.

But though she was alone again, there was a tiny hope down in the little teacher's heart which kept her company. Somehow she could not believe that Bones had deserted her. In spite of herself she trusted him. He would come back. He must come back. But as the slow minutes passed, the hope grew fainter, and the old dread returned. If Bones had forgotten her, whom could she trust.

It seemed to the little teacher that she had been imprisoned for hours when there was a lusty barking outside the school-house door, and again Bones' padding footstep made music in her ears, while behind him sounded the glad chatter of Timothy's boots. When the closet door opened, the little teacher tumbled out upon the floor in an undignified heap. Without a word she put her arms around Bones' neck, and that meant more to Timothy than any words of thanks she could have spoken to him.

While Timothy helped her finish cleaning the blackboards, he told her all about Bones, and his record for school attendance, and the little teacher was sorry that she had not listened to the explanation earlier, and Timothy was ashamed not to have made allowance for her not knowing that Bones was an uncommon dog. And both agreed that another time they would try their hardest to see things from the standpoint of others as well as their own.

On Monday morning when Timothy walked into school, a brindled dog followed at his heels, and lay down in the aisle. And when a little later Eb Cole shuffled his feet noisily, Bones looked up with a low growl that spoke volumes. Every boy and girl in the room realized that the time of disorder and inattention had passed, and went to work with a will. And until there is a new teacher in School District Number Two, there will be no further interference with the education of Bones.—Selected.

RUNAWAY RALPH.

"I won't stay here another minute, so there!" pouted little Ralph Perkins. "There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning, I must get up if I'm ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoe strings and neckties that are 'most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand, mother is sure to want the chickens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something! I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me."

So, filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts that grandmother was frying, he said: "Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place. I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm."

"Good-by, dearie," smiled grandmother. "Come back to Thanksgiving dinner and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey."

"Why-ee!" thought Ralph; "grandmother doesn't care at all; but I guess my mother will be sorry that she made me work so hard."

Mother looked surprised when the eager little boy told his story.

"Very well, Ralph," she said as she kept on sewing; "only look out for snakes and spiders and cross dogs; when it gets dark be sure you find a dry place to sleep. Good-by."

"She never even kissed me!" thought Ralph dolefully.

"Better take along some of these apples, my boy," called grandfather from the orchard. "You'll get hungry by and by."

"Ralph's going to run away!" cried his sister Amy. "Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup custards."

"Amy is really glad I'm going," thought Ralph, slamming the gate, "and nobody seems to care much." Running away did not seem such a grand frolic after all.

Just at dusk, a tired little fellow crept softly through the hedge of lilacs, around the grapevine to the piazza, and made a wild rush for mother's arms.

"I couldn't find a good place to sleep, mother," he sobbed. "There wasn't any fun; folks were cross that lived where there were lawn swings and croquet balls, and nobody wanted me at all. 'N' there's cross dogs and p'licemen and everything! I'll bring in wood and run errands all day tomorrow, mother! Amy can have the cup custards if she wants 'em, but please, grandmother, I'd like another doughnut."

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Elder Marriner W. Merrill gives the following remarkable experience:

In the winter of 1855, I worked in what was then called North Mill Creek canyon. The only team I had at that time was one yoke of oxen; with this I kept myself busy during the latter part of the fall of 1854 and the beginning of the winter of 1855, in hauling wood from the canyon to Salt Lake City, where I sold it for what I could. In January, 1855, the snow in the mountains was so deep that I was unable to procure fire wood; and I decided to haul some pine house and stable logs. Myself and some brethren therefore shoveled and broke the road to a small red pine patch of timber in the side mountain, and when this road was completed, for two days we together hauled logs and timber to the city.

Just at this time the weather became extremely cold and a dense fog hung over the valley, but high up in the mountains one could overlook the cloud of fog. This condition prevailed for several days, but exactly how cold it was I cannot say, as thermometers were very scarce in those days. It was during one of the early days of this cold spell that the following incident occurred:

I left home very early in the morning to obtain a load of logs. My wife remonstrated with me and tried to prevail upon me not to go, as the weather was so very cold. I did not, however, heed her kind entreaties, but started upon my journey; and, on arriving at the timber, was surprised to find that I was the only one who had come for a load. I worked very rapidly for two reasons: one was that I might keep warm, and the other that I might return home early. I cut, trimmed and prepared five nice, red pine logs, about thirty feet long and ten inches thick at the butt-end, and about six inches at the top. These I succeeded in getting down to the place where I had left my bob-sled and camp outfit, about a half mile distant. The place of loading was very slippery, it being rather on a side hill. I had my five logs arranged side by side below the sled, my oxen being chained to a stump where they were quietly eating their hay. I proceeded to load the logs, designing to place three on the bottom and two on the top of the three, which was my usual way of hauling timber of that kind. I succeeded in getting the first log on the sled without much diffi-

culty. The bunk being icy, it was with some difficulty that I could make the log stay where I had placed it on the sled; but I finally succeeded in blocking it up, and thought it secure. Then I turned around to load the second log, and as I did so, the blocking gave way and the first log slid rapidly from the sled, catching me in the hollow of my legs and throwing me forward on my face across the logs lying there. In falling, the hand-spike in my hand, which I had been using in loading the logs, fell far from my reach; and I was thus pinned completely across the timber. The log that had slipped from the sled lay across my legs, which were on the hard ice, and my body was lying across the four logs.

I began to think that I was thus doomed to perish in the canyon. I struggled desperately to release myself, but every effort seemed to bind me the more firmly beneath the terrible load which seemed crushing my very bones. While thus struggling for relief I also prayed earnestly to the Lord for assistance, and while doing so I lost consciousness. When I next regained my senses I was a half a mile down the canyon from the place where I began to load, and was seated upon the logs, which were loaded in the exact position that I had designed to put them—three on the bottom and two on top of the three. All were nicely bound with chains. I was sitting upon my sheep-skin with the woolly side up; my whip placed on the load carefully so it could not lose; my overcoat, home-made jeans, lay across the load in front of me, but within my reach.

As I aroused from my stupor, I spoke to my oxen and they stopped, and I viewed my surroundings with feelings that cannot be described. I quickly took my bearings, as I was familiar with every point in the canyon. Being quite cold, I essayed to jump from the load, and put on my overcoat; but to my surprise, my limbs refused to do my bidding, they were so sore and my body was so badly bruised. I sat there and reflected for a few minutes upon my peculiar situation; looked around my load and found everything in place just as I would have put things myself; my axe was firmly bedded in the butt end of one of the logs,and everything else was in first-class condition.

After making another unsuccessful effort to get from the load, I reached my coat, put it on as best I could in a sitting posture, and started my oxen for home. I arrived safely about an hour later than my usual time. My wife was very uneasy about me on account of the lateness of my arrival, and because of the fear ever present with her during the whole day, that something would happen to my injury. She met me at the corral and carried me in her arms to the house, which she was then quite able to do, I weighing but a little over a hundred pounds. I was placed in a

comfortable position in the bed, and she then cared for my team. For some days she carefully nursed me before I was able to move around the house.

* * *

I can truthfully testify in all soberness, that some power which I did not see assisted me from the position which doubtless would have speedily cost me my life. As I was preserved for some purpose known to my Heavenly Father, so do I also believe that God will bless and preserve the lives of His faithful children just as long as it is necessary for them to live their missions upon the earth.

Juvenile Instructor, October 15, 1892.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
She has ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many steps for you.
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you meet today, John,
Go cheerily home tonight.

Although you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight;
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home tonight.

What though the temper try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait.
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight,
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home tonight.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Busy Work for Little Hands.

By Meredith Nugent.

A CANDLE-LIGHT MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Now, boys and girls, here is the prettiest merry-go-round you ever saw, and you will all think so yourselves after you have made one, unless I am very much mistaken. Just imagine it, too! This merry-go-round is made entirely of paper, with the exception of the two upper disks, or floors, which are of thin cardboard.

The lighted candles make it go round, and you will all be surprised how quickly it does go round.

To most of you it will be news that a flat piece of paper will float upon water for an almost indefinite period, and a surprise, too, to learn that it will carry an astonishing amount of weight afloat. For the fun of it place a piece of writing paper in a dish of water and just see how much it will carry.

By careful distribution of the weight I have placed on a single sheet of floating writing paper a table knife and fork, a small pair of scissors, a large wooden spool, besides a number of 1-cent pieces! It hardly seems possible, does it? But try it for yourselves and see.

As for this merry-go-round, when it is set in a pan of water, and in a darkened room, a prettier sight you never saw. Why, the picture does not begin to do justice to it. Now all try and see what you can do.

Cut out a disk of writing paper, any size you please, and fasten to this, in an upright position, four narrow columns of rolled writing paper with sealing wax. These columns should be carefully rolled and fastened with sealing wax. Now cut out two light cardboard disks.—very stiff wrapping paper will answer—for the second and third floors. Place one disk on top of first set of columns, fasten it with sealing wax, and on top of this set four more paper columns exactly in position as shown in picture. On top of this set another disk, and on top

of this again a paper wheel, which should be made as follows: Whittle out a delicate stick about six inches in length, then cut out two small sticks about four inches in length and fasten these crosswise on top of the longer stick; now slip over these cross sticks square pieces of writing paper at angles as shown in illustration. After this fasten the whole in an upright positon in exact center of top disk.

Cut out four more delicate sticks, attach these in horizontal positions to disk on second story—see picture—and slip over ends of these triangular pieces of paper at angle as shown in picture. Now place candles in position under these four pieces of projecting papers, and also two candles on top, under the wheel, but before placing candles in position set your merry-go-round very carefully into a pan of water.

Light the candles, turn out all other lights in the room, and you will have a merry-go-round to delight you.

By varying the angle of the papers' projection beyond the second story and the papers on the wheel you will be enabled to make the merry-go-round travel faster or slower.

TRUST.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints
I will trust in Him,
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

—Jean Ingelow.

Teachers should always be young—never over thirty, in spirit. Lord, keep us always infants. The oldest man I ever saw was one who was twenty-one. He was cons back in the past—before the creation. Long before I ever met him he was finished. He had lived twenty-one years, and he was done!—John W. Cook.

The Children's Friend.

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HELP US HEAVENLY FATHER.

Tune: "The Parting Song," S. S. Hymn Book.

We are Primary workers,
With hearts full of love
For the little children
Sent from God above;
Father, grant us wisdom,
Grant us faith, we pray,
Help us all to serve Thee,
Show Thy perfect way.

To Thy children, Father,
May we ever be
Earnest, faithful helpers,
Leading them to Thee;
May Thy Spirit guide them,
Show them truth and light;
Help them to obey Thee,
Help them choose the right.

May we be united,
One in word and thought;
May we love each other
As Thy word has taught;

Humble, too, and prayerful,
Patient and sincere—
Help us, Heavenly Father,
With our mission here.

—Annie Malin.

A QUESTION OR TWO.

Dear teachers, have you ever noticed:

1. That after you have met a child's parents you always take a more personal interest in that child?
2. That the indifferent boy can sometimes be reached by your showing an interest in some of his plans outside of Primary work?
3. That the more you threaten the more you have to do so?
4. That the less talking you do, the more smoothly the work goes on?
5. That children all love to work when the work is really interesting?
6. That it is sometimes your fault when a child is out of order, because you might have prevented it by a little foresight?
7. That the more you are interested in any subject, the more the children will be interested in it.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

To give up never, to confess discouragement never, to do and keep doing, and struggling, and battling against all obstacles; to die in the harness, perhaps poor and pushed aside, yet fighting to the last—this is the royal road. And to believe that it is a royal road, the only road worth living and traveling and dying in, is the God-given joy that makes it all worth while.—Albert Bigelow Paine.

Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.

—Selected.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated after the teacher:

Keep my little voice today;
Keep it gentle while I play;
Keep my hands from doing wrong;
Keep my feet the whole day long;
Keep me all, O Jesus, mild;
Keep me ever Thy dear child.

Song for the month:

Jesus, tender Shepherd.
—Primary Song Book, No. 10.

Memory Gem for the month:

"Don't say, 'I can't, before you try,
But try and see what you can do;
For if you're helped by others
'Tis others do the work, not you."

Lesson 9.

Aim: Kindness.
Story: Elsie's Gift, page 83.
Incident: Hagar and Ishmael.

Hagar and Ishmael, her son, were going on a long journey. They had to go through a wilderness where they would not find anything to eat, nor to drink, and so they had to take with them some bread and a bottle of water. There were no trains in those days, and so they had to walk all the way. The sun was warm, and as they walked on, they became very tired and thirsty, and took a drink of the water from the bottle. Soon the water was nearly all gone, and when Ishmael wanted a drink, Hagar could only let him have a little water. They kept walking on and on, and the sun shone down on them, and the water in the bottle was all gone. They looked around for a brook or a spring so that they might get some water; but they could find none. They

traveled on as long as they could, and then Ishmael said he could go no further. He would have to lie down. He lay down under one of the low shrubs in the wilderness. Hagar could not bear to see her son suffer so, and she thought he was going to die. She went a little way from him and cried aloud in her great sorrow for some one to help her. She sat there with her face covered with her hands, when she heard a voice calling to her.

"What ails you, Hagar?" said the voice. "Fear not; for God has heard the voice of the lad where he is."

It was an angel talking to Hagar. He told her to go and lift up the child and take care of him; for God would make him the father of a great nation. Hagar looked up, and not far away she saw a spring of water. She could not see it before, but now the Lord had helped her to find it. With a glad cry, she went and got the bottle and filled it with the clear, pure water. Then she carried it to Ishmael and gave him a drink of it and bathed his hands and face in it; and the boy soon grew strong and well when he was refreshed with the cool, clear water. The Lord took care of Hagar and Ishmael, and they went on their journey in safety.

Lesson 10.

Aim: Helpfulness.

Story: Arthur's "Pussies," page 86.

Incident: Jesus As a Boy in Nazareth.

When Jesus was living in Nazareth, whom did He live with? What did Joseph do for a living? Have you ever been in a carpenter's shop, or have you ever seen carpenters building a house? What did they use? (Have the children describe as many tools as possible, and if this class meets in a separate room, a good exercise can be given by imitating the uses of the different tools, such as hammering and sawing, doing it all with the hands.

Let us see how much we know about building a house. (If there is a new house being built in the neighborhood, draw the children's attention to it and talk about the different parts of it —the foundation, which should be strong, the walls, windows, roof, etc.—paying special atention to the carpenter's work. If you have time, talk a little about the use of a home.)

If Jesus helped Joseph to do this kind of work, what did the work do for Jesus? It helped Him to grow strong and tall, so that He could run and jump, and when He grew to be a man, He could do hard work and endure a great deal of pain without complaining.

Lesson 11.

Aim: Obedience.

Story: Runaway Ralph, page 92.

Incident: Jesus in the Temple.

Have any of you ever been to Conference in Salt Lake City? Perhaps you have seen your parents go and some of your friends. If you had ever been there you would have seen such crowds of people, men, women, and children. They come from so many places to gather in the big Tabernacle, and listen to the good things that are told there.

Jesus was a Jew, and while the Jews did not have conferences just as we do, yet once a year everybody went to Jerusalem to what was called the feast of the Passover. The first time Jesus went, He was twelve years old, and how happy He must have felt when Mary, His mother, told Him that He could go. Probably it would be His first long journey since He was a little baby, and when He thought about all the nice places He would visit and that He should see the Temple, I shouldn't wonder if He just danced for joy, and would help to get everything ready for the journey. For it was a long journey, about eighty miles, and I expect they had to walk most of the way; but it was in the beautiful spring time, and the hills and fields would be green and covered with flowers of all colors. How Jesus and the other children would run and gather little boquets, and bring them to their parents, and at night when they camped, how glad they would be to lie down on their mats and go to sleep.

The Passover lasted a week, and everybody got ready to go back to their homes. Such confusion and bustle and noise, and so many children running along! But when night came and they were all camping, Jesus couldn't be found. How frightened Mary and Joseph were. They searched all through the camp, but they didn't find Him. What a dreadful night for that poor mother! The next day they started back over the road, hoping every minute to see their beloved Jesus. But they did not find Him until they got to Jerusalem, and then where do you suppose they did find Him? In the Temple talking with the wise men. He was listening to their wise counsel and asking them questions. He was very happy with the wise men, because He was learning wise things from them. But when Mary came into the Temple and said to Jesus, "My child, why dost Thou treat us thus? See Thy Father and I were seeking Thee with aching hearts," although Jesus knew that He was learning from the wise men, he turned and went home with Joseph and Mary, because they wanted Him to go.

Lesson 12.

Aim: How God Cares for His Children.
Story: Elinor's Wolf-Skin Rug, page 81.
Incident: A remarkable Escape.

This is a true story about some people who belonged to our Church many years ago.

One morning Father Tanner hitched up the wagon to take some of the people to get gooseberries. There were three ladies and a little girl.

When they reached the place where the gooseberries grew, the old gentleman was told to go to a house which was in sight and rest while the berries were being picked.

Jane Grover took the little girl and went in one direction while the two other ladies went another way.

Jane and the little girl were busily picking berries, when suddenly they heard shouts.

They ran to where the wagon had been left and saw a lot of Indians gathering around, yelling and whooping.

Father Tanner was trying to get the horses ready so as to drive away, Jane and the little girl climbed into the wagon, when four of the Indians took hold of it and tried to pull them out.

Jane wanted to run to the house for assistance, but Father Tanner said it was too late.

Poor old man, the Indians commenced to tear his clothes off and were very rough and unkind. Jane and the little girl felt sure that they would all be killed.

Then Jane began to pray for help, and while she was praying, God's power came to her, all fears left her and she stood up and spoke to those Indians in their own language.

When the Indians heard her they stopped in amazement, for Jane did not know how to talk in their language. When Jane got through talking to them, they gave back the things they had taken, shook hands with Father Tanner, Jane and the little girl, went off and left them in peace.—Adapted from "Scraps of Biography."

Second Grade.

Lesson 9.

Aim: Trust in God.
Bible Story: "David and the Giant,"
Supplementary Story: A Miraculous Escape. page 96.

DAVID AND THE GIANT.

Saul was a great king of Israel. For some time he had ruled the people in a kind and righteous manner; but then he began to do wrong, and the Lord was displeased with him, and had sent His prophet Samuel to anoint another to be king. Samuel had found the young boy whom the Lord had chosen, and young David had been anointed.

A great change came over the king. At times he was cruel even to his best friends, and they were afraid to go near him.

"Let us go," they would say; "his evil mood is on him," and they would hurry away.

At these times nothing would quiet the king but music; so those who could play best on the harp were sent for to cheer and quiet him. Some of Saul's friends had heard David play on his harp as he sat watching his sheep, and they told the king about him.

"Send for the boy," he said; and so David came to live in the king's palace, and whenever Saul felt the evil mood coming on, the boy would play sweet tunes on his harp, and the king would be well again.

After a time some people calling themselves Philistines came from the south and invaded the land. It seemed as if nothing except a great army could stop them. Then Saul called his soldiers together and they went to war against the Philistines to save their country. David was no longer at the palace, so he went back to his father's sheep; but some of his brothers went with the army.

The Philistines had camped on the top of a hill on one side, and the king pitched his tents on a hill on the other side of the valley. Both armies were afraid to begin the fight.

One morning a very large man—a giant—came out of the camp of the enemy. He was ten feet high, and was dressed in a suit of mail made of brass.

"You cowards," he called to Saul's men; "why don't you come out and fight? I'll make an agreement with you. You choose one of your men and let him come and fight with me. If he is able to kill me, then we will be your servants; but if I kill him, then you will have to serve us."

When Saul and his army heard this, they were very much afraid. Not one of them dared answer. For forty days they stayed in their camp on the hillside; every night and morning the giant came out and made the same speech.

Things went on in this way until food began to get scarce, and the army would have suffered if the people in the towns had not sent them something to eat.

David's father began to be anxious about his sons; so he sent for the boy and told him to go to the place where the army was camped, and take food to his brothers. David was delighted to go on such an errand; for he could see the soldiers and the enemy. When he reached the camp, he left the wagon and hurried to his brothers and told them that his father had sent them some food. The brothers were very glad to get it, and to hear something about their home. As they were talking, David heard the giant make his usual boastful speech.

"Why don't some of you fight with him?" he asked those around him.

"What would be the use? None of us could kill him," was the answer. "The king has said that he will make the man who will kill the giant a rich man, and make all of his family great people in the land."

"I'll fight with him," said the boy.

"You!" said his brothers. "What could you do? You had better go back to your sheep."

By this time some one had told the king that a man had been found to fight the giant. He came out of his tent, but when he saw the boy who had played the harp for him, he said:

"You are not able to fight this great Philistine. You're but a boy, while he has been a warrior from his youth."

"Great king," pleaded the boy, "let me go. I have taken care of my father's sheep, and once when a bear came and took a lamb, I took the lamb away from it and killed the bear. And once a lion came and I killed it before it could harm me."

Saul was pleased with the boy's courage, and consented that he should try. He found a sword and a suit of armor, which David put on.

"What could I do in this?" said the boy. "I'm not used to armor. I couldn't fight like this."

He took off the armor, and with his staff and sling he started to meet the great Philistine. On his way he stooped at the brook and picked up five smooth stones.

"What!" said the giant, when he saw the boy. "Do you think I am a dog that you send a boy with a staff against me?"

"You are very big and very strong, and come with a spear and a shield," said David; "but I come in the name of the God of the army of Israel."

The giant came toward David; but the boy putting one of the stones in the sling, ran and swung it. The stone whizzed through the air, struck the giant in the forehead, and he fell to the ground dead.

The Philistines were so frightened when they saw the giant fall that they ran down the other side of the hill, and the king's

army followed them until they had driven them out of the land.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: David was a young boy, taking care of his father's sheep. His brothers were in the army. His father sent him with food for them. He heard the boast of a great giant. He consented to fight with the Philistine. The giant was insulted that a boy should fight with him. David took nothing but his staff, his sling and some stones. He put his trust in the Lord, and in His name fought. He is successful.

Elder Merrill went in the canyon to get logs. He planned how he would load the logs. He had one log on the sled and attempts to put on another. The log fell upon him. He prayed to the Lord for help. When he was again conscious, he found himself on the load of logs, loaded as he had planned them. He reached home, through the help of the Lord.

Lesson 10.

Aim: Good for Evil.
Bible Story: "David and Saul."
Supplementary Story: "The Education of Bones," page 88.

DAVID AND SAUL.

The whole country rang with praises for David's great deed. He went with the army and won great honors.

One day as he was coming with the soldiers from some great battle, some women went out to meet them, singing, "Saul has killed his thousands, but David has killed his ten thousands." The king heard this and all his love for David turned to jealousy.

"They say," he said to himself, "that David has killed ten thousands, while I have killed only thousands. What more can he want now, except my kingdom?" and he tried to have the boy put out of his way. He could not do this openly, for David was such a favorite with the people; but he sent him to the most dangerous places, where he thought harm would certainly come to the boy; but the Lord took care of him.

Things grew worse, and at last David had to go away and hide from the king, now here, now there; sometimes in a friendly city, sometimes in the woods or in the caves in the hills. Some of his relations and other men joined him until he had about six hundred men with him. They went to live in the mountains, and when Saul heard this, he followed them from place to place, but go where he would, he could not catch them.

At one time David and some of his men were hiding in a

cave. Saul was searching them, and being tired, went into the cave to rest. He lay there and soon fell asleep. David and his men saw the king lying there.

"Now is your time," whispered one of the men. "The Lord has given your enemy into your hands."

David crept quietly to where Saul was sleeping, and cut off a piece of his robe, but he did not hurt Saul. Soon the king awoke and went out, not knowing that David had been near. David came out of the cave. "My king!" he called. Saul looked back and saw the man he had been hunting bowing down to the ground before him.

"My king," he said; "why do you believe people who say that I want to harm you. This very day the Lord gave you into my hands; but I didn't touch you, because you were the Lord's anointed. Here is a piece of your clothes that I cut off. Can you see that I have no wish to hurt you, or I could have done when you were here in my power?"

Saul listened to him with shame.

"You are more righteous than I am, David," he said, "for you have done good for evil, and may the Lord reward you for what you have done today."

Saul went home, but David was afraid to trust the king, so he stayed with his men in the mountains. Such jealousy could not rest long, and soon the king began to hunt again for David. He learned where he was hiding and pitched his camp on a hillside near David and his men. They all knew that the king had come there.

At night, David took one of his men and went down to Saul's camp to see how things were getting along. They found their way to the king's tent, and there lay Saul and his guard asleep, their spears stuck in the ground beside them.

"Let me kill him," whispered the man; but David laid his hand on his companion's arm and stopped him.

"No, we will not kill him. We will leave the Lord to deal with him."

They took the king's spear and jug of water that was near him, and hurried away without waking anyone.

When they reached the top of the opposite hill, David called out to the guard and wakened him.

"Is that the way you take care of your king?" he asked. "Any one might come and kill him while you lie sleeping. Where is the king's spear and jug of water?"

Saul heard the shouting also.

"Is that your voice, David?" he asked.

"It is my voice, O king. Why do you still hunt me when

I have never done you any harm. If I had wanted to hurt, I could have done it many times."

The king thanked David for again sparing his life. They parted, Saul going home and David staying in the mountains; but Saul no more tried to take the life of David.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The people praised David for his great deed. Saul became jealous and sought the life of David. The boy has to hide in the mountains. Saul, when hunting David, fell asleep in a cave where the boy and his followers were staying. David saw Saul and cut a piece of his cloak off, but would not harm him. When Saul left, David called him and told him that he would not hurt his king, even when it was in his power to do so. Another time David went to the king's camp on the hill. He found the king and his guard asleep. David's servant wishes to kill the king, but is not allowed to do so. David took the king's spear and jug of water and went away. He called the guard and asked him how he cared for his king's safety. He told Saul that he would not harm him. The king no more tries to seek the life of David.

The young teacher will not allow the dog to enter the school house. She closes the door and cannot get out of the room. The dog comes to her rescue. He is again allowed to go to school.

Lesson 11.

Aim: Generosity.
Bible Story: "The Widow's Reward."
Supplementary Story: "Boys Worth Having," page 84.

THE WIDOW'S REWARD.

Ahab, the king of Israel, had forgotten the Lord, and now worshiped idols, and the prophets of God were driven from one place to another and threatened with death.

One day when the king and queen sat in their palace, a very tall man, with stern, rugged features, entered the hall. His long hair fell over his broad shoulders, and he wore a rough robe or mantle of sheep's skin. The room was filled with the king's courtiers, dressed in their costly silks and jewels. They all started in surprise when they saw the stranger before them.

"What do you want here?" asked some of them; but the stranger made no reply, but walked on until he stood before the king.

"As the Lord of Israel liveth," he said, in a voice heard

throughout the large hall, "there shall not be dew nor rain these three years, but according to my word."

When the king heard these words he shuddered. His wife and the priests thought this was a madman, but Ahab knew it was a prophet of the Lord. He was just going to order the guards to seize him and have him put to death, but before he could speak, the stranger had disappeared, and although they searched for him day after day, throughout the land, he could not be found.

The prophet, whose name was Elijah, had been obeying the Lord's commands. When he left the palace of the king, he quickly went to a quiet little stream, flowing through the valley into the River Jordan.

He lived by the little stream in the valley, fed by ravens, until the rainy season came, when there was usually plenty of water; but this year the ground was very dry, and there was no sign of rain.

A drought is a dreadful thing everywhere; but it is more dreadful in those hot eastern countries, for soon after the rain ceases, the streams and springs dry, and the grass and grain wither.

Little by little even the stream in the valley dried, and there was a famine in the land, for nothing could grow without rain. Then the Lord told the prophet to go into another city. When he arrived at the place, tired and hungry, he sat down outside the city gate. Soon he saw a poor widow picking up sticks.

Elijah, whose clothes were faded, dusty, and worn, came to the woman and asked her for a drink. Then he looked up at her imploringly, and said:

"Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand."

"I have no bread at all," said the poor woman. "I have only a litle meal and a little oil, which I am just going to bake. When that is gone, I don't know what my son and I shall do."

Although Elijah was a stranger and asked her for what was so precious to her, the woman looked at him and felt so sorry for him that she took him to her house, and generously shared with him the small amount of food which was all she had to keep herself and her son alive.

In reward for this kind deed the Lord caused that the meal and oil should never fail, and each day until the famine was over, the widow found she had just the same amount, although she and her son and Elijah had plenty to eat.

One day the widow's son fell ill, and although the mother did all she could for him, he died. The poor widow went weeping to tell Elijah. The prophet's heart was filled with sorrow for her. He took the child in his arms and carried him up to his own

room and laid him on the bed, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would bring the boy back to life and health.

The Lord heard Elijah's prayer, and the boy was raised to life. Gladly the prophet took him by the hand and led him to his mother.

"See, thy son liveth!" he said.

The mother was overjoyed at seeing her son alive and well.

"Now I know you are a man of God," she said; "and the words of the Lord you speak are truth."

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Elijah visits the court of King Ahab. He predicts the drought. He goes to live beside a little stream, and is fed by ravens. The stream dries, and Elijah goes to the city. He meets the widow and asks for something to eat. The widow has nothing but a little flour and oil. She shares it with Elijah. The flour and oil lasts during the famine. The widow's son dies, and through the faith of Elijah is brought to life.

Walter Simmons is engaged as office boy. He is barefooted. His employer requests that he wear shoes. The boy has none. Tom Bennett agrees to lend his shoes to Walter. They make the exchange night and morning, until Walter is able to get a pair for himself.

Lesson 12.

Aim: Avoid Jealousy.
Bible Story: "Joseph's Dreams."

JOSEPH'S DREAMS.

Long ago, in a far off land, lived a very, very rich man, Jacob. He had hundreds and hundreds of sheep and cattle, besides large droves of camels.

Ten of his sons were grown up, tall and strong, and spent a great deal of their time with the flocks and herds. Then there was Joseph, just a young boy, and last of all little Benjamin. Joseph was so gentle and yet so wise that his father could not help loving him, perhaps even more than he loved his other sons. He made Joseph a very beautiful coat of many colors, and so the brothers all became very jealous of him.

One day the boy came to him and said:

"I had such a strange dream last night. I thought we were all out in the fields binding wheat. The sheaf that I bound stood up straight and tall, and all of your sheaves bowed down to it."

"Do you mean to say," said one of the brothers, "that some

day we shall all bow down to you?" They believed that dreams told people what would happen, and then the brothers were more jealous than ever.

"I had another strange dream," said Joseph, a short time after. "I thought that the sun and moon and eleven stars bowed down before me."

"What!" said his father, "shall I and your mother and your brothers all bow down before you?"

His brothers were now very angry, and even his father did not like to hear him tell such dreams.

Soon the hot summer came, and there was not grass enough to feed all the sheep and cattle, so Jacob's ten older sons took the flocks and herds to a place called Shechem, where they could find grass.

It seemed very lonely when they had all gone, and after a while Jacob began to wonder how they were getting along. He wanted some one to go and find out how they were. Finally he decided he could wait no longer; he would send Josepn.

"Go get ready, Joseph," he said. "I want you to go to Shechem to see how your brothers and their sheep and cattle are getting along."

Joseph was very proud to be sent on such an errand, so he put on his beautiful coat and started on his journey. He traveled for a long time, and at last reached the place where he had expected to find his brothers; but he found the place deserted and bare. He could see that shepherds had been there with their sheep a short time before. He ran along, calling and calling for his brothers, but no one answered him, and he began to wonder where he should go to find them. He saw a man walking in the fields.

"What are you looking for?" asked the man.

"I am looking for my brothers," the boy answered. "They came from Hebron with their sheep, and my father wants to know how they are."

The man told him that some men had been there a few days before with their sheep, but they had gone away. He had heard them say, "Let us go to Dothan," and he thought they must have gone, for the pastures were very good there.

After thanking the man, Joseph started for Dothan. He knew his father was anxious, and he would not go back without finding his brothers.

They were lounging around watching the sheep eating in the pastures. "Who is coming here?" asked one of them, as he saw some one coming over the hill towards them. They all watched as the boy came nearer and nearer, and as they saw the beautiful coat he wore, one of them exclaimed:

"Why, it is no one but our young brother, the Dreamer."

"Well, I am getting tired of his silly dreams," answered another. "I think we have had enough of them."

Then they began to talk among themselves how they could best get rid of this troublesome dreamer. They were a long way from home, and their father would never know what had happened. Reuben, the eldest brother, did not want to hurt Joseph; but he dared not say anything about helping him, so he said:

"Let us not hurt the boy. We might put him in this dry well and let him stay there a while."

The other brothers thought that was a good idea, and consented to do that. Soon Joseph reached them:

"Father was very anxious about you," he said; "and so I came to see if everything was right."

Instead of being pleased with him for coming to see them, the brothers took his beautiful coat from him, and then put him in the dry well. It was not very deep, and the boy did not have far to fall.

That night nine of the brothers sat eating their supper in silence, when they saw a long line of camels and men coming towards them. They knew they must be merchants with all kinds of goods to sell. They watched the caravan coming nearer.

"Here is a good chance for us to get rid of the Dreamer," said one. "He would only die if we left him in the well, so we might just as well sell him to the merchants."

The others agreed to this, so they took the boy out of the well and sold him to the merchants.

Reuben had been out searching for some sheep, and when he came back he went to the well to take Joseph out. He called and called, and no one answered; so he got a torch and looked into the well, and saw that Joseph was not there. He was frightened and very, very sorry, and ran to tell his brothers that some one had taken Joseph out.

Then the brothers took Joseph's coat home to their father and told him they had found it on the road to Shechem. Jacob knew it belonged to Joseph, and he thought the boy had been killed. His sons did all they could for him, but he could not be comforted for the loss of his dear boy Joseph.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Jacob has twelve sons. Joseph is given a beautiful coat by his father. The brothers become jealous. Joseph has two dreams which vex his brothers. They interpret the dreams as meaning that they must sometime bow down to their younger brother. The ten older brothers go away to take care of the flocks and herds. Joseph is sent to find

out how they are getting along. The brothers sell Joseph to merchants from Egypt.

Dick and Will hunt for nuggets. Dick succeeds in finding one. Will is envious. Dick loses the nugget. The boys become unkind to one another. Dick finds Will selling a nugget and accuses him of finding the lost one. Dick's mother finds the lost nugget in his coat. The boys forgive each other and become friends.

Third Grade.

BIBLE STORIES

Lesson 9.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. The arrest of Jesus.

References: Matthew 26: 51—56; Mark 14: 47—50; Luke 22: 49—53; John 18: 10—11.

When the Apostles saw the soldiers taking Jesus, they were angry and wanted to fight the soldiers and rescue their Lord. Shall we fight them with the sword, they asked. Peter had a sword, and without waiting for the consent of Jesus, he raised it and struck a servant of the high priest, cutting off his ear. But Jesus said, Put thy sword away. Might I not call upon my Father and have Him send many thousands of angels to fight and save me from death? But how could the words of the prophets come true, who said I should die for the people? Then Jesus reached out his hand and touched the servant's ear and healed it. And then He said to the men who were taking him, Have you come out with swords and staves as though I were a thief, to take me? I sat daily with you, teaching in the temple, and you did nothing to me.

Then all His Apostles were afraid, when they saw that Jesus was really a prisoner, and they ran away, leaving him without an earthly friend.

2. Peter's Denial of Christ.

References: Matthew 26: 69—75; Mark 14: 66—72; Luke 22: 54—62; John 18: 17—27.

The men who took Jesus led Him to the palace of the high priest. Peter, who dearly loved the Savior, followed after them;

he was very much afraid, so he kept as far away as he could without losing sight of Jesus. When the soldiers went into the palace, Peter followed and sat down with the servants; he wanted to see what would happen, and yet he hoped that nobody would suspect that he was interested in Jesus. But a young woman remembered him and asked him if he had not been with Jesus in Galilee. Peter denied this and got up and went out on the porch and then he heard a cock crow. Then someone else said, This fellow was with Jesus in Nazareth, and again Peter denied that he knew Jesus. And the third person came and asked him if he was not with Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, and once again Peter said, I do not know the man. And then the cock crew the second time. Jesus turned and looked at Peter. And Peter remembered the words which Jesus had spoken to him, saying, Before the cock shall crow twice you will deny three times that you know me. And Peter felt so badly about it that he went out and wept bitterly.

3. Jesus Before the Sanhedrim.

References: Matthew 26: 59, 61; Mark 14: 55—59.

Jesus spent the night in the high priest's palace. The next place to which he was taken was the Sanhedrim, or the Jewish council. There were seventy men in this council who met to judge the people by the law of the Jews, but they could not condemn anyone to death. They had to ask permission from the Roman governor, because the Romans ruled over the Jews.

Jesus was brought before this council, and the priests tried to get people as witnesses, but they could not find anyone who could tell of any wrong committed by Jesus. At last one man said that Jesus had said, He was able to destroy the temple and build it up again in three days. Jesus did say this, but he meant his own body and not the building in Jerusalem. Jesus would not answer any of his enemies, until the high priest said, I ask thee to tell us whether thou art the Christ, the Son of God? Jesus answered, I am. And I say unto you, Hereafter you shall see me sitting on the right hand of God, and coming back to earth again in the clouds of heaven.

4. The Crucifixion.

The high priest and all the men in the council were very angry at Jesus for declaring that He was the Son of God, and they decided that he should be put to death. They bound Him and treated Him with great cruelty and took Him before the Roman governor. They wanted Pilate, the Roman governor, to condemn Jesus to be put to death. Pilate asked what reason there was that Jesus should be so treated, for, said he, I find

no fault in this man. But the Jews were determined to make Jesus suffer, and though Pilate tried to save Him, He was compelled to give in, and they crucified Jesus on the cross.

Lesson 10.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. Judas Iscariot.
References: Matthew 27: 3—8.

When Judas, who had betrayed Jesus, found that the man he once loved was really to be put to death, and that he himself was to blame, he became very much afraid and took the thirty pieces of silver which he had received from the priests for betraying Jesus, back to these priests, and said, I have sinned, because I have betrayed one who is innocent. But they did not care whether Jesus was innocent or not; they only desired His death, and therefore they would not take back the money. Then Judas threw the money into the court of the temple and went away and hanged himself.

2. The Burial.
References: Matthew 27: 57—60; Mark 15: 46; Luke 23: 53; John 19: 38—42.

At the place where Jesus was crucified was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre in which no one had ever been buried. It was a cave cut out of a rock and belonged to a rich man named Joseph, who came from the city of Arimathea. Joseph was a disciple of Jesus, though he had never before let it be known because he was afraid of the Jews. But now, after Jesus was dead, he went boldly to Pilate and begged for His body. Pilate commanded that the body should be given him. Then Joseph took it down from the cross and wrapped it in new, fine linen that he had bought, and laid it in the sepulchre and rolled a great stone to the door, and left it there.

3. Guarding the Sepulchre.
References: Matthew 27: 62—66.

After Jesus was buried, the chief priests and the Pharisees came to Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that while that deceiver was yet alive, He said, After three days I will rise again. We pray thee, therefore, that the sepulchre may be watched and made safe, until the third day, lest His disciples should come in the night and steal him away, and then go and tell the people He had risen from the dead. Pilate answered, You shall have

soldiers to guard the sepulchre, go and make it as sure as you can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, setting soldiers to watch it, and sealing the stone that was rolled to the door.

4. The Angel Rolls Away the Stone.

References: Matthew 28: 2—4.

But that night the angel of the Lord came down from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it. His face was bright like lightning, and his garments were as white as snow; the soldiers trembled for fear of Him, and were weak and helpless as dead men. And they left the sepulchre and went into the city again.

Lesson 11.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. The Resurrection.

References: Matthew 28: 1—7.

Early the next morning Mary Magdalene and the other Mary and Salome came to the sepulchre with spices which they had prepared to spread upon the body of Jesus, because the Jews, when they buried their dead, used to prepare the bodies in that way. As they were coming, they wondered how they could get into the sepulchre, for they had seen the great stone which had been placed in the opening, and they feared they were not strong enough to move it. But when they reached the sepulchre, they found the stone was rolled away. They went in and there sat the angel who had moved the stone, and they were greatly frightened. But the angel told them not to be afraid, and asked them if they were looking for Jesus who was crucified. Then he told them that Jesus was risen from the dead, and that they should go and tell the disciples that they had seen the empty sepulchre, and that they would find Jesus had gone before them into Galilee.

2. Peter and John at the Tomb.

References: John 20: 1—9.

The three women left the sepulchre and ran, with great gladness, to tell the disciples. And as they went they met Jesus, who said to them, All hail. They fell down at His feet in their great wonder and joy at seeing their dear Master really alive, and yet they were afraid, as anything so extraordinary would fill anyone with fear and surprise. But Jesus said to them, Be not afraid; tell my brethren to go into Galilee and there they shall see me.

So the women went and told the Apostles. Peter and John

went running to the sepulchre to see if it was really true. For. though Jesus had told them what would happen, they had never understood, and when they saw the empty grave with the linen clothes that had been wrapped about Jesus lying there, they knew at last just what Jesus meant when he told them that on the third day he would rise from the dead.

3. The Soldiers at the Tomb.

References: Matthew 28: 11—15.

The soldiers, whose duty it was to guard the tomb, ran to the chief priests and told them what had happened. Then the chief priests and elders gave the soldiers a large sum of money and told them to go and tell the people that the disciples came in the night and stole away the body of Jesus while they, the soldiers, were sleeping.

4. On the road to Emmaus.

References: Mark 16: 12; Luke 24: 13—27.

On the same day that Jesus rose from the dead, two of His disciples were walking together to a village called Emmaus, and as they walked along they talked of the wonderful things that had happened. And as they walked along, Jesus joined them and walked with them. But he was so changed that the disciples did not know Him. He asked them why they were so sad. One of them answered and said, Are you a stranger in Jerusalem, that you have not heard the things which have happened there? And Jesus asked, What things? Then they told Him all about the crucifixion and the resurrection, how some of the Apostles had gone to the sepulchre and had seen that it was empty, just as the women had said, but Jesus they had not seen.

Then Jesus explained to them that it had been foretold that the Christ should be put to death and should rise again in three days. He told them all about Himself, and yet they did not know Him.

Lesson 12.

Review previous lesson.

Topic for Class:

1. Jesus Appears to His Disciples.

References: Luke 24: 28—43.

When the two disciples with Jesus drew near to Emmaus, the Savior walked on as though He was going farther, and the two men, supposing Him to be some traveler, invited Him to come and stay with them over night. And He went with them. While they

were at supper, Jesus took bread, and after thanking God for it, He broke it and gave it to them. Then they knew it was Jesus, because they remembered that He had taught them to perform this ceremony in His honor. But before they could speak to Him, He disappeared from their sight.

Although it was night, these two disciples rose up and journeyed back to Jerusalem, found the Apostles and others gathered together, and told of their wonderful experience, and while they were still talking, Jesus Himself stood among them and said, Peace be unto you. They were all frightened, for they thought it was a spirit. But He talked to them and told them that He was really Jesus, and had flesh and bones, and said, Touch me and see if it be not I. They could hardly believe for joy. Then He asked for food. And they gave Him a piece of broiled fish and a piece of honey-comb, which He ate before them.

2. The Apostle Thomas.

References: Luke 24: 44—48; John 20: 24—29.

Jesus told His disciples that it was necessary that he should die and arise from the dead, that all men might be saved. And He gave them instructions to go forth and preach to the people, and tell them to repent and be baptized, and through obedience to this Gospel plan be saved in the kingdom of God.

Thomas, one of the disciples was not present at this time, and when he was told of the appearance of the Lord, he would not believe it was true, and said that unless he saw the marks of the wounds in His body he would not believe.

Eight days later the Apostles were gathered together in a room with the door shut. Thomas was with them. Suddenly Jesus appeared among them, and said to Thomas, Reach hither and thy finger and touch my hands and my side, and be not faithless, but believe that I have risen again. Then Thomas knew. But Jesus said, Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; but I say unto thee, Blessed are those who are willing to believe even though they have not seen me.

3 At the Sea of Tiberias.

References: John 21: 1—24.

Peter said to some of his companions one day, I am going fishing, and they said they would go with him. They got into a boat and sailed out on the sea all night, but did not catch any fish. When the morning came, Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples did not know him. He spoke to them, asking if they had any food. They answered, No. Then He said, Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and you shall find some.

They did as He commanded, and then were not able to draw up the net because there were so many fish in it.

Then they knew it was the Lord, and Peter was so eager to reach Jesus he jumped into the water and hastened to the shore. The other disciples followed, dragging the loaded net. And Jesus said, Come and eat. This made the third time that Jesus had shown Himself to the disciples since He had risen from the dead.

4. The Ascension.

References: Mark 16: 19; Luke 24: 50—51.

Not only did Jesus show himself to His Apostles and disciples, but He appeared at one time to about five hundred of those who believed in Him.

Forty days after he had arisen from the dead, He met His disciples again at Jerusalem. He talked to them and bade them wait until He should send the Holy Ghost to them. Then He led them out as far as Bethany. And He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And while He was blessing them, He was taken from them and carried up to heaven; and He went into a cloud out of their sight. And while they looked toward heaven as He went up, behold, two angels stood by them, in white garments, who said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall come down again, in the clouds, as you have seen Him go up into heaven.

RESENTMENT.

"You naughty little boy, why did you slap your brother?"

"He slapped me first."

"Is that any reason why you should slap him?" and the mother shook her little son and sat him down hard in a chair, telling him roughly to stay there until she should tell him that he might get up. Then she went out of the room—annoyed and angry, dragging the other delinquent by the hand.

Shortly after she had to go to the nursery on some errand, and was immediately accosted by the little prisoner.

"Mother, may I get up now?"

"No,"—she spoke more quietly—"you must sit there in order to realize how wrong you were and how cruel to your little brother."

A short pause, then—"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Didn't you say that because he slapped me that was no reason why I should slap him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because, when people are unkind to us, we ought to be especially kind to them." Another pause.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"When I am naughty am I unkind to you?"

"Yes, indeed you are."

"Well, then, why were you not especially kind to me? Why did you shake me and sit me down so hard? And, mother, you seemed very angry with me."

The mother felt a rush of angry resentment rise up in her, but there was something in her that would not let her express her anger, and she left the room quickly without a word. She loved her little son, and the little old head on his young shoulders had given her many lessons before, but never such a lesson as this.

She went straight to her room, shut her door, and sat down in a chair to think. She saw clearly that she had been moved to punish her child from angry resentment for his naughtiness, in fact, that she had behaved to him in exactly the same spirit in which he had slapped his little brother, only she was older and could put it all into the form of righteous punishment. If she had been less of a woman she might have called it righteous indignation and let it pass. She was too good and sensible a woman not to see clearly that she could have used the same decision with her son and could have punished him more truly if she had, at the same time, been full of quiet loving-kindness; as it was, the child was better, and stronger, and wiser than she, but she showed her greater maturity by recognizing and acknowledging the fact. She went at once and made it right with the boy, and she was a better mother to her son, and he was a better son to his mother, from that time on.

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THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

It was during the time of the great Rebellion, in the year 1864, Charles ——— lived with his mother in the city of C——, near the central part of Indiana. He had a sister who resided with them. His father and elder brother had enlisted in the army, Charles was but four years old, not large enough to earn anything, and their daily food depended upon what his mother earned by hard day's labor.

It was in the winter season. Times were hard and growing worse every day, and the people had but little for the mother to do. It was with great difficulty that she earned enough for herself and children to live upon.

One morning she went out into the cold, wintry blast and gathered some bark from the fence rails to keep her children from suffering with the severe cold, and at breakfast she gave them the last crust of bread that was in the house, not eating anything herself. Then she went out into the city to seek something to do to earn some more bread for her little ones. But after a long search she returned, much fatigued both in body and mind, without accomplishing her object.

The poor woman sat down and wept bitterly. Her children were crying for bread and she had none to give them. But when they again asked her for bread, she said to them, "The Lord will provide."

Presently she knelt down, her bosom swelling with grief, and asked the Lord to spare her children's lives.

Then, rising to her feet, she thought of some carpet rags she had put in a barrel just the day before, and decided to take them to a store to see if she could sell them for some bread.

Just as she turned the barrel upside down to empty out the rags, she said in a tone of motherly kindness: "Dear children, don't cry; the Lord will not let us starve." Then she turned the barrel back, and, on looking into it, what do you suppose greeted her eyes?

It was something that made her countenance beam with glad

ness and her eyes dance with joy, and she exclaimed: "The Lord will provide. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

It was a dollar bill. It could never have been lost there, because she had washed out the barrel the day she put the rags into it. How it got there, she could not tell; but it bought bread enough to last them a few days, until they received seventy dollars sent them from the army.—Selected.

RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning, at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said: "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long, tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—Selected.

PANSY'S LILLY.

The schoolroom was very still, for just at that moment every scholar, intent and listening, sat eagerly upright, with hands folded straight in first position.

Miss Miller's dark, brilliant eyes went questioningly from one to another.

"It will be something new," she said, smiling brightly, "something to work for and strive for, in a new way. Who would like to try for the prize?"

Every hand went up, waving violently.

Miss Miller laughed a little. "I see you would. Now who has ever raised flowers, or tried to, or made a garden?"

Half a dozen hands darted up again.

"Only six? not many, is it? But never mind, I have seeds enough for every scholar here to try."

She drew a lily from a vase before her, and held it up to the school. Pale, pure, perfect, it swung from its stem, its fragrance subtle as incense.

"This is white, you see, but with care, with watering and sun-

ning and petting, sometimes these white shades change to rose color. That is what we want to try for, the rose veining, and to the scholar who succeeds in producing a rose-veined lily from this particular seed, the directors will give a prize of five dollars. If all win," she added, laughing softly, "I suppose all must have a share."

She picked up a tiny package of seeds and showed the school. "The directions are all written out plainly here, and if every one cannot produce a pink lily, every one can certainly get a lily of some sort. And now what shall we do with those lilies when they bloom? They must be raised in boxes or pots in the house, they are tender plants. Children, what shall we do with the lilies?"

"Sell them and buy something for you, Miss Miller," Murray shouted, starting excitedly out of his seat.

"No, indeed," Miss Miller declared. "Try again, Murray."

"Give them to the churches," an eager voice cried.

But Jack Morris was asking to speak and he stood up. "Miss Miller, let's take them to Temple street, down below Grand. You can't imagine how poor some of those folks are. Why," looking round at the watching faces, "a boy there told me he never had a flower of his own."

"I don't doubt that is true," Miss Miller said soberly. Who likes the idea of giving the lilies to the little children in Temple street?"

"I do, I do," shouted every child there.

Back halfway in the room two little girls, leaning forward, listened intently. Both were fair; both had hair sunny and warm as the sunlight that lay across the room from the low west windows. Both had blue, roguish eyes, but there the resemblance ended, for on Pansy's silk dress fluttered gay ribbons, and lace frills set her off like a picture. In sharp contrast was Dorothy's worn, faded frock. But there was no pride in little Pansy's level eyes as she glanced across at her classmate. She set her red mouth, and nodded her head energetically. She would work harder and watch closer, and water and cultivate her plants with such care that they could not help blooming into acceptable specimens for prize lilies.

Miss Miller's voice brought back her attention. "One, two, three—march. Take your seeds, children, and do your best."

The weather was very cold, and the lake was frozen. And many times a day, children bending anxiously above lily pots, watched the seeds push themselves up, put out stalks, open buds, and slowly bloom into lilies? In half a hundred homes the blossoms were more or less perfect, but in only two did the lilies show their full rose beauty.

Pansy and Dorothy stood close competitors for the prize.

Often and often hovering above the white blooms, they eargerly compared, to discover which lily was blossoming into the rare rose pink of a perfect flower. To petted Pansy, the prize dollars counted as naught, but the honor, the success were much to the ambitious child. To stand with the waiting crowd about her and hear proclaimed before them all hers was the perfect flower—she caught her breath and could hardly wait.

"Yours is pinker than mine, Dorothy, I do believe," she said one day. "It does change so."

"Do you think so?" Dorothy asked wistfully. "It seems mean, but I do hope I shall win it, Pansy."

And Pansy saw two heavy tears fall on the lily. She did not reply, but she thought hard as she went toward her home. She loved Dorothy. If she herself could not win, it would be so nice to have Dorothy have the prize. And then a sharp pang shot through her. She might let Dorothy have it anyway.

"I'm not going to do it," she said. "I have worked just as hard as Dorothy. I don't want the money. Dorothy may have it and welcome, but I want to be best myself."

And it looked as if she was. The crowd of children swarming into the hall where the award was to be made, stopped wonderingly to look at Pansy's lily. The child looked like a flower herself, with her half sleeves and lace frilled cap. "It is like summer," she declared, "with so many flowers, and I want to be a summer girl."

Leaning lightly on a small table just inside the entrance, her cheek on her hand, she looked out eagerly at the gathering throng, her mouth smiling, her beautiful eyes full of delight.

"Miss Miller!" she cried, and the teacher stopped by her to exclaim at the lily's beauty.

"It is a pure pink," she said, and Dorothy, standing near, heard, and silently turned away.

But Pansy was not smiling now. Following the crowd into the hall she found Dorothy and stood by her. After all, what did it matter about the prize, and the honor would be so much to Dorothy.

"Dorothy," she whispered, impulsively, touching her arm, "we will change. Take my flower, Dorothy."

But her little classmate drew back almost angrily. And then suddenly, in a minute, something happened. Pansy's flower had slipped from her hand, and somebody's foot was crushing it to the floor.

The children, exclaiming, pressed about her, but now somebody was hushing them. The exercises were beginning.

Pansy's heart beat so hard that she could scarcely get her breath, but the first wrench of her sacrifice was over, and she

braced herself and listened. There was music and some spoken words, and then Miss Miller came briskly forward.

"We are all here," she said, "I think. And every one has a flower—haven't you?"

The hands flew up violently. "Yes, yes, Miss Miller."

"And I suppose," Miss Miller went on laughingly, "we all have pink lilies."

"No! No!" went up in a shout.

"But one at least has," and she turned expectantly toward Pansy, but the little girl did not move.

There was an instant of impatient waiting, and then a rustling movement as Dorothy pushed impulsively forward.

"Miss Miller," she said chokingly, "I—I have a veined lily. Pansy had, too, but she dropped hers and some one stepped right on it. Hers was the prettiest one."

Miss Miller looked almost angry. "You careless child!" she said.

And then one of the committee, coming forward, stooped to examine Dorothy's lily.

"Are there any other pink lilies?" he asked, straightening up.

There were, quite a number, but not one as pure and perfect as Drothy Morgan's, and to her was awarded the lily prize.

But Miss Miller did not look satisfied, and she called Pansy and took her hand and led her out on the platform.

"Pansy Meadows had a perfect flower," she said with decision, "and she is certainly entitled to the honor of her work, and I am sure Dorothy will share with her."

"Yes, yes," cried Dorothy.

And as the two children moved down together, Dorothy caught Pansy's hand. "Pansy, you did it on purpose," she whispered breathlessly.

No answer from Pansy. She stood straight and still, hardly seeming to hear. The winning lily had been hers, and little Dorothy, her best friend, had the prize money. What could be better?

When the children should take their fragrant offering down into the darkness of Temple street, Pansy would have no flower to offer, but something better and sweeter had come to her through her sacrifice.—Selected.

THE OLD APPLE LADY.

John and Gertrude and Wilson went to the station every afternoon to meet their father who came home on the four-thirty

train. On Saturday they were a little early, for each of them had five cents to spend.

There were ever so many attractions in the waiting room; places wherein you dropped a penny and saw or heard all sorts of things,or drew out a piece of chewing gum; there were little darkies that danced for a cent, and scales that gave your correct weight and told your age.

The three children stood in the large waiting room, wondering how they would spend their money, and feeling very important.

Outside the station, near the steps, stood the old apple lady, hoping to sell her wares to the people passing into the station. It was a cold day and the wind was blowing her skirts away from her rough old shoes. It was such a cold day that John and Gertrude and Wilson had run by without seeing her.

"I'm going to look around me well, before I spend a cent," said John, inside the warm waiting room.

"So'm I," said Gertrude.

"So'm I," said Wilson.

John, followed by his sister and small brother, all of them jingling their pennies, walked about the room. They looked at the reliable scales, they looked at the little darkies; they passed the spot where one could get a stick of chewing gum. Then John and his sister and brother, with their money unspent, looked out of the glass door through which they had entered five minutes before.

"I see the old apple lady," said John. "It's so cold she has her apples covered up to keep them from freezing."

"She's cold herself," said Gertrude, softly.

"She's lost her gloves," said little Wilson; "her hands must be terribly cold."

John jingled his pennies. "I'm going to buy an apple," he said.

"So'm I," said Gertrude.

"So'm I," said Wilson.

Now there was a gentleman who had been watching the three children, but he did not know what dear little things they were until they met their father and their father said: "Why did you buy apples when none of you like them?"

They had bought the apples simply to help the old apple lady.

"It wasn't any use wasting our money," said John, answering his father's smile, "and we can give the apples away."—Selected.

LUCY'S DAISY CHAIN.

They were all at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and cream —father, mother, Katie, Lucy and Baby Harry.

"O mother!" exclaimed Katie, "how I wish I could have a neck chain! Nearly all the girls have them. Mary Aylmer has a gold one, Lutie James has a lovely Indian bead-work one, and Esther has one made of little black-eyed red seeds that came from Hawaii. Can't I have one, mother?"

"Not just now, dear," answered her mother. "Our new summer clothes are going to cost a good deal. Wait until Christmas, and perhaps Santa Claus will bring you one," and mother smiled at Katie as she lifted Baby Harry down from his high chair and let him trot out to see the chickens in the yard.

Little Lucy noticed the disappointed look on Katie's face.

"Wish I could get a chain for Katie," she thought. "If I only had some pennies I could. Oh, I know what I'll do! I'll make her a daisy chain." She scrambled down from her high chair, almost forgetting to say, "Please excuse me," to mother, and was running off to the daisy field, when mother called:

"Lucy, don't go away, dear. You know we are going to town this morning, and I want to dress you as soon as I finish my breakfast."

So Lucy stood with Harry watching the chickens until her mother was ready for her; but when she was dressed she said: "May I go down in the daisy field, mother, until you are ready to go. I'll be very careful not to get dirty."

Her mother laughed. "Well, you may go, then; but come back when I call you."

Off danced Lucy with a face looking as though she had some important business on hand. Half an hour later Katie came to the fence and called her.

"Yes, I'll come in a minute, Katie. I'm just finishing your chain. Will you come here and put it on? It's so long I'm afraid I'll break it if I try to carry it. It's your chain, Katie, to wear around your neck," she said as Katie came toward her. "I made it for you because you said you wanted a chain so badly," and Lucy looked up with a loving smile.

"You dear little sister! of course I'll wear it. See, it goes around my neck three times. It's lovely! but come, we must hurry now to wash your hands or you will be late for the car;" and the little sisters ran into the house.

Lucy was soon ready, and she and mother climbed into the car when it came along and were off for the city, leaving Katie standing at the gate, waving her hand and the daisy chain at them as they rode away.—Selected.

END OF THE MINUTE HAND.

A new clock was brought home by Farmer Merrythought and set on the mantleshelf in the kitchen. He took the weights from their brown paper wrappings, fastened them securely where they belonged, then took a brass key from his pocket and wound them up. The clock struck with a musical cling! cling! cling! which brought Mrs. Merrythought from her churning in the cellar.

"I like that sound," she said. "It is so much more agreeable than the harsh clang of the old one."

Then the two hands set off on their journey around the face. If it turned out to be a good, durable clock, how many times they would travel over those Roman numerals!

"H'm," said the Minute Hand, after it had got over the first feeling of strangeness at being so high up, taking a critical view of its new surroundings. "I was hoping to find myself in a place where I could see a little more style. But the room is cheerful enough, and the people educated and well to do. If I only have a little lively companion I shall not mind. Some of the wheels are a jolly set; but you are so terribly slow," he said to his companion, the Hour Hand. "Why don't you hurry up and move a little faster? You've been going at this slow pace for a whole week."

"I am doing just what I was made to do," replied the Hour Hand.

"But I don't see how you can bear to be such a snail in your movements. I go around the clock-face twelve times as fast as you do."

"Yes," meekly admitted the Hour Hand.

"It takes you a whole day to do what I do in an hour."

"Very true."

"Just think how much might be done if you were as smart as I am. You try it. Step along as I do, now."

"No," said the Hour Hand. "If I should, neither of us would be good for anything. It is only so long as we both do what we are set to do, and do it well, that we are of any use."

"You are very much mistaken," cried the Minute Hand. "It was only yesterday I heard Mrs. Merrythought say that she never

had time enough to do her work; that there were not enough hours in the day for her. If you were not such a lazy fellow, you could put in twice as much time in a day; and what a help that would be!"

The Hour Hand smiled and shook its head.

"You won't eh?" said his companion, in a contemptuous tone. "Well, I propose to show that I, at least, am willing to do all in my power to assist the family who give me care and shelter. Much as I do already, I dare say I can do more."

He now made up his mind that if he could get around the clock face so easily in an hour, he could do it in less time—perhaps in half an hour. At all events he would try.

So he tried his best to move faster than before.

When the Hour Hand was going down—that is from 12 to 6—he caught up with it very soon, and hurried on, feeling very sure he would complete his round before the hour was up.

And when the Hour Hand was on its way up, or from 6 to 12, he made a great effort to pass him and reach the 12 ahead of time.

But he never could do it. As he came to the starting point and would take a quick look to see how far behind his neighbor must be, he saw him always exactly where he ought to be, and the cling! cling! rang out at the proper time to a second.

"If I could only get free," snapped the Minute Hand, impatiently. "I'd show what I could do. These wheels back here keep such a hold on me that I have no chance to do anything but go on this humdrum round, day in and day out. If I go so fast in spite of all these hindrances, I could go a good deal faster if I only had my own way."

The Minute Hand struggled hard to free itself, and finally succeeded in its efforts. It broke off close to where it was fastened to the clock.

"Ha!" it shouted in triumph, as it fell. "Now I can show what I can do by myself."

But it merely dropped to the bottom of the clock case, and lay there in the dark.

For a moment it listened, half in fright, expecting that wheels, weight, dial, everything would tumble in fearful wreck and confusion, after it.

But nothing of the kind took place. The ticking went on as cheerfully as ever; the cling! cling! sounded out as gayly as if nothing had happened.

In the early morning Farmer Merrythought passing through the kitchen, looked to see what time it was.

"Why," he exclaimed, "one of the hands is broken off!"

"Bless me!" said his wife. "It must be a poor clock. And

you're not going to town again for several days. But which hand is off?"

"The minute hand."

"Oh, I don't mind that so much. If it were the hour hand there would be no keeping time at all; but it's very easy to get along without the minute hand."

The next week the farmer took the clock to town to have the hand put on again. It was glad enough to hear this was to be done, for it was very tired of lying in the dark doing nothing, and thought it would be quite satisfied to be on the face again, even if it could go around it only once an hour.

"That hand can't go on again," said the clock maker. "I must make a new one."

"Why?"

"If it had only come unfastened, I could put it on; but it's broken square off the end. It's a badly-tempered piece of steel."

"Ah," said the farmer, "a bad temper in steel, or a bad temper in folks, is a bad thing."

So a new hand was put on the clock, and the old one was thrown into the ash barrel the next morning.

I will do a kind act, say a kind word, and show mercy to all.

DAVY.

"Lay down fresh fern for the nanny-goat, and get her in early," said Mrs. Roe. "The ground is oozy-like, after all this rain."

Davy nodded. He was tickling the kitten with a feather, and only half heard what his mother said. She spoke again, with some sharpness.

"Give over playing with the cat, and listen to me. Mind well after Esther, and look that she doesn't get at the fire while I am away."

He looked up.

"I'll mind after Esther," he said, in rather an injured way."

"Yes, I know the sort of mind—letting her spread the whiting all over the chairs, like you did last week."

He looked at the sleeping baby.

"Oh, well, I'll mind after her this time," he said; "you see if I don't."

Mrs. Roe put on her cape, and went to the door. The sky looked cold and rainy. Seagulls and wild ducks were flocking in-

land. A damp wind blew over the flats, and a thick fog was hiding the track to the township. She looked round at her two children as she pinned on her hat.

"Don't be letting Esther outside at all this afternoon," she said. "I will be back by six o'clock; there isn't much ironing to do at the doctor's place."

Davy threw away his feather and followed her down the kitchen steps.

"Don't get into Plummer's bog-hole," he said. "There would not be much fun in one of them holes today."

He climbed the fence and sat there until she disappeared among the tea-tree.

His mother was a washerwoman, and her work lay in the township, three miles away. She was a widow, for her husband had been killed at Mount Lyell before Esther was born. Davy was at once the pride and worry of his mother. He was quick and willing, but dreamy and forgetful in many things.

He cut a great pile of wood, and heaped it in a corner of the porch. It began to rain, and one by one the draggled fowls sought the shelter of the wall.

The blue Dial Range had turned misty; the far-off river was nothing but a winding cloud of fog. He went back to the kitchen and washed up the dinner things. Somehow he kept thinking of his mother out in the mist and rain. He swept up the hearth, then went over and looked out of the low, little window. The goat had hurried in from the drier land, and stood over her kid under the lea of the slip-rails. The tide was over the bottom rail of the garden fence.

The baby turned and cried for a drink. He sat her on the floor while he filled the bottle, then sat beside her, holding it while she drank. He got up presently and went to the door again. There was a queer light shining dimly through the fog. The wild birds were winging toward the township with strange cries. A sudden wish for his mother rushed over him. He looked up at the clock, but it had stopped. He lay down on the couch beside the baby, and shut his eyes, but could not follow its example and go to sleep. He got his school book and learned his lesson for Monday, but the words kept sliding into one another. For a long time he lay staring into the fire. A sudden cessation in the rain sent him to the window. Outside it was quite dusky, and the roar of the tide came to him, mingled with the wind.

"The water is pretty close," he said to himself, "and the fog is that close, too, I can't see how near it is."

He was not afraid of the tide. The shanty was built on piles some feet beyond high-water mark, and they had often had it over their fence. But the thought of his mother made him anxious.

He thought of her out in the fog, with the deep holes all about her in the flats. He piled drift wood on the fire, and peeled some potatoes for her supper. The baby had fallen asleep again. Davy went close to it, and laid his cold hand against her cheek.

"Wake up, Esther,"he said, "mammy has come home."

The child stirred and opened her sleepy eyes.

"Mammy come home," she repeated, and dropped asleep once more.

It had grown quite dark. Davy went to the mantel-piece and reached down a lantern. He filled the can with oil, then tied a string to the handle, and went to the window. Rain and wind drove in, but he made it fast to the latch, and it swung out against the wall. As he peered into the darkness, a gurgling sound made him look down. The light of the lantern glimmered on something below. He slammed the window and turned back.

"Oh!" he said, "it is the sea."

"He turned sick with terror. A turmoil of fear filled his heart. A wild rush of longing for his mother came over him. He woke the baby, and took her into his arms.

"Mammy's out on them flooded flats, Esther," he whispered. "Mammy is out in the rain."

She laughed and thrust her fists into his eyes.

"Mammy get wet," she said.

Suddenly Davy turned his head. There was a faint sound at the door and a thin, dark line was coming toward him over the oilcloth.

Something seemed to run down his back and freeze every drop of blood in his body. He watched it with fascinated eyes. It widened and spread till it reached the leg of the table.

He began to murmur to himself: "Two feet above high-water mark," he said, "what'll I do if the shanty gets full?"

The water deepened. It came on with a quick little swirl and rush. He could feel it against his feet. The fire shone merrily on the silver track from the door. The wind died for a moment, and the crackling of the logs seemed to be filling the world. All faculty of thought deserted him. He began to cry in a dull way, rubbing his cheek against the baby's arm. Something bumped at the wall, and the shanty trembled. He scrambled on to the table, and sat there shivering with the child on his knees. Strange sounds began buzzing in his head. There was a great, cracking noise, and the door burst open, letting in a wild rush of storm. He shut his eyes. Above the noise he heard the sizzling hiss as the water rushed over the fire, and then everything grew dark.

He never quite knew what happened then.

He woke to find himself in a fisherman's hut on the Burram

Flats. It was morning. Cocks were crowing somewhere near, and he heard the surf roaring in the distance. He was stiff and bruised. Some one came between him and the light. His eyes opened upon his mother.

"I can't move," he whispered. She bent over him and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Your arm is broke, sonny," she said.

He stared up at her.

"The shanty is full of water," he said, in a confused way.

She stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"You kept Esther safe and sound, Davey," she said. "You was washed out with your arm crooked round 'er."

He gave a satisfied sigh.

"I told you I could mind after Esther," he said; and she kissed him again.—Australasian.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What is the sceret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Always be cool," said the Ice.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.
"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

Selected.

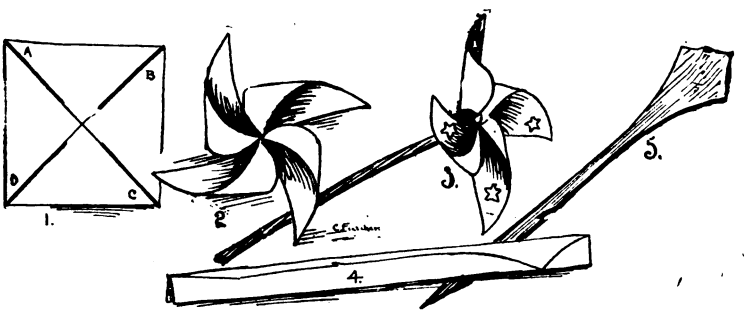
Busy Work for Little Hands.

Elbert H. Eastmond.

Brigham Young University.

Boys Work.

"King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee."



PINWHEEL—DART.

MATERIAL:—For the pinwheel, use any common paper about 9 inches square, some small pieces of colored paper for decorative purposes, a straight branch for the handle, and a pin for axle of the wheel.

TO MAKE THE WHEEL:—Rule or fold diagonal lines on the square or paper, from corner to corner, and cut heavy lines figure 1. Then pin the center points A, B, C, D, so that the object appears as figure 2. The wheel is attached by a pin to the end of a straight branch and placed against the breeze. The children delight very much with this toy.

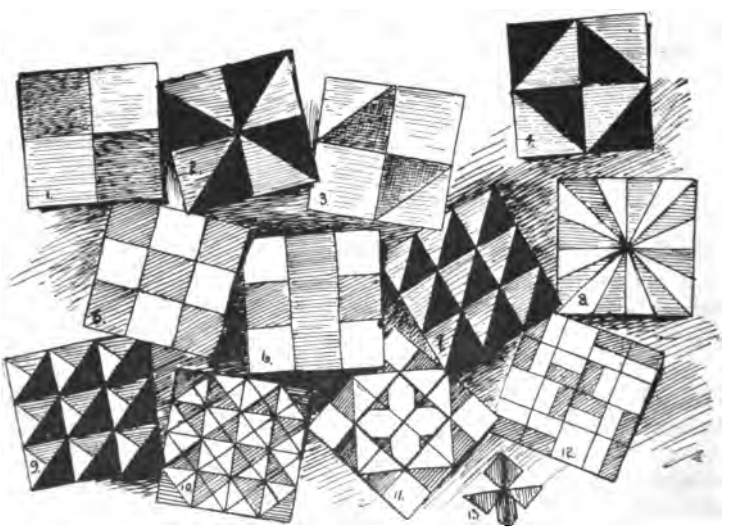
MATERIAL FOR DART:—Use straight grained shingle, a common pocket knife, and a piece of common paper for the pattern.

TO MAKE DART:—The pattern should first be made, as

shown by figure 4, by drawing one-half of the dart on the fold of the paper. Trace the pattern on to the shingle with a led pencil. The wide end of the dart must be placed at the thinner end of the shingle. In cutting the shingle, care should be taken against splitting. The children must cut accurately to the line as far as possible. After the dart is whittled out, place it across the finger so that each side will balance and at the point where the finger is holding the dart, cut a notch as shown in figure 5.

A loop of a string is placed in the notch. The dart is held in the right hand, the string in the left, then with energy of the left arm the dart is sent in the air. The wide end of the dart acts as a balance and thus holds the heavy pointed end in place, as it extends forward in the air. If this dart is made true and shot properly, it will extend into the distance perhaps fifty feet.

Girls Work.



QUILT BLOCK.

MATERIALS:—Request the children to make a collection of pretty pieces of goods at home that can be used for making quilt-blocks. A needle and thread, a pair of scissors, perhaps a

thimble, and some small pieces of card board for block pattern making, will also be needed.

TO MAKE:—The cloth should be separated and classed as dark and light, as quilt blocks are made under the principle of contrast of color; that is, dark pieces must be placed against light pieces, so as to give more beauty. Designs are herewith suggested: 1. a four block; 2, triangle or wind wheel; 3, hour-glass; 4, double hour-glass; 5, nine spot; 6, cross; 7, half-square; 8, star; 9, pyramid; 10, small triangle or cut glass; 11, rosette; 12, wind-mill; 13, sego lily.

The pattern should be made about one-fourth inch larger all around than the quilt block is to be, so as to allow for the seams.

SUGGESTIVE PROBLEMS:—A very pretty mat may be made by finishing one block made from pieces of silk or satin, edge with braided cord or fringe, after being filled with wadding and lined. A chair pillow or sofa pillow may be made from four blocks. I am of the opinion that the best problem in this line would be a large quilt made by the children, and then sold for the benefit of the Primary.

NOTE:—The problems here suggested for the April work may be made by both boys and girls.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF DUTY.

"There is nothing so delightful as to be able to do as you please, without fear of interruption."

"Very fine for a change, but make no mistake, it will not do for a steady thing.

"I cannot imagine any condition of existence so horribly full of ennui as absolute freedom would be. Fancy all obligations, all the dear old fetters, the very preservative weight of an atmosphere of duty, removed and the monition of 'Thou shalt not,' abrogated, and man, like a fatherless Ishmaelite, wandering about in the desert of his own desires. We must have orbits, and gravitation to keep us in them, or there would be universal high jinks."—A Journey to Nature.

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I would rather give
One idea to a thousand children
than
A thousand ideas to one child.

OFFICERS MEETING AT GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The usual meeting for officers of the Primary associations, general, stake and local, will be held Saturday, April 7th, immediately at the close of the afternoon session of the general conference in the Assembly Hall.

REVIEW WORK IN THE GRADES.

On the importance of the review, a prominent American teacher has said:

"The teacher has two duties in regard to knowledge—to get it into the minds of his pupils, and to keep it there; to explain, and to fix the knowledge explained.

"Explanation affords a teacher the widest field for the display of his individuality and teaching talent, but the permanency of his teaching depends upon persistent repetition and reviewing. The old lady's rule for sweetening rhubarb: 'Put in as much sugar as your conscience will allow you, and then shut your eyes and throw in a handful more,' if slightly changed may be taken as a guide by teachers. We must repeat and review, and review and repeat until it seems absurd to repeat any longer, and then experience will show us the necessity for repeating and reviewing again."

Also, "Memory's track, to be fit for travel, must be well beaten. Memory, like a piece of polished metal, shines more brightly the more frequently it is burnished." The time for the regular lesson is usually brief, and many subjects are but touched upon lightly. It is, therefore, important that reviews be had to bring up again these points and fasten them more firmly in the mind. Ofttimes the various divisions of a subject are quite disconnected. In the review these should be placed in their proper relationship, that an intelligent view of the whole may be had.

It must be remembered that a mere repetition of words or even thoughts is not the best form of review. There should be, as much as possible, a newness in the method of presentation, thereby enhancing the interest. The skill of the teacher will be exhibited in the varied ways by which the scholar is led to view a truth. Every new approach to a truth adds strength and beauty to it, besides impressing it more forcibly on the mind.

These remarks on reviews will also apply to those that are had in connection with the regular weekly lesson. Special care should be taken in conducting the review which follows the presentation of the topics, so that it does not become simply a repetition of what has just been given.

RECREATION GAMES.

When the children are gathering for Primary, it sometimes happens that some are present much earlier than others. It is necessary that some efforts be made that will help to create interest for these children during such periods and also to maintain order. When the weather is suitable, outdoor games are best, but in stormy or inclement weather some indoor games will prove of great assitance in keeping the interest of the children. Officers should take turns in playing with the children, to keep down any inclination to disorder or boisterousness. This is a good opportunity to teach politeness and courtesy. We publish a few games for indoor amusement. They are also suitable for children's parties and sociables.

PASS THE CLOTHES-PINS.

This is newer than the always popular old game of bean bags, It is also harder and gives more exercise.

Have the scholars stand in two lines. They can "choose sides" if you wish. Give the leader of each side enough clothes-pins to make a very full double handful, perhaps twelve.

The side that can pass these down their line and back to their leader first, wins. The leader must put all the clothes-pins on the floor in front of the one next to him. This one in turn must pick

them up, and place them on the floor in front of the one next below him. He must have all the clothes-pins in his hands before he can lay them down. If he drops any he must pick them up before placing any in front of his neighbor. This sounds very easy, but clothes-pins are very slippery things and fond of rolling; and as both hands are very full it is livelier work than passing the bean bags.

QUEER TRAVELING.

This is another game that is always a source of amusement to those watching, and also enjoyed by the one taking part.

Place from six to twelve small "navy beans" on the floor. Give a child a common steel table knife, and let him pick up these beans, one or more at a time, as he pleases, and carry to the other end of the room and place on a chair or table. The beans must not be touched with anything except the knife. And the way they can slip and roll and slide off the knife is very mirth-provoking to the lookers-on. The one carrying the beans will be determined that he will not be defeated by such little things.

If you have a number of scholars, two or more groups could be trying this at the same time. The more flexible the knife, the more difficult the feat.

CARRYING BEANS.

The leader begins by saying, "I thought I would take a little trip in vacation; so I packed my bag and started for Boston." He turns to number two, who must give a place beginning with the last letter which number one used.

Number two takes up the story—"I wanted to see the old mill that we read about; so I went first to Newport."

Number three says—"I wanted to see more of the world; so I took a long trip and did not stop till I came to Texas."

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance! Can you spell it?
And its meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred, even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning, you can tell it!

—*Selected.*

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated after the teacher:

Little folks, as well as great ones,
May be missionaries true,
If they only will be willing
Even little things to do.

Little feet can run on errands;
Little hands do deeds of love;
Little tongues speak words of kindness,
Pleasing unto God above.

Little folks can tell the story
Of the Savior's love so sweet,
And to those that never heard them
Blessed gospel songs repeat.

—Selected.

Song for the month:
Children's Morning Song.—Primary Song Book, No. 5.

Memory Gem for the month:

GOD KNOWS.

"Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only He can tell."

Lesson 13.

Aim: Love.
Story: Lucy's Daisy Chain, page 128.
Incident: Healing the Nobleman's Son.

Jesus went into the city of Cana, and a nobleman who lived in another city came to him and begged him to heal his son, who was very ill. The nobleman said to Jesus, Sir, come quickly, before my child dies. Jesus said to him, Go to thy home, thy son is made well. And the man believed what Jesus said, and left him to go to his home. But before he reached there, his servants met him and said to him, Thy son is well. He asked at

what time he began to get better. They answered, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. Then the man knew that it was at the same hour when Jesus said to him, Thy son is made well. And the nobleman and all his family believed that Jesus was the Son of God.

Lesson 14.

Aim: Faithfulness.
Story: Raggles, page 122.
Incident: The Boy Who Could Be Trusted.

Alfred was missing one night about sunset. His mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Alfred was with them.

"No," said his mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave, and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's step; but it was half-past eight before his shout and whistle were heard when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess, now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir; I promised my mother that I would never go there without her leave, and do you think I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the woods, and didn't think I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother, as he took his hat to go home, "there is a comfort in store for you by him. Such a boy as that will make a noble man.

Lesson 15.

Aim: Duties.
Story: End of the Minute Hand, page 129.
Incident: Work a Blessing.

Victoria was the queen of England, with all the money she wanted to spend. But she had to work when she was a little girl. Her mother said, "Little queens must learn to work as other girls do." So Victoria had her work to do. She watered plants in the garden, kept her room neat and tidy, took care of her clothes, and did many other things. She was required to rise in the morning, wash and dress herself, and be ready for breakfast at eight o'clock. After breakfast she went for a walk or a drive. From ten to twelve o'clock she studied with her mother. Until

two o'clock she was allowed to play in the palace with her toys and dolls, or run and romp. Then came dinner, after which she worked until four o'clock. Then playing on the piano and a drive followed, after which she rode or walked in the garden.

Thus she was kept busy, with more time for work than play. To make a good queen she must not be afraid of work. To make a good woman any little girl must work. Her food was always plain. She could have fruit, but not candies. This was the only way to make her healthy. She ate at the right time and just what her mother thought was good for her.

Lesson 16.

Aim: Unselfishness.

Story: The Old Apple Lady, page 126.

Incident: A Manly Boy.

Bennie Lee's mother was a widow who worked for herself and boy by sewing for ladies. But one cold winter she had very little work, and there was very little food in the house. "Where are you going, Ben?" asked Mrs. Lee, one morning, when she saw Ben buttoning up his coat.

"I am going to find a job at shoveling snow," answered Ben, for he had made up his mind to help his mother.

"I'm afraid you'll freeze, such a cold morning," added his mother; "but you are a good boy, Ben."

"Ought to be, got a good mother, you know," Ben retorted with a loving smile, as he darted out of the door.

Taking a shovel from the shed, he hurried down the street. First he went to the doctor's house.

"Want the snow shoveled from your sidewalk?"

The doctor looked him over. "Are you big enough to do it?" he asked.

"Try me and see," was Ben's manly answer.

"Yes, I want it done, and if you do it well, I will give you a quarter." So saying the doctor closed the door.

In one-half hour Ben got his quarter and went on for another job. Before twelve o'clock he had earned one dollar and a quarter. How glad he was! It was not pride; it was because he could help his dear mother.

He went to the store and got some good things to eat. He carried hom seven or eight packages, as much as he could buy.

"My dear Ben!" his mother exclaimed, and then cried for joy.

No man could have done better than little Ben, for he had done his best for his mother.

Second Grade.

Lesson 13.

Subject: Faithfulness.
Bible Story: Reward of Faithfulness.
Supplementary Story: "Davy," page 131.

REWARDS OF FAITHFULNESS.

After a long journey, Joseph reached Egypt, the land of the Nile. He was such a fine, handsome lad that the merchants who had bought him sold him to the captain of the king's guard.

Joseph was always cheerful, and although he had been sold as a slave, he determined he would make the best of it, and be faithful to all the teachings his father had given him, and whatever he had to do, he would do it as well as he could.

So time passed, and he grew to be a young man. His master noticed that whatever Joseph undertook prospered, and so he made him the ruler of his household. He trusted him so well that the master himself did not have to think about his business, and did not even know how much he owned.

But misfortune again came to Joseph. The master's wife was a thoughtless, wicked woman, and she accused the young man of things of which he was not guilty, and had him put in prison where the king's prisoners were kept. Even here he was kind and cheerful, and the jailer found he was so faithful that he soon made him his helper. All the prisoners were placed in his charge, and nothing was done there without his orders; but still he could not go outside the prison doors.

While he was here, the king's butler and baker had both displeased the king, and were put in prison. One morning Joseph noticed that they were both troubled; so he asked them what was the matter. They told him that they had both had strange dreams, and they did not know the meaning of them.

"Does not the interpretation belong to the Lord?" asked Joseph. "Tell me your dreams."

The butler told his dream first:

"I thought I saw a vine with three branches, and while I looked at it I saw it blossom and bud, and clusters of large, ripe grapes came on it. I took the grapes and pressed them into the king's cup, and gave it to him."

"The three branches are three days," said Joseph, "and in three days the king will send for you and make you his chief butler again. But I pray you, remember me when it is well with you. Tell the king of me. I was stolen away from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done nothing to be placed here."

Then the baker told his dream, and Joseph told him the meaning of it; but it was not such a happy dream as that of the butler. It all happened just as Joseph had said. In three days it was the king's birthday, and he gave a great feast. He sent to the prison for the butler, and gave him his place of honor again. But when his good fortune came to him, he did not think at all of the young man in prison.

Two years passed away. One night the king had two dreams which troubled him greatly. He could not think of anything else. Like Joseph's brothers had done, he thought that dreams came to people to foretell things which would happen. At last he could stand it no longer, and he sent for his wise men.

"I have had two dreams," he said, "which greatly trouble me."

"Tell them to us, O king," said the wise men.

"In my first dream I seemed to be standing on the banks of the Nile. As I stood looking over the water, seven fat cattle came up out of the river. They were the finest cattle I ever saw. While I was admiring them, I saw seven poor, lean cattle come out of the mud. They saw the seven fat cattle and immediately ran after them and swallowed them. I looked at them in wonder, and strange to say, the lean cattle were just as lean as ever. Then I awoke."

"Surely it is a strange dream," said the wise men. "Now tell us the other."

"Well," said the king, "the second dream is very much like the first one. This time I seemed to be looking over the wheat fields, and I saw a stalk of wheat grow up beside me. On it were seven ears of golden grain, the finest that ever grew in any land. Just beside it sprang up another stalk of wheat, and on it grew seven thin, blasted ears. As I looked at them, the seven thin, blasted ears ate the seven fine ears, and as I wondered at it, I awoke."

The wise men thought and thought, but they could not tell the king what the dream meant. Just then the butler stepped up to the king and said:

"O king, two years ago I was in prison, as you know. While I was there the baker and I both had dreams that troubled us. A young man, who was the servant of the captain of the guard, told us the meaning of our dreams, and it came just as he said it would."

"Bring the young man to me," said the king.

Joseph was brought from prison, and when he had shaved himself and put on his best clothes, he was taken before the king.

"I have had a strange dream," said the king, "and no one can tell me the meaning of it. I have heard that you can tell me."

"God will give the king an answer," replied Joseph. "Of myself I know nothing about it."

The two dreams were told to Joseph, and he said:

"The two dreams, O king, mean the same thing. The seven fat cattle and the seven fine ears mean seven years of plenty, when there will be good harvests in the land of the Nile. The seven lean cattle and the seven blasted ears mean seven years of famine, when nothing can be raised, and during these years of famine all the has been raised during the years of plenty will be eaten. As both the dreams came in one night, the time is near at hand.

"If the king can find a faithful ruler," continued Joseph, "one who will build storehouses and take care of the grain that is raised in the years of plenty, then there will be food enough during the years of famine."

The king was pleased with the young man, and remembered that everything had prospered when Joseph had charge of the household of the captain of the guard; so out of all of the people of Egypt the king chose Joseph to be ruler of all the land, to take care of the grain that should be raised, and all the people had to obey him. A gold chain was placed around his neck and fine clothes were given him to wear, and the poor boy who had been sold to the merchants was now called the Ruler of the Nile.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Joseph was sold into Egypt, to the captain of the king's guard. He did his duty cheerfully, and gained the confidence of the captain. All he undertook prospered. Misfortune again overtook him, and he was imprisoned. Here his faithfulness brought him the respect of his jailer. He was made a helper in the jail. The butler and baker had dreams, and Joseph interpreted them. Two years later the king had dreams, and as the wise men could not tell the meaning, Joseph was sent for. He told the king the meaning. Joseph was chosen to act for the king, and was made ruler of the Nile.

Davy was left in charge of his baby sister. He promised to care for her. During the mother's absence the house was flooded. Davy cared for his trust until the mother returns.

Lesson 14.

Subject: Forgiveness.
Review last two Bible stories.
Bible story: "The Ruler of Egypt."

THE RULER OF EGYPT.

As had been foretold, for seven years there were good harvests

in the land of the Nile. Joseph, as a ruler, had large storehouses built, and the grain had been stored away to be used when the time of famine came.

At last the seven years were over, and there was a great drought. It was so hot and dry that nothing could grow; and people came from all the lands around Egypt to buy grain from Joseph.

One day ten men came from a far off land. Their faces were burned by the sun in the long journey. Joseph saw them and at once knew them to be his brothers who had sold him so many years before. When they saw the ruler, dressed in his splendid clothes, with a gold chain hanging around his neck, they bowed before him, little thinking he was their brother, the Dreamer, and were fulfilling his dream of so long ago. Joseph remembered his dream of the sheaves bowing before his sheaf.

"What have you come here for?" he asked, roughly.

"We have come all the way from Hebron to buy grain," said one of the brothers; "for there is a terrible famine in our land."

"No," said the ruler; "you are spies. You have come here to learn what you can, and then you will go and tell it to our enemies."

"Indeed we are not spies. We are all the sons of one man; there are twelve of us. Our father is an old man, and our youngest brother, who is a mere lad, is at home with them. Our other brother is dead."

"I say your are spies," said Joseph again. "But you shall have a chance to prove that you are not. One of you shall go and bring your brother, and the rest of you shall go to prison until he returns."

"But the boy cannot leave his father," said one. Joseph still said they were nothing but spies, and had them all taken to prison. Three days later he had them brought before him again, and told them he would let all but one go to take food to their families. This one he would keep in prison until his brothers came back, bringing with them the young boy. This was done. One was taken back to prison; the sacks of the other brothers were filled with grain, and they started homeward.

At night when one of them opened his sack to get some grain, he found the money he had paid was still in his sack.

"See, brothers," he cried, "my money has been put back into my sack. What does it mean?" Then they were very much afraid that the ruler would accuse them of stealing.

After a long journey they reached their home, and told their father all that had happened; that one of his sons had been left in prison in Egypt, and would have to stay there until they went back with Benjamin, the youngest brother.

"No," said Jacob; "one of my sons is dead; another is in prison in a far off land; Benjamin shall not go with you."

Days and weeks passed; the famine grew worse and worse. Jacob's family had used nearly all the grain his sons had brought from Egypt. There was now only one thing to be done; they must go back for more. But they could not go unless they took Benjamin with them. At last the father said his boy should go.

"But," he said, "take a present, some honey and spices and almonds and give them to the ruler; and may God make him merciful to you."

When Joseph learned that his brothers had returned, he sent for them to come to his palace? They were more frightened than ever. When they saw the ruler, they bowed down before him and gave him the presents Jacob had sent.

"Is your father alive, the old man of whom you spoke?" he asked; "is he well?"

"He is alive and well," they answered.

"And this is the brother you told me about?"

"Yes, this is Benjamin."

"God be merciful to you, my son," said the ruler. His heart was full at seeing his dear brother that he left them and went to his own room and wept.

The brothers were now happy; for the great ruler had been kind to them, and had let their brother who had been left there out of prison.

Soon their sacks were again filled with grain and they started on their journey homeward. They had not gone far when an officer of the ruler came after them.

"What do you mean by returning my master's kindness in such a way? Why have you robbed him?"

"Robbed him! How can you say such a thing? Why should we steal from your master's home? You may search all our things to see if we have robbed him."

The officer said he would do so, and if anything belonging to his master was found with any of them, that one should be his master's slave. They consented to this, and took down their sacks, and the officer searched them, beginning with that of the oldest. When he opened Benjamin's sack he found a beautiful silver cup belonging to the ruler. The brothers were terrified. They did not know that Joseph had had it put there. They put their sacks up again and all went back to the city. When they saw Joseph they all fell at his feet.

"Why did you do this?" he asked. "Did you think I should not know?"

One of the brothers told Joseph how dearly his father loved

Benjamin, and that he could not live without him, and begged that the boy might be sent home.

"I pray you," he said, "let me be your slave instead of the lad; for how shall we go to our father without him?"

Then Joseph knew that they were really sorry for what they had done, and that they dearly loved their father and Benjamin. He sent the servants out of the room and said:

"I am your long-lost brother. I am Joseph whom you sold to the merchants. Do not think that I mean to be angry with you; I am not; for I know that God sent me here to save life. It was His will."

Then he put his arms around Benjamin's neck and wept. The brothers begged him to forgive them, which he freely did. Then he let them go home, giving them many messages for his father, whom he asked to come to Egypt with his family.

Jacob was overjoyed to learn that Joseph was not dead, as he had supposed. He took his family to Egypt, and passed the rest of his days in peace with his family.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The grain grown during the seven years of plenty was stored away by Joseph. The famine came as he had predicted. People from the countries around came to Egypt to buy grain. Joseph's brothers came and were recognized by the ruler. They were accused of being spies, and sent to prison. Joseph allowed all but one to go home with grain, and then bring Benjamin back with them. Jacob would not at first consent to Benjamin's going, but finally consented. The brothers again saw the great ruler, and he was pleased to see his youngest brother. When they had started on their journey, an officer went after and accused them of stealing. They consented to be searched, saying that if anything was found in any one's sack, that one would be the slave of the ruler. A silver cup, which had been put there by Joseph, was found in Benjamin's sack. The brothers returned and one of them offered to be slave in the place of Benjamin. When Joseph saw that the brothers were really sorry for what they had done, and that they loved their father and brother, he willingly forgave them for all the pain they had caused him, and recognized the hand of the Lord in it.

Lesson 15.

Subject: Easter.
Bible Story: "Christ is Arisen."
Supplementary Story: "Pansy's Lily," page 123.

Jesus had eaten the Last Supper with His disciples, and His

enemies had put Him upon the cross, and the Savior of the world was dead.

After He had hung for a long time upon the cross, He was taken by some of His friends, wrapped in a linen cloth, and carried into a beautiful garden and placed in a grave, and a great white stone rolled before the tomb. Pilate sent some of his soldiers to keep watch in the garden, night and day, in case the disciples should take the body of Jesus away.

Three days passed away, three sad, unhappy days for all those who were weeping for Jesus, when Mary Magdalene, one of His friends, said:

"Let us go again to the grave, and take sweet spices with us; let us do one more kind thing for Jesus."

So the three women rose up early in the morning and ran with their spices to the garden.

"But who will roll away the stone," they said, as they ran along. "We shall never be able to do it ourselves."

"Perhaps the soldiers will help us," said Mary Magdalene. "We will ask them."

But when they reached the grave the stone was rolled away, and the soldiers were gone.

"They have taken away my Lord," cried Mary. "Where have they laid him?" and she ran to tell Peter and John. But the others stayed behind. And while they stood looking into the grave, they saw a bright, shining angel.

"Fear not," said the angel, "for I know ye seek Jesus. He is not here: For He is arisen. Go quickly and tell the disciples He is risen from the dead."

When Peter and John came running back to the grave with Mary Magdalene, and saw nothing lying there but the linen clothes they had wrapped Jesus in, they were astonished, and went away without saying a word. So Mary Magdalene was left alone in the garden, weeping bitterly.

Presently she saw two angels sitting inside the tomb, in the place where Jesus had been laid.

"Why weepest thou?" asked the angels.

"They have taken away my Lord," answered Mary, "and I know not where they have laid Him."

"Woman, why weepest thou?" asked another voice behind where she stood.

Mary thought it was the gardener speaking to her, so she did not turn her head, but said, between her sobs:

"O, sir, if you have taken Jesus away, tell me where you have laid Him."

Then the voice said, still more sweetly:

"Mary!"

She looked around and saw it was Jesus. Yet He was not quite the same Jesus she had known before; for His face was so radiant, His body so strangely beautiful, that her eyes could scarcely gaze on Him, so she fell down and clasped her hands about His feet, and cried, "Master!"

"Cling not to me," said Jesus, "but go unto my brethren, and tell them I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; to my God, and your God."

Then Mary went in search of the disciples and cried out, joyously: "I have seen the Lord!" and gave them His message.

Soon after He met the other women, and they, too, were amazed and fell down before Him,and that same day He appeared to His disciples, and went home and ate with them, and showed Thomas, who could not believe that He had risen from the dead, the holes in His hands and feet and in His side. Many more times Jesus appeared to His beloved disciples. At last one day He went with them to the top of the Mount of Olives, and for a long time He talked with them, and told them to go about teaching the people, telling them Jesus had died for them because He loved them so dearly.

And afterwards he blessed those dear disciples, and said loving farewell words to them; and while He blessed them a cloud came and hid Him from their sight, and He was parted from them, and ascended into Heaven, back to that good and loving Father, who had sent Him down to be the Savior of the world.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Jesus had been put to death, and He had died for others. He was placed in a grave and a stone rolled over the tomb. On the third day three women went to the grave, and found that Jesus was not there. An angel sitting there told them He had risen. They went to tell the disciples. Jesus appeared to them, and made them understand that He had really risen from the dead. He taught them how to live and to help others, and then ascended into Heaven.

All the children in the school were given seeds, so that they might produce lilies. A prize was to be given to the one who produced a rose-veined one. They all tried to win the prize. Pansy and her classmate Dorothy were both anxious to win. Dorothy was poor and needed the money, but Pansy did not. Pansy's lily proved to be the perfect one, but on the night of the award, she dropped the pot, so that Dorothy might win the prize. Dorothy understood her sacrifice. They both shared the honor, and Pansy was satisfied that her friend had the prize.

Lesson 16.

Subject: Faith.
Bible Story: "Naaman, the Leper."
Supplementary Story: "The Lord Will Provide."

NAAMAN, THE LEPER.

There was once a great man, named Naaman, living in Syria. He was one of the king's captains, and was very wealthy and honored. But he was not happy, for he had a dreadful disease, called leprosy, something which it seemed could not be cured. No one could tell him what to do to help him.

The captain's wife was talking to some of her women one day and telling them how much she would like to find something that would make her husband well; but they had little hope that it was possible to cure that loathsome disease.

A little girl who had been taken captive out of Israel stood near, and heard them talking of her master. She had been taught that God had power to heal all diseases, and that He gave His prophets power also. After listening some time, she went timidly to her mistress and said:

"I wish my master would go to the prophet in Samaria."

"Why should he go there?" asked her mistress.

"Because," the little maid answered, "the prophet would cure my master of the leprosy."

Little was thought of it at the time, but some one repeated the little girl's words, and the king of Syria heard of it. He told his captain he would send him with a letter to the Prophet Elisha's king. So in a short time Naaman went to the king with rich presents of gold and silver, and carried with him a letter, asking that he be healed of leprosy.

The letter was presented to the king, and when he read it, he exclaimed: "Do you think I am God that they send the man here to be cured of leprosy?" and he thought the king of Syria was trying to make quarrel with him.

Elisha, the prophet, heard of it, and sent word to the king to remind him that there was still a God in Israel, and told him to send the sick man to the prophet's home.

And Naaman came with his horses and carriage and stood before Elisha's door. The prophet did not come out, but sent word to him to go and bathe in the river Jordan seven times, and he should be healed.

Then the captain was insulted and very angry; for he thought Elisha would come out and do something wonderful to heal him, and he said the rivers in his own country were just as good as the river Jordan; and he went away in a rage.

Some of his servants had great faith in what Elisha had told their master; and they said that if the rophet had told him to do some great thing, he would have done it; but as it was only a simple thing, he refused. They begged him to do as the prophet had told him.

Naaman at last consented, because they had so much faith in it. He stepped down into the river Jordan, and when he had bathed seven times, his loathsome disease was all gone, and he was perfectly well. He was so delighted at being made well, that he went back and offered Elisha many beautiful presents; but the prophet would not take them. It was the Lord who had cured the captain.

Naaman believed in the true God now, for he knew that none of the idols would do for him what the God of Elisha had done.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Naaman was afflicted with a dreadful disease. He could find no one to cure him. A little maid who had been captive from Israel heard her mistress wishing that something might be done to cure him. She told them of Elisha, and that he could cure the captain. The king of Syria heard of the words of the maid, and told his captain he would send him with a letter to the king of Elisha, asking that Naaman be cured of leprosy. Naaman went with rich presents and presented the letter to the king, who thought the king of Syria wished to make a quarrel with him. Elisha sends for Naaman, and when the captain reaches his home, the prophet sends word that he should bathe seven times in the river Jordan.. Naaman is angry at this, and refuses to obey, but through the faith of his servants in the words of Elisha, he consented to bathe in the river, and was cured.

During the Rebellion times were hard with many people. One poor widow could hardly earn enough to support her family. At one time all the bread had gone, and she was unable to earn more. She trusted in the Lord, and prayed to Him for help. When she arose she found a dollar in a barrel of rags, and this helped her until she received money from the army.

Third Grade.

The lessons in this grade are giving much more satisfaction where the boys and girls have the Friend from which to prepare the lessons. The officers are advised to urge the boys and girls to read up and study the lessons at home and so be well prepared in class. Those in charge of the third grade will be much encouraged and assisted by the general adoption of the plan suggested

in the January number for this year. A little earnest push and determination to make the class a success will more than repay the efforts expended.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Lesson 13.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. Choosing a New Apostle.

References: The Acts of the Apostles, chapter 1.

After Jesus was taken up into heaven, the Apostles returned to Jerusalem, as He had commanded, to wait there until the Holy Spirit should be sent upon them. They gathered together in an upper room, and there prayed and gave thanks to God. Other disciples also were with them, the number of those who met together being about a hundred and twenty.

Then Peter stood up among them and said, Men and brethren, the words which the prophet spoke about Judas must come true, for it is written of him in the Scriptures that he should be put away from being an Apostle, and another should take his place. Therefore, of these men who have believed in Jesus, and been with Him ever since He was baptizd by John until He was taken up into heaven, one must be chosen who can go with us, and preach to the people about Jesus, and tell them that He has risen up from the dead. And the disciples agreed to what Peter said. Then they took two men, named Joseph and Mathias, and prayed, saying, Thou, Lord, who canst see every man's heart, show us which of these two thou hast chosen. And they cast lots to know which one it would be; and the lot fell on Mathias, and after that he was counted with the eleven apostles.

2. The Day of Pentecost.

References: The Acts, 2: 1—13.

When the day for the feast of harvest, or Pentecost, was come, the disciples were all met together in one place. And suddenly they heard a sound like the rushing of a great wind from heaven, which filled the house where they were sitting. And there appeared in the room what seemed to be flames of fire, in the shape of tongues, and one of these flames rested on the head of each of the disciples. Then the Holy Spirit came to them, as Jesus had promised, and they all began to speak in other languages, such as they had never understood before. This was the gift of tongues

and they were able to exercise this power through the Holy Ghost which filled them with joy. There were Jews in Jerusalem who came from countries where these different languages were spoken, and when they heard the disciples, they were astonished, and asked Do not all these men live in Galilee? How can they speak the languages of other countries? Others, who did not understand the words that the disciples spoke, mocked them, and said they had been drinking wine, and were drunk.

3. The Testimony of Peter.

Reference: The Acts 2: 14—36.

Peter, standing up with the other apostles, said to the people, These men are not drunken as you suppose, but God has sent His Holy Spirit into them. Therefore, listen, ye men of Israel, to what I now say: Jesus of Nazareth, who did great miracles among you, which showed that God had sent Him, you have taken and wickedly have put to death. But he has risen up from the dead, for it is written in the Scriptures that God would raise Him up. And we, His Apostles, have seen Him since He rose. Therefore you, and all the children of Israel, may surely know that this Jesus, whom you have crucified, is the Savior that was to com into the world.

4. The Gift of Tongues.

Reference: The Acts 2: 37—47.

When the Jews heard these words, they were filled with sorrow for what they had done, and they said to Peter, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for God has promised that He will give this blessing to you and to your children and to all who are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call when they are willing to obey His commandments. There were many present who were glad to hear the words of Peter, and they repented of their sins and asked to be baptized. There were about three thousand people baptized on that day.

After the baptisms the new believers in Jesus followed after the Apostles, listened to their teachings, prayed with them and partook of the Sacrament, and many wonders were performed by the Apostles. All who believed shared what they had so that all were equal and rejoiced in the blessings of the Gospel.

Note to Teacher: Relate story of Dr. Karl Maeser's conversion to emphasize the enjoyment by the Latter-day Saints of the gift of tongues. See vol. 2, the Children's Friend, page 368.

Lesson 14.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. At the Beautiful Gate.
Reference: The Acts 3: 1—8.

Peter and John went up together to the temple at the hour of prayer. There was a poor man, who had been lame ever since he was born, and who was carried every day by his friends and laid at the gate, called the Beautiful Gate of the temple, that he might ask alms, or gifts, of those who came to worship. This man, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked them for alms. Peter, fixing his eyes upon him, said, Look on us. And the man looked at them, for he supposed they would give him something. Then Peter said, I have no silver and gold, but what I have I will give to thee. I tell thee, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, to rise up and walk. And Peter took him by the right hand and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle-bones were made strong, and he, leaping up, stood and walked and went with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God.

2. Peter and John imprisoned.
References: The Acts 3: 12—26; 4: 1—4.

All the people saw this wonderful miracle and knew it was the man who sat and begged at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and they were filled with wonder at what had been done, and ran to where the Apostles stood. Then Peter spoke to them, saying, You men of Israel, why wonder you at this? Or why do you look so earnestly on us, as if we had made this man to walk? It is Jesus who has given us the power to make him well. Therefore, brethren, repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. While Peter and John were speaking at the temple, some of the rulers of the Jews came and listened, they were angry because the Apostles preached about Jesus being put to death and that He had risen again. It was evening time, so they put them in prison to keep them until the next day. Yet many of the people believed what the Apostles had said.

3. Peter and John Before the Rulers.
Reference: The Acts 4: 5—14.

The next day the rulers met in council. And when they brought in Peter and John, they asked them, saying, By what power did you heal the lame man? Peter answered, Ye rulers of the people, and Elders of Israel, if you ask us about the good

deed done to the lame man, and how he was healed, we tell you it was by the power of Jesus of Nazareth, whom you crucified, that he was made well. For though you counted Jesus as nothing, while He was on earth, yet God has made Him to be the ruler over us all. Neither is there any other person in all the world who can save us, except Him.

When the rulers saw that Peter and John were poor and unlearned men, and yet were bold, and without fear, in speaking before them, they were astonished. But seeing the man who had been healed standing near them, they could not deny what the Apostles had done.

4. Peter and John Go Free.

Reference: The Acts 4: 15—21.

The rulers talked among themselves, saying, What shall we do to these men, for that they have done a great miracle is known to all the people in Jerusalem, and we cannot contradict it. But that the news of it may spread no further, let us say that we will punish them if they preach any more to the people. Then they called Peter and John, and commanded them not to speak at all, nor teach about Jesus. But Peter and John answered them, saying, Whether it is right for us to obey you more than God, you yourselves may judge; for we cannot help teaching the people about Jesus, and telling them of the things that we have heard Him speak, and seen Him do. So when the rulers had threatened again to punish them, they let them go because they could not prove any evil against them.

Note to Teacher: Emphasize the fact that when Jesus had gone and the Holy Ghost sent by Him had entered the Apostles, and they began to do the works of Jesus, the same conditions followed.

Lesson 15.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. Answer to Prayer.

Reference: The Acts 4: 23—37.

When Peter and John were allowed to go free, they went to the other Apostles and the disciples who were with them, and told them all about their experiences with the rulers and how they had been forbidden to teach about Jesus. Then they all prayed together, saying, Lord, help us, that we many not be afraid to preach the Gospel; and give us power to do miracles also in Jesus' name. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken

where they were gathered together. In this way God let them know that He heard their prayer and would give them what they asked Him for. And they went out and preached again to the people, with boldness, not fearing what the rulers could do to them. And many heard them, and believed, and all who believed met together, helping and loving one another; and as many as had houses and lands sold them, and brought the money to the Apostles that they might share with those who were poor.

2. Ananias and Sapphira.

Reference: The Acts 5: 1—6.

There was a man named Ananias, and his wife Sapphira, who owned land, sold it, and agreed together that they would bring part of the money to the Apostles, and tell them that they brought all. They did this to deceive the Apostles, and make them believe they were disciples of Jesus, while, in their hearts, they were not. But God told Peter of what they had done. Therefore when Ananias came with the money, and told Peter this lie, Peter said to him, Ananias, was not the land thy own before it was sold, so that thou didst not have to sell it. And was not the money thy own after it was sold, to keep if thou didst want it? Why hast thou let Satan tempt thee to lie to the Holy Ghost? Peter said that Ananias had lied to the Holy Ghost, because the Holy Ghost was with Peter and the other Apostles, helping them to teach the disciples, and to set up Christ's kingdom on earth.

Then Peter told Ananias that when he lied to the Holy Ghost he lied to God. As soon as Peter, had spoken these words, Ananias fell down dead. So the Lord punished him for his sin. And when the disciples saw that he was dead, the young men who were there took him and put grave-clothes upon him, and carried him out and buried him.

3. Death of Sapphira.

Reference: The Acts 5: 7—10.

About three hours afterward, his wife, Sapphira, not knowing what had happened, came to the place where the disciples were. And Peter asked her, saying, Tell me,was the money thy husband brought us, all that you received for the land? She answered, Yes. And Peter said to her, Why have you agreed together to try and deceive the spirit of the Lord? Behold, the men are at the door who have just buried thy husband, and they shall also carry thee out. Then she fell down at Peter's feet and died; and the young men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.

4. Healing the Sick.

Reference: The Acts 5: 11—16.

And great fear came upon all who heard these things, so that no others dare try to deceive the Apostles as Ananias and Sapphira had done. And the Apostles preached to the people and did miracles among them, and many believed, both of men and women. And they brought out sick persons on beds and couches, and laid them in the streets, that if Peter could not touch them, at least his shadow might fall on them as he passed by, to make them well. There came also a multitude out of the cities around Jerusalem, bringing with them those who were sick and who had evil spirits, and they were every one healed.

Lesson 16.

Review the previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. The Apostles Imprisoned.

Reference: The Acts 5: 17—23.

Then the high priest and the Sadducees, being angry at the Apostles, took hold of them and put them in the common prison. But in the night, the angel of the Lord came down and opened the prison doors and brought them out, and said, Go up to the temple and preach the Gospel to the people. And they did as the angel commanded; for early in the morning they went up to the temple and preached there. But the high priest and the Sadducees, not knowing what the angel had done, called the council together, and sent to the prison to have the Apostles brought. And the officers went to the prison, but did not find them. Then they came back to the council, saying, The prison, truly, we found shut, and the guards were keeping watch before the doors, but the men for whom you sent us were not there.

2. The Apostles Before the Rulers.

Reference: The Acts 5: 24—32.

And the rulers in the council wondered what this could mean. But while they were in doubt about it, there came a messenger who said, The men whom you put in prison, are standing in the temple, teaching the people. Then the officers went and brought the Apostles, yet without doing them any harm, lest the people should be angry. And when they had set them before the council, the high priest asked them, saying, Did we not command you to speak no more about Jesus? But you have not obeyed us. Then Peter and the other Apostles answered, and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. That Jesus whom you slew on the cross, God has raised up again, as a Savior, to give the Jews an

opportunity to repent and be forgiven for their sins. And we, His Apostles, are sent to tell you of these things.

3. Gamaliel.

Reference: The Acts 5: 33—39.

When the high priest and the rulers heard what the Apostles said, they were filled with madness against them, and talked with one another about putting them to death. Then stood up one of the rulers, a learned man named Gamaliel, who was much thought of by all the Jews, and he commanded that the Apostles should be sent out of the council for a little while. When they had gone, Gamaliel said, Ye rulers of Israel, be careful what you do to these men. For a good while ago, a man named Theudas rose up, pretending that he was some great person, and about four hundred men followed him and obeyed what he told them. But before long he was slain, and all who had obeyed him separated from one another. Afterward another man, named Judas, of Galilee, persuaded many persons to follow him, but he also perished, and those who had gone with him were scattered. And now, I say to you, let these men alone and do them no harm; for if what they teach be untrue it will soon come to nothing; but if God has sent them to speak to the people, you cannot stop them, and if you try to do so, you will be fighting against God.

4. Suffering for Jesus' Sake.

Reference: The Acts 5: 40—42.

And the men in the council agreed to what Gamaliel said. Yet they beat the Apostles, and commanded them not to preach any more, before they would let them go. Then the Apostles went out of the council rejoicing that they were allowed to suffer pain for Jesus' sake. For by this time they had learned that Jesus did not come to be an earthly king, and that they would not be made rich and great by preaching His Gospel, but would stay poor, and be persecuted like Him, and that there was no reward for them in this life.

Note to Teacher: A strong point in this lesson is the similarity in the lives and experiences of the Apostles and disciples of former-days with the history of the Latter-day Saints.

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SARAH 'LIZBETH'S BOND.

The battered teakettle was pushed forward on the rusty stove, a foot in a shoe that was ripped and partly unlaced banged the oven door shut, and preparation for supper seemed to come to a standstill. Mrs. Nevins pushed back a stray wisp of hair, surveyed the disordered kitchen, and then addressed the eldest of the half dozen children that occupied it:

"Sarah 'Lizbeth, you run up to Miss Brown's an' borrow a drawin' of tea."

"Borry it, mother?" repeated Sarah 'Lizbeth, with a note of surprise in her voice.

"Of course, child; how else would we get it?" answered the mother, fretfully. "We ain't got none, nor no money to buy with. Here, take this cup an' run along."

Sarah 'Lizbeth pulled a faded and dejected-looking sunbonnet over her face, and trudged up the road still wondering. There had been so many vicissitudes in her short life that it scarcely seemed as if she ought to be surprised at anything: but this step-mother's reign was comparatively new, and newer to Sarah 'Lizbeth than the other children, because she had lived with her grandmother most of the two years since her father's death.

"I don't see how we're going to buy tea to pay it back," she confided to the golden-rod by the roadside as she looked into the empty cup.

It was not empty on her return, and if Mrs. Brown shared the young borrower's doubt, she said nothing. The next morning she was sent to borrow sugar from another neighbor, and went quite as a matter of course. Then Susie borrowed a few potatoes somewhere for dinner, and even small Maria borrowed molasses—a scanty and somewhat grudgingly bestowed supply—for the family mush. But George Henry, a little later in the week, returned from a fruitless quest with the information that "Mis' Bacom said she didn't have no flour to spare, and she said it real cross, too."

Sarah 'Lizbeth began a cautious investigation.

"Do you ever take back the things you borrow?" she asked of Maria.

"No; mebby Susie taken 'em," answered the child. That sounded comforting, but the older sister did not dare to rest upon it too hopefully. Susie was equally vague when questioned, and George Henry said he didn't know. Evidently, the matter did not trouble anyone but Sarah 'Lizbeth. Her own turn came again very speedily.

"Run up to Mis' Brown and borrow a couple of eggs—three, if she's got 'em," commanded Mrs. Nevins hurriedly.

Sarah 'Lizbeth looked distressed, then took her courage in her hands.

"Mother," she ventured, "have we paid her that tea we got the other day?"

"No; I ain't had none to pay with, an' all you got is 'bout used up, too; an' then I don't know what we'll do," complained Mrs. Nevins. "I always pay when I can, an' when I can't I can't, an' no more can anybody. But that's nothing to do with the eggs. Are you goin' to mind me, Sarah 'Lizbeth, or ain't you?"

So Sara 'Lizbeth went dutifully on her way without more ado, but the young face under the sunbonnet was very thoughtful. The feet in the shabby shoes pursued their way slowly, while their owner pondered ways and means. It was a timid voice that finally made known its errand in the neighbor's kitchen, a bright, tidy room, very unlike the one at home.

"Mother says could you please let her have two eggs, or three? And, Mis' Brown, could I—would you—might I come over and wash dishes, or take care of the baby, or something tomorrow to pay you for that drawin' of tea we had?"

"What's that, child?" Mrs. Brown who had brought the eggs with a peculiar little smile of resignation, suddenly became interested. "What's that, Sarah 'Lizbeth?"

"If you'd just let me pay it back in work, I'd—I'd rather do it that way," pleaded Sarah 'Lizbeth, her honest eyes uplifted now, and her plain face eager.

"Oh, the tea didn't amount to much." The neighbor's kindly face flushed as she remembered her thought a minute before. "But you can help—and I don't see why you can't—I'd be glad enough to have you. Tomorrow is baking day. Yes, come over in the morning."

Sarah 'Lizbeth went home with a face so much brighter than that which she had taken away, that her mother felt justified in her oft-repeated opinion that children were "queer." The

queerness was still more apparent when the girl went cheerily away to her self-imposed task the next day.

No one ever knew what a pleasure and inspiration that forenoon in a comfortable, well-ordered home was to Sarah 'Lizbeth. Her grandmother's little home, plain though it was, had been well managed, but at that time the little girl had supposed neatness and good order to be the law of the universe, and had paid small heed to it. Now, her observant eye took note of everything in the cozy house.

Baby Brown liked his new nurse, and long before the morning was over his mother shared heartily in his opinion.

"You're good help, and I'd like to have you come often when there's extra work or I'm needing somebody," she said, bestowing a dime and a half dozen cookies.

Sarah 'Lizbeth looked at the offered compensation with mingled longing and astonishment.

"That tea, Mis' Brown: you've forgot the tea," she stammered, "and the eggs—I'd like to work them out, too, if you don't mind."

"Why, you have," declared Mrs. Brown, with cheering positiveness. "I haven't paid you a cent too much for what you've done."

So Sarah 'Lizbeth carried her treasure home, and met another problem as soon as she crossed the threshold. Her mother was absent, and Tommy was munching a large red apple and holding fast to another of the same tempting dimensions.

"Oh, Tommy! Where did you get 'em?" demanded the sister, with thoroughly childish appreciation in her eyes.

"You may have one," said Tommy, generously. "I got 'em down at the store. I just went in and asked Mr. Brady—I know him real well—if he'd trust me for a couple of apples, and he said he reckoned he'd have to, bein' 'twas me," explained Tommy, with a lofty and business-like air. "Well, what makes you look like that?" he asked, for there was consternation in Sarah 'Lizbeth's face.

"When are you going to pay for 'em?" she questioned in reply.

"I don't know; some time or another," said Tommy not quite so easily, for Sarah 'Lizbeth's gaze was disquieting.

"Well, it's going to be right now," declared Sarah 'Lizbeth. Don't touch that other apple. We'll give it back to Mr. Brady, and pay him for this one. Getting things from other folks when you never mean to pay for 'em is just like stealing, Tommy Nevins; it's worse'n begging."

"Mother gits trusted," complained Tommy, sulkily, as he allowed himself to be dragged along.

"She pays when her pension money comes—far as it'll reach." Sarah 'Lizbeth uttered the last words hesitatingly, for she was beginnig to understand that the pittance never did entirely "reach."

"Want to pay right away, eh? Well, that comes pretty near to being a cash customer," said Mr. Brady, taking in the situation with twinkling eyes as the two children stood before him. "Let's see. Apples are cheap this year, so I reckon they'd be about three for a penny. You take one more apple and give me a cent, and that'll fix it."

He looked after them and laughed as they went away. "That's the little girl that's lately come here. Plucky little piece! Shouldn't wonder if she reformed the tribe."

That, indeed, was the task Sarah 'Lizbeth had undertaken, though in her childish simplicity she did not call it by that name, nor realize its proportions. She often went to Mrs. Brown's and here and there among the neighbors, doing whatever she found to do, finding more and more as her reputation for being helpful and "handy" steadily increased and contributing freely to the family support all that she earned.

Mrs. Nevins made no objections. From when the evening the nine cents were laid beside her plate, and the fresh cookies were added to the supper table, she even approved in a languid fashion.

The borrowing, Sarah 'Lizbeth could not at once stop; that was beyond her province, but she kept a watchful eye upon it all. When Tommy was sent for "a little flour," he was waylaid with secret instructions to ask if he might not carry water or rake the yard in payment, and when Susie asked the loan of a bar of soap she gravely added the inducement that Sarah 'Lizbeth would "tend to its being paid."

"Sarah 'Lizbeth's on the bond," came to be a village saying in regard to favors bestowed upon the Nevins. But under the jesting words lay a sincere and growing respect for the sturdy, honest little maiden who was slowly impressing her creed and her example upon the whole family. Sometimes it fretted the mother, as it interfered with the easy carelessness of old ways.

But when George Henry, stirred to emulation, came home one evening with a silver quarter which he had earned by digging potatoes, the mother regarded him thoughtfully.

"If all children 'd take to doin' that way we could live like other folks after a while," she remarked as if a new idea had just occurred to her. "Dear knows, I'd like to slick up and be somebody!"

It was slow progress, and Sarah 'Lizbeth did not see as clearly as did others the extent of her work. She only persisted in it

doggedly, taking more and more responsibility upon her young shoulders.

"I've got a place in Mr. Brady's store for all vacation," announced George Henry proudly, two or three years later. "He says Sarah 'Lizbeth's brother ought to be good for something."

Sarah 'Lizbeth's plain face beamed. It was freckled and burned by sun and wind, the light hair was drawn back plainly from it, the shoulders were more stooped than their years would have warranted, and the hands busied with an apron for little Maria were rough and red. But no one had need to pity her; she was a picture of content that day. Tommy, Susie and Maria had been comfortably dressed and kept in school all the year. In her eyes they were becoming models of learning as they were certainly growing more helpful and useful every day. The home had changed its character in many ways, since George Henry had a place."

"My! ain't we lucky!" said Mrs. Nevins.—S. S. Visitor.

THE LITTLE TREE.

One September day, not many years ago, a gentleman ordered, from a greenhouse, a half dozen fine, young pear trees. When they came he had his gardener set five of them in a row through the garden, but there not being room for the sixth, it was planted in a far off corner in the shadow of a building, and in a place where the soil was not so good as that in which the others were set.

The next spring the gardener brought his rake and wheelbarrow, and took away all the rubbish from the ground around the five trees, leaving it neat and clean. His next task was to bring his spade and turn the soil over, digging down about eighteen inches, till nothing could be seen but rich, black loam. He then laid off neat beds and ridges, and planted many seeds and bulbs.

Soon came the pleasant April rain and the warm May sunshine, and ere many weeks passed the five young pear trees found themselves surrounded by a fine vegetable garden, which was carefully watched and tended by the old gardener, until its like was not to be found anywhere near.

Now, these young trees, while they were yet in the nursery, had been loved by their owner, and praised so much to every visitor, that they thought they were the greatest trees in the world. So when they saw the gardener's work, and the neat

beds all around them filled with the finest vegetables, they thought all this had been done for their benefit alone, and they were more filled with pride than before.

Of course, all this digging and turning of the soil around their roots had really been good for them, and as the summer passed they grew and grew, until they had become quite tall, with glossy leaves and waving branches.

All this time no attention had been paid to the little tree in the distant corner. No one had turned the soil around her, and as she had been set quite close to a building she only had the sunshine for a couple of hours in the afternoon; but in spite of all this she tried her best to grow and make a fine tree, like her sisters over in the garden. She was sorry to be separated from them, and that they seemed to have forgotten her, for they never looked toward where she stood in her loneliness. Still she kept on trying to grow, but when autumn came she was not half so large as her sister trees.

Sometimes she would stretch out her leafy arms, and wave and nod to her sister trees, trying thus to tell them that she still loved and though of them; but they were too grand to notice her at all, and only to the bees and birds did she tell how lonely she was.

She once told her troubles to a large bee who was a great friend of hers. "Never mind!" said he, "you are not so large or fine, but your blossoms are far sweeter. Why, the queen of our hive will eat no honey except what is gathered from your flowers."

This was a great comfort to the tree, and after that she tried harder than ever to grow; but one day her courage almost failed. The master came walking through the garden, examining the vegetables and fruit. Soon he reached the spot where the dwarf tree stood. After looking at her a moment he said: "Well, Pat, you may as well cut this one down; it isn't going to do any good, that is plain."

"It's blossoms are mighty fine and sweet, sir," said Pat.

"Yes, but see how few there are, while the others are filled; and it is not half so large as the others."

How sorrowful the poor little tree was that night. Each day she expected to be cut down and thrown on the big pile of rubbish which was collecting for the autumn's big bonfire. Whenever she saw the gardener with his tools upon his shoulder she trembled. At length she thought the time had come, for the gardener came and began working around her roots. She found, that instead of cutting her down, as she had expected, he took his fork and turned all the sod around, as he had done for all the others in the early spring. Then he brought one barrow-load

after another of rich dirt from the cow stable to spread on the soil, and wiping his warm face with his shirt-sleeve, remarked: "We'll see what that'll do for you," then, taking his tools and wheelbarrow, he went trudging away.

Another surprise, however, awaited the tree, for very soon a number of men came and tore down the old building which had stood between her and the sweet, warm sunshine. Then, indeed, she felt altogether different as she lifted her head to the blue, blue sky, and as the bright summer days passed she grew more than ever before.

Now, all this time the pear had a secret. She did not tell it to her friends, the bees and birds; not even to the little wren that built its nest among her branches, but thought, "When the time comes I will tell it to my master."

One day, about the middle of September, he again came walking through the garden, looking at the vegetables and fruit. On reaching the little tree he paused in astonishment.

"Why, Pat, this is not the tree I ordered you to cut down!" he exclaimed.

"The same, sir," replied the gardener; "I thought you'd be quite surprised when you saw it again. How it has grown this summer."

"Well, I should think so!" and he stood wondering at the change.

"Now," thought the tree, "now is the time," and very softly and gently she let fall at his feet a great, golden pear, with a rosy flush on its cheek; quite the largest and finest one he had ever seen.

In great delight he picked it up, admiring its large size and fine color, while the gardener stood by, as much surprised and fully as proud as he. On examination they found that this was only one of half a dozen, the others being almost equally large and fine.

It so happened that there was soon to be a chrysanthemum show in that place, and in addition to the usual floral prizes a special one of fifty dollars was offered for the finest fruit of different varieties. As this gentleman was interested in such things he decided to enter the pears for this prize. When the time came he did so, and at the close of the fair found himself the winner.

Words cannot tell the joy of the little pear-tree when she learned of this; but perhaps you wonder how she found it out? Well, it happened this way:

Her old friend, the bee, had been sent to this show by the queen of his hive to obtain honey, for her special use, from the finest of the specimens there, and while there the wind whis-

pered the good news to him and he hastened home to tell the little tree.

"Oh, friend Bee," she said, "how glad I am that I took your advice and kept on trying." But only the little wren, as she sat by her deserted nest that night—only she heard the faint, sweet sigh which the little tree sent up, as a prayer of thanksgiving that she had been spared to do "some little good, however lowly." —Maggie Brooks Roberts.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In a little town, near what is now called Council Bluffs, on September 18th, 1848, a little boy was born. He was named John Henry Smith. He is now one of the Apostles. When he was just a little over a year old, he took a long journey over the plains to Salt Lake City.

The boyhood of John Henry was spent in much the same way as that of other Utah lads of this time. One of his early occupations was that of herding cattle on the Provo bench and in the "bottoms," along the shore of Utah Lake. He was a large and powerful boy for his age, and was always considered by other boys as a genial, good-natured companion, full of life and fun.

For several years after the first settlement of Provo the Indians of the vicinity were from time to time exceedingly troublesome, and though John Henry was but a youth at that period, he had some adventures with them. At one time he was shot at by a redskin, but escaped without injury.

When he was in his fourteenth year he came very near being drowned in the Provo river, but was saved in a miraculous manner. This circumstance took place on June 8, 1862, when he, in company with Thomas and George F. Brown, attempted to cross that stream in a small boat. It was at a time when the water was very high and turbulent. The boat capsized in the stream and John Henry became entangled in some driftwood, and remained under water for some time. Those standing on the shore who witnessed the mishap feared he was lost, owing to the length of time he remained beneath the water. Suddenly, however, by some unseen power he was lifted onto the bank of the river and was rescued. It was subsequently learned that at the time when this accident happened his father, who was then in Salt Lake City, had been forcibly impressed that his son was in extreme danger, and he prayed to the Lord to save the boy, and his prayer was answered in the remarkable way just mentioned. —From "Lives of Our Leaders."

CLARA BARTON AND "THE RED CROSS."

Once upon a time, in a little town in the east, there lived a little girl named Clara Barton. This little girl used to count herself just the luckiest child in the whole town; for she had four already grown up brothers and sisters, and these four were glad to play with baby Clara.

When she was three years old, brother Stephen, who taught the village school, used to wrap little Clara in a big, warm shawl, perch her on his broad shoulders and trot away to school with her. This was great fun, and I am sure one could hardly say which felt the prouder—the good natured big brother or the tiny little sister.

At first Clara was only a visitor at Stephen's school; but it was only a few weeks before, little as she was, the child could read quite a little. Big brother Stephen bought a book for her, and I am sure he thought there never was a little sister so wonderful as his.

Clara had another brother—David. David did not teach school, but loved to spend his days hunting and fishing and riding. This brother, too, loved baby Clara, and was never so happy as when he could take her with him. So brother David would go off with her into the fields to gather flowers; down to the brooks to fish; and into the forests to gather nuts. But the best fun of all was when David would mount one horse, place her upon another—holding her by the hand—and away they would canter up and down the roads, over hills and down dales, till the color would came into her cheeks and her eyes would shine like stars.

This little girl never had any dolls to play with. "I didn't need to have," she used to say; "for we had quite a large farm, and there were always sick chickens, or lame sheep, or hurt dogs to be taken care of; and I was always so busy with these, and I loved them so, and was so sorry for them, that a doll did not please me. How could it? It had no life; the dear sick little birds and animals loved me and I loved them."

Once, when Clara Barton was only eleven or twelve years old, her big brother was very ill. The doctor was afraid he could not get well. "Nothing but the very best nursing can save his life," said he. "He must be watched every minute night and day, and the medicine must be given with great care."

"Whom shall we get?" everybody asked. There was no one in the village they dared trust him with.

"Send for Clara," the sick boy begged.

And Clara, then away to school, was sent for. You may be sure she lost no time hurrying to her brother, and for many a long day and night the little girl sat by his bedside; and when, by and by, the sick boy began to grow well again, the doctor said, "You are a born nurse, little Clara. I believe you have saved your brother's life."

Clara's father had been a soldier; and nothing delighted him more, now that he was a simple farmer, than to take the little girl on his knee and tell her all about the wars he had been in and the battles he had fought. And the child, her eyes growing bigger and bigger and bigger as she listened to the wonderful stories, would beg for more stories, more and more. Then the father would say, "Let's play soldier!"

Then Clara would march and countermarch, wheel right and left, present arms, salute—her father always giving the commands.

The big brothers had made little Clara some wooden soldiers. They were rude little toys, but every one of them was beautiful to Clara. The biggest one she called Mad Anthony Wayne, because her father had fought under that brave man, and had told her hundreds of stories about him.

Clara and her father would set the soldiers up in lines, march them against each other, storm forts, and take prisoners, till Clara knew all about war and battles.

"You are a born soldier," her father would say. So you see this wonderful woman showed, even when she was a very little girl, that she was a "born nurse" and a "born soldier."

Is it any wonder, then, when Clara Barton came to be a woman, and a terrible war broke out in our land, that she took her place at once upon the battlefield?

All during the war, she went from battlefield to battlefield, and from hospital to hospital, taking care of the sick and wounded soldiers with that same care that had tended the little sick farm friends, and saved her own brother's life when she was only a little girl.

After the war was over, and she had done all she could for the soldiers, she went away to Switzerland to rest. She was ill and very tired from the hard work; and the doctors told her she must keep very still there among the beautiful hills, and do no more work for long, long months.

But the kind lady had only been there a little time, when war was declared between France and Prussia. Then people began to come to her, begging her to come on to the battle-

grounds and do for the sick and dying soldiers there, what she had done on the battlefields of her own country.

She was taken to the beautiful princess—daughter of King William—and together these two women worked and worked for the soldiers. It was here that Clara Barton heard first of the Red Cross Society.

Now, this Red Cross Society seemed to Clara Barton a beautiful thing. She begged the princess to tell her all about it and to allow her to join it, too.

This is how the Red Cross Society came to be formed. Some kind people saw how cruel it was to leave the dead and dying soldiers uncared for on the battlefields. These kind people began to ask the government and the army officers if they would not promise to it that no suffering soldier should be left uncared for.

"We will take care of our own soldiers, of course," said the officers; "but surely you do not expect us to take care of the enemy's wounded soldiers, do you?" "Yes," said the kind people, "we do." "After a soldier has been shot down in battle and is suffering and perhaps dying, we think he should no longer be thought of as an enemy. He should be thought of as a suffering brother who needs care."

It was a long time before these kind people could make the governments and the army officers agree with them, but after a great deal of talking it over, the countries of Europe came to believe these people were right. Then each country sent a man to meet the other men from the other countries, and thy all sat down and wrote out a long paper. This paper was called a "treaty."

In this treaty they agreed to do just what the kind people had wanted them to. "Henceforth," so the treaty read, "no soldier shall be left dying upon the battle-fields, no matter whether he was friend or foe. Nurses and doctors should go up and down the battlefields, and all the wounded should be gathered up and be taken to the hospital. Then they should all have the kindest care. The nurses and soldiers should never be harmed by either the soldiers of friendly armies or of unfriendly armies. Both should be found to treat the nurses and doctors with respect and courtesy as they went from field to field."

Then the people began to wonder what they should call this new society, which all the best European countries had joined. And after a long time they decided to call it the "Red Cross."

"We must have a flag," said the Red Cross people. So then they made their beautiful flag with the Red Cross upon

it. This flag floats always over their hospitals, and they carry it with them on to the battlefields, and every man or woman who serves on the battlefield or in the hospital wears a badge with the Red Cross upon it. By this, the armies always know the Red Cross workers and so do them no harm. Often these Red Cross people would gather up dying soldiers from both armies and carry them to the same hospital. Often these foes would lie side by side, watched over by the same Red Cross nurses.

After this war was over, Clara Barton came back to America. "We, too, must join the Red Cross," she said. And then for years and years she worked to try to make the United States government understand it, and help to form a Red Cross Society here in America. It was a long time before she succeeded; but the Society was formed at last, and Clara Barton was made its president.

We have had no wars since then, and we hope we never shall have, but the Red Cross of America uses its money to help suffering whenever they find it, and if there should be another war, the Red Cross nurses and doctors would go on to the battlefields ready to help any poor soldier who was suffering, whether friend or enemy, just as they did in the European war, where Clara Barton first served so bravely as a Red Cross nurse.—E. S. T.

HEALED BY THE POWER OF GOD.

By Elder Walter E. Grant, of the Liverpool Conference.

As the autumn days of 1903 closed in upon our homestead in Utah, my father was taken very sick. His case was a very strange one, and the doctors could not understand it for some time. However, from its diagnosis, it was found that he was stricken with yellow jaundice. Remedies were administered, but without avail. Each succeeding day or week brought darker gloom. Months passed on, only to see him grow worse. His flesh seemed to vanish with the ruddy color of his cheeks; his body seemed on fire; his eyes turned yellow; his beard and even the hair upon his head became dead and crisp. The agonizing pains that racked his body were indescribable.

For months I sat by his bedside. Ofttimes, in the dead of night, as I gazed upon his withering form the thought came to

my mind, Why has the Lord permitted such an affliction to come upon him? But I still trusted in the Lord.

Winter began in earnest. The holidays of Thanksgiving and Christmas passed in gloom. I saw the old year out and the new year in, while sitting beside my father's bedside. We heard the merry sleigh bells, the laughter of young people, and the song, "While we Hail the Bright New Year," was wafted to our ears. During the cold months of frost and snow, many doctors of medicine paid us visits, but all had the same story: "It is an utter impossibility for your father to recover." However, we still had faith.

I remember one night I had a very strange dream concerning him. I saw him in a more critical condition than he ever had been. I saw the yellow in his flesh turn to a dark brown and green. Then I saw the doctor counting, as he thought, the few breaths between life and death. Then I saw him raised from his bed of affliction and torment by the power of the Almighty. I often thought of this dream, and knew if he was raised it would be by the power of the Lord. Time passed on, and I kept these things to myself until I saw it all verified.

One night he was very bad. He imagined a great, black man was trying to place iron bands upon him; but he thought that his eldest son Hyrum came to his rescue. At that time Hyrum was in Kansas City, Mo., at school, but we learned afterward that at the time my father thought he was present, Hyrum had been fasting forty-eight hours, and was shown in a vision, or dream, the exact condition of my father, and seemed to be at his bedside.

Many times the Elders administered unto him, and the Patriarch had promised him that he should, in the Lord's due time, gain perfect health and strength. All of our family believed these words, because we knew they were promised by the holy men of God, under His inspiration. But still he continued to wither. The color of his flesh changed from yellow to dark brown and green. Then when the doctor stood over him with his watch —my dream flashed before me and I knew what the doctor would say. We stood breathless, and the moment the doctor said, "He is dead," we Elders placed our hands upon his dead, my brother-in-law, Fred J. Pack, being mouth. We were united, and as ser-servants of the living God commanded every part of his body to work according to the laws of nature. Three minutes after our hands were removed, his heart was beating normal again. He then opened his eyes and smiled.

From that time he continued to improve, until he has been restored to perfect health, thus filfilling the words of the Patriarch.

In the fall of 1904, at the Davis Stake conference, he was

made the president over the Davis Stake of Zion. This was in fulfillment of a prophecy uttered at our home August 15, 1901, by President John W. Hess. Today my father is enjoying better health than he has for many years.

I testify with words of soberness that the incident here narrated is true; that God did have respect to our humble pleadings; that father was raised from his bed of affliction and that it was by the power of God and not of man.

MOTHER NATURE'S HOUSE CLEANING.

One morning when the winter days were nearly over, Mother Nature called the workers of her household together:

"My dear helpers," said she, "it is certainly time for us to be planning for our summer boarders. The Robins, Bluebirds, Orioles, and ever so many more have already sent word that they will come early this year. We must work rapidly or they will arrive before our house is in order. The first thing to be done is to take the heavy winter coverings of ice and snow from the brooks, fields and woods. My dear Sun, you will help us by doing that, I am sure. They are too heavy for the rest of us to lift."

The good, kind Sun began his part of the work at once, but the coverings were so heavy that it kept him busy for many a day.

"Next," said Mother Nature, "I need every one of my fairy brooms."

While she was speaking they came rushing in. They were a merry crowd, these fairy brooms. They could not keep still for a minute. As they came in they were playing "tag," "pussy wants a corner," or turning somersaults, but they knew how to work as well as play, and when they knew what Mother Nature wanted they began to do it at once. The largest, strongest broom of all, whom they called "March Wind," swept all the dead branches from the trees, brushed down long icicles which the good Sun had not been able to find, and then with the help of all the smaller fairies, he began to sweep the floor.

It took a long, long time, to clean every nook and corner and brush away the brown leaves which had been lying about all winter. Every corner must be well aired. The fairies were so playful that they would stop in their work, some days to run away with a little girl's hat, or help a little boy fly his kite. But there were so many of the "brooms" that the work was all done

by the time Mother Nature was ready with her water buckets. For, of course, as soon as the house had been well aired and swept, it must be washed and scrubbed and scoured until it looked like new. Pailful after pailful was dashed into the corners. Everything was drenched and not a speck of dust could find room to hide anywhere. Then the Sun came again, and made the whole house, corners and all, dry once more.

"Now then," said Mother Nature, "I shall lay my new carpet." Such a beautiful, green carpet as it was; softer than velvet and so delicately colored; and it was fastened down with patches of violets, blue and white, yellow buttercups, and pink anemones. Mother Nature wanted to stop and look at it when it was all down, but the curtains must be hung at all the woodland and orchard windows. Lacy curtains, most of them green, but those which hung in the apple orchard windows were so heavily embroidered with pink and white that the green could scarcely be seen.

Then the curtains were trimmed with new fringes of ferns, and all the log and stone seats in the woods were newly upholstered with green moss velvet.

All this work was done just in time, for the summer guests were already arriving and looking about for rooms. The whole house was so fresh and lovely and so conveniently arranged that most of them found difficulty in deciding which rooms to take. Mother Nature was patient with them all and finally they were settled and the house was filled. From the Frogs who took rooms beside the brook, to the Robins who chose an apartment in Maple tree Tower, all were happily suited and the summer's gaieties began.—Mary Ethelwyn Lylla.

THE TALE OF A GOLD NUGGET.

Two better boy friends than Dick Hartman and Will Grayson never lived. They had traveled together in covered wagons all the way from Kansas to Arizona, where their parents had come with the hope of succeeding at mining. Both boys were almost fifteen—strong, active, and fond of out-door sports.

Soon after settling in the canyon Hartman and Grayson went to prospecting, trying to locate a rich claim. The boys, imitating the example of their fathers, entered into a contest to see which should be the first to discover some of "the precious." With picks and hammers they often went digging and pounding among the rocks farther up the canyon than where their fathers had tunneled into the side of the mountain.

"I wish we could find something before our fathers do," said Dick, one morning while he and Will were prospecting.

"It would be a good joke on them if we should," laughed Will.

They were digging in the dry bed of a former stream. Suddenly Dick ran up to Will in great astonishment.

"Look, Will!" he cried. "I've found a nugget, larger than those the old miner showed us."

"So you have," returned Will, examining the little yellow lump in Dick's palm.

"I'm in luck. Hurrah!" shouted Dick.

"Well, if I could find a nugget I might have something to get gay over, too," said Will, a sign of envy in his tones.

"Keep on digging and maybe you'll find one," returned Dick.

Will took the advice, but his face wore a somewhat sullen expression. For, contrary to Dick's customary manner of helpfulness, he went away by himself where he found the golden lump, leaving Will alone. Nor did he invite his friend to come and dig where he had made his "find."

Several minutes the boys picked away silently in the black sand. Then Will, with a tone of disappointment, said:

"A fellow might dig away in this old gravel till the cows come home, and then not find another nugget."

"Don't be discouraged, Will."

"There's nothing here for me. I'm going down to the tunnel," and Will walked rapidly away.

Dick looked after him a few moments, then gave a short whistle.

"I didn't think Will'd act cross at my luck. I suppose he's put out because I was first to find something. Well, if he's that foolish, he can go. I won't coax him up."

Next morning, after chopping some wood for his mother, Dick shouldered his pick with a superior air, and marched away up the canyon, as if he had taken up nugget-finding as a profession. Will's marked coolness kept him from asking his friend to accompany him.

But Dick came home to dinner with a very woe-begone expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Will, who was sitting on a log making something with his jackknife.

"I've lost my nugget," answered Dick.

"How?" asked Will.

"I don't know exactly. It must have slipped out of my pocket while I was digging. Anyway, I can't find it now," and Dick

thrust his hand into his pocket again, as if to reassure himself for the hundredth time that his prize was really lost.

That afternoon Dick went back up the canyon and searched carefully every place where he had been that morning. But he looked in vain. The lost nugget could not be found.

Will Grayson did not join in the search. Instead he took his pick and hammer and went away by himself farther up the canyon. He called out to Dick as he went past him:

"You don't find the nugget business as profitable as you did, do you?"

"Mind your own business, Will Grayson," returned Dick, in an angry voice.

"That's just what I'm doing, old cross-patch, nugget-scratch," said Will, hurrying off.

"Well, don't take the trouble to speak to me, old envy-breeches. I know you're as glad as you can be because I lost that nugget."

Will's only answer was a prolonged whistle, that made Dick angrier than ever.

So the estrangement grew, until neither boy would speak to the other.

One day as Dick was passing up the canyon he discovered Will Grayson in conversation with Mr. Richie, a mining expert, who was looking at some claims in Bear Mouth Canyon.

"Where did you find the nugget?" Dick overheard the expert ask Will.

"It is a fine one," said the expert, examining it critically. "I should like to buy it for a watch charm. Will you take seventy dollars for it?"

Will accepted the offer and took the money to his mother.

"He has found my nugget and sold it to that expert," said Dick to himself, burning with a sense of his great wrong. "I remember now that I went to the spring, knelt down, and took a drink."

The next day when Will made his appearance in a pair of fancy, high-topped boots, a purchase from the miners' supply store down the canyon, Dick could not refrain from calling out:

"You feel pretty big, don't you, Will Grayson, strutting around in a new pair of high-toppers bought with some of the money you got for selling my nugget!"

Will gave a long whistle.

"Your nugget!" he cried. "Look here, Dick Hartman, I'm no thief. It wasn't your old nugget I found and sold. But if you keep on saying it was you can take off your coat and we'll settle it right here."

Dick looked at the square chin and angry eyes of the boy before him, and he knew that Will meant just what he said. Dick was not a coward, but he hated to fight. Fighting always reminded him of angry dogs.

"I won't fight you, Will, if you have wronged me," he said, walking quickly away.

"Wronged!" cried Will. "You're the one that's wronging me. Go to that expert with me and I'll prove it wasn't your nugget."

But Dick did not pay any attention to Will's request.

Two days after Will had sold the nugget to the expert, Dick came into the tent and said:

"Mother, have you mended my coat yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, but I will now if you need it," said his mother.

"Father wants me to go with him over to Badger Gulch, and it looks like it might rain."

"You will need your heavier coat, then. I'll mend it right away." And she took down the coat from the nail upon which Dick had hung it the very day he had found the nugget.

Suddenly his mother exclaimed:

"Why, Dick, what did you put this rock between the lining for?" and she tried to remove some hard substance which had caught against the back seam in the boy's coat.

"I didn't put anything in there, mother."

"I see; there's a small hole in the pocket and it has slipped through that. One of your specimens, I suppose. Here it is," and she held up to Dick's astonished view a lump of gold.

"My nugget!" he cried, half delirious with joy. Then snatching it from her hand he rushed out to where Will sat looking somewhat forlorn upon the woodpile.

It did not take Dick long to tell Will all about the finding of the nugget and to ask pardon for his suspicion.

"I guess finding this little lump of gold kind of made me selfish and puffed me up," said Dick.

"Well, I'd no business to act cross over your luck like I did," said Will.

"Let's not think any more about it. I'm going over to Badger Gulch with father, and you're going with me. I found some specimens there that father thinks are promising. We'll stake out a claim, and if it turns out well I'm going to take you in as a partner."

A half hour later two boys, laughing and whistling, rode up the canyon on old Pilot's back, the same good friends they had been before the trouble came.—Selected.

BABY'S BEDTIME STORY.

"Come, baby," said mamma, "it is time to go to Sleepy Land."

"My don't want to," said baby with a funny shake of her dear little head. "My isn't sleepy."

"Oh," said mamma, "you are like the little boy in a story I know. Come and let me tell it to you.

Baby trotted over on tiny, pattering feet and stood by mamma's knee. Mamma lifted her into her lap and this was the story she told:

Once there was a little boy named Dickey who did not want to go to bed. His mother said he might stay awake if he could get someone to play with him. So Dickey ran out to the barn. The sun had set. All the low places around were overhung with mist, and it looked as if the farm house were surrounded by a lake.

Dickey ran to the little calf's pen. "Little calf," he said, "come and play with me."

But the calf lay on the straw in a brown bunch. It raised its head and said in calf language: "Oh, no; the dark is coming. It is time to go to sleep."

Then Dickie went and peeped into the hen-house and all the chicken-coops. "Chickies, chickies," he called, "come out and play with me."

But the hens were sitting on their roosts like great feather balls, and all the baby chickens were cuddled under their mother's wing. They stirred a little and peeped drowsily in chicken language: "Oh, no. We don't want to play now. We hide under our feather-bed when it becomes dark."

"Well," said Dickie, "the little colt will play with me."

But the colt was nestling close to his mother's side and would not even lift his sleepy little head.

Then Dickie thought: "The pretty doves will play with me." So he ran coaxingly to his mother. "Mamma," he said, "come and watch me while I climb into the loft and get a little dove."

But the doves were very still, with their heads tucked under their wings. It was quite dark in the loft, and when they wakened and began to whirl around his head, Dickie climbed down much faster than he went up.

"Won't the birds come and play with me, mamma?" he said,

for the air was full of bird callings, though not a bird was to be seen.

"No," said his mamma, "the birds are saying good-night and putting their little ones to sleep."

"Won't the butterflies let me chase them?"

"No; they have folded their wings and are sleeping under the leaves."

"Anyway the crickets are awake, mamma."

"Yes; but the crickets have to sing everything else to sleep. They cannot play now."

"Well," said Dickie, "I think I will go to bed and let the crickets sing me to sleep."

Baby gave a little cuddle, and reaching up she put her soft little arms around mamma's neck. "Mamma," she said, "my's sleepy. My wants to go to bed."

So mamma sang a soft little song which sounded very much like the lullaby the mother birds sing to their babies in their downy nests in the trees and hedges, and soon baby was fast asleep.—Bertha E. Bush.

THE GREEN CARPET.

When Mother Nature's cleaning house
  She likes to have things fresh and clean,
And so she lifts her carpet brown,
And puts a lovely new one down
  Of softest, brightest green.

'Tis figured well with violets,
  The prettiest patterns ever seen;
It spreads and reaches everywhere,
And covers places poor and bare,
  This carpet made of green.

And oh, we children love to roll
  Upon its surface soft and clean!
Better than rugs on polished floors,
Better than anything indoors,
  The carpet made of green!

—Marion Beattie.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS WORK.

Keep the spirit of your work bright and cheerful, be ready with songs, memory gems and rest exercises to give variety and animation to the lesson. Do not be afraid of reviews, talk over the preceding lessons with the children in an informal way, asking many questions and encouraging the children to ask you questions. Be sure to have a special aim to your lesson and work it out in the lesson and story, and let the children find the moral for themselves. If the story and lesson fail to give the right impression, the aim is lost and cannot be forced by a teacher telling that the moral is so and so.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated after the teacher:

In the morning early,
When the dew is bright,
When the flowers are smiling
In the blessed light,
When the happy songbirds
Thankful homage pay
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

When the night is settling
With its dreary cold,
And the darksome shadows
All the earth enfold;
When the winds are sighing
'Neath the starry way,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray."

Song for the month:
Spring. Primary Song Book, No. 43.
For Decoration Day. Primary Song Book, No. 39.

Memory Gem for the month:

"We learn by doing, little folks,
No matter what the work may be;
Just try with all your might,
And see how one by one the giants flee."

Lesson 17.

Aim: Doing The Best You Can.
Story: The Little Tree. page 165.
Incident: The Little Paper Makers.

Just think of a little thing like a wasp making the paper with which to build her home! She is very particular to get a real cozy place to build in, and sometimes spends two or three days finding something to her liking. Sometimes she thinks the rafters in the barn will be just right, or perhaps she prefers a tree, but a favorite place is the burrow where little Mrs. Field-Mouse lived last winter.

After she has found a place that suits her she hurries away to some old tree or gatepost—most any place where the wood is soft enough, so she can saw off little bits of it. When she has sawed some off she chews it up until it is a sort of pulp, and this pulp she carries to the burrow.

She begins building her nest from the top downward, and carefully sticks together the pulp until she has as many cells, or rooms, as she wishes. When the pulp has dried it is a coarse kind of paper. She puts on an outer wall which is also of paper, each layer silky and of a pretty, grayish color. When she has finished she has a beautiful home in which to bring up her babies.

Her family grows larger all the time, and she needs more room she builds a larger wall, and tears out the old one to make room for more cells. She has to do all this work herself, for Mr. Wasp is a lazy, sleepy fellow, and does not like to work; but when her babies get big enough they will help her. Sometimes the family increases so she has to have thousands of little cells, and in the very hot countries a nest is sometimes six feet long. Every spring Mrs. Wasp builds a new house.

Mrs. Wasp does not make honey, but as she is very fond of it she often borrows from her neighbor and cousin, Mrs. Bee. She is also fond of peaches and plums and other fruit, and little children in the country often see her sticking her lovely black-and-yellow head into a beautiful peach or plum; and she always knows which is the ripest and best. She also likes sugar. If she were a little girl we would say she had a "sweet tooth," wouldn't we? I have heard of wasps coming, day after day, into a house where some one had placed a bit of honey on a paper for them. They drink honey dew, and it is upon these things, and meat, that Mrs. Wasp feeds her wee babies.

There are very many different kinds of wasps, but these of which I am trying to tell you are always called "social" wasps.

Now, in summer when you visit grandpa's orchard, or the field where the wild flowers grow, see if you can find Mrs. Wasp's nest; and try to learn more about these little creatures who were the first makers of paper.—Ora Lynn Smith.

Lesson 18.

Aim: Kindness.

Story: Clara Barton and "The Red Cross," page 196.

Incident: Boat Cradles.

The little people have often heard or read the story of a mother who, long, long ago, in far-away Egypt, put her little baby boy into a cradle and then put the cradle into the water in a river, near the bank, where she knew the king's daughter would come; and the king's daughter came and saw the baby and took it away and cared for it. Might not that cradle be called a "boat cradle?"

Let me tell you two stories of boat cradles not so old as the story of little Moses and his cradle.

In the state of Tennessee there were very heavy rains last summer, and the water in the Tennessee River and its branchs became higher than it had been for years. In many places the water reached out into the woods, farms, and towns, and carried away bridges, fences, gates, trees, stables, and houses. In some places animals and people were carried away.

At the town where I live logs, trees, parts of bridges, parts of barns, and parts of houses floated by from places far up the river. Men were at the river with boats ready to go out and bring to the shore such things as they might use. One man went in his boat to some parts of a barn that were floating along, and there he saw an old basket, and in the basket was a hen sitting on some eggs from which she wanted to hatch baby chickens. The man lifted the basket with the hen and her eggs into his boat and took them home.

At another place, far up the river, the people were watching the things that were floating by, and brought some of them to shore. Somebody saw something which he could not make out, and he asked others to watch it. It was not a basket, it was not a barrel, it was not a large block of wood. It looked a little like a box, but it was so far away that they could not tell what it was, so they waited.

All at once one of the men hurried into his boat and began to row out into the river as fast as he could. The water was swift, and floating logs were in the way, and he had to be very careful not to upset his boat. After much hard and careful rowing he came near to the thing which all the people were watching. Soon they saw him lift something into his boat, and some guessed it was a cradle. And then they were much excited because they wondered whether there was a baby in the cradle.

The man then turned toward the shore and made his way by floating logs and other things. The water was too swift for him

to go straight out. His boat was carried down the river some distance and the people followed along the shore until he landed.

The man had brought a cradle, and in the cradle was a baby. Do you not think a mamma, and perhaps some little brothers and sisters, were made glad?—Cyrus Kehr.

Lesson 19.

Aim: The Blessings of Work.

Story: Mother Nature's House Cleaning, page 174.

Incident: Amy Stewart.

There was once a little girl named Amy Stewart, who liked to play all day in the garden among the flowers, and birds. She said they talked to her. One day her mother said, "You are old enough now, Amy, to do a little work, and you must begin early to be industrious."

"O mamma! I do not like to work; may I not go in the garden and play before I begin to work?" "As I have nothing ready for you to do just now, you may go for a little while," said her mother.

So Amy ran out of doors. A pretty gray Squirrel ran across her path, and she called to him, saying, "Dear Squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts, have you?" "Yes," said Mrs. Squirrel, "I have a large family to support, and I am busy laying up nuts for the winter, so I cannot stop to play with you."

Just then a Bee came buzzing by. Amy said, "Little Bee, do you have any work to do?" "It seems to me I have no time for anything but work, getting honey and making the honey-comb." Amy now saw an Ant carrying a crumb of bread. "Is not that crumb too heavy for you? I wish you would drop it and play with me."

"It is heavy, but I am too glad to get it not to be willing to carry it, but I will stop long enough to tell you about a lazy day we once had. Our house was destroyed and I was too lazy to help rebuild it; and I said to my brothers, 'Let us go and travel; perhaps we will find a house ready-made; perhaps the butterflies will play with us.' We traveled a long way, but found no ready-made house, and at last were obliged to build one for ourselves. Since then we have been contented to do all the work that we find necessary." The Ant then picked up the crumb of bread and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and thought: "It seems to me all creatures have some work to do, and they seem to like it; but I do not believe Flowers have anything to do." So she walked

up to a Red Poppy, and said, "Beautiful Red Poppy, do flowers work?"

"Of course we do," said the Poppy. "I have to take great care to gather all the red rays the good Sun sends down to me, and I must keep them in my silken petals for you to use, and the green rays must be untangled and held by my glossy leaves, and my roots must drink water, my flowers must watch the days not to let the seed time pass by—oh, my child, I assure you we are a busy family, and that is why we are so happy."

Amy walked slowly homeward and said to her mother: "The Squirrels, Bees, Ants and even the Flowers have something to do. I am the only idle one; please give me some work to do."

Then her mother brought her a towel to hem, which she had begun so long before that she had quite forgotten it.

She worked very faithfully and grew to be an industrious woman, never forgetting that work makes us happier than idleness.—Anonymous.

Lesson 20.

Aim: Duties.

Story: Baby's Bedtime Story. 179.

Incident: How Neatness Won.

Neatness means being clean and tidy. No one can look neat without being clean and tidy. This is a very important thing for children to think about. Everybody likes to see a boy or girl who is neat, even people who are not neat themselves like to see others who are careful of their appearance. To be dirty and untidy is dreadful and very disagreeable to those with whom we live.

To be neat means that we must think about things Our clothes, they need not be very nice ones, but they must be clean. There may be patches on them, but they should be clean and well taken care of. Clean face and hands, clothes brushed, hair combed, shoes blacked—that is the way to be neat.

One of our noblest living merchants, rich and kind, tells how neatness won a place for him in a store. His father died, and left the family poor. It was in a large city, and the mother secured two rooms, after her husband was buried, and took in sewing to support herself and two children.

She was a model housekeeper, and kept her children looking as neat and tidy as her rooms. Nelson wore patched clothes, but they were clean. He was taught to wash his face and hands, brush his clothes, shoes, and hair as often as it was necessary. And he did it as promptly and gladly as he said his prayers.

When he was old enough to become an errand boy, his mother

saw a sign at the front of a store, "Boy Wanted." She went home and told Nelson to go and see if he could do the work and get the position. He did not have to change his clothes, for on his back was the only suit he had. But it was as neat as a pin, though it was patched. He brushed his hair and shoes before going.

He soon appeared in the store. The man looked at him and said: "Another boy has been here before you, and I think I will take him. Then he asked Nelson a great many questions, "How old are you?" Where do you live?" "How long has your father been dead?" How does your mother support the family?" Nelson answered the man politely.

The other boy was waiting in the back part of the store, and the man went to him and asked him some questions, like he had asked Nelson. The result was that he came back and told Nelson that he had decided to try him. First he was errand boy, then clerk, selling the things in the store, and finally he was a partner with the man who owned the store and helped to take care of everything in the store. Then one day his employer told him, "The reason I took you to be my errand boy instead of the other boy was on account of your neatness. There were patches on your clothes, but they were clean, and your hair and shoes were all right."

Sometimes people don't like to buy berries of children because their hands are dirty. Sometimes teachers have to send children home to wash their faces and hands. There is no excuse for dirt in such places. Poorly clothed may be all right, but the poorest children in the world can have clean hands and faces. And they will be if they are neat.

Second Grade.

THE BROTHER OF JARED.

Lesson 17.

Subject: Prayer.
Book of Mormon Story: "The Brother of Jared."
Supplementary Story: "A Narrow Escape," page 178.

Many, many years ago, so long ago that if the story had not been written in our sacred books, it would have been forgotten, some people lived who wanted to build a tower, a very high tower, so high that it would reach to heaven.

This displeased the Lord, and to stop their building, He

changed their language so that they could not understand each other; and when the masons called for mortar, the men could not understand and took brick or something else; and when they wanted brick, mortar was taken to them; so they had to stop building the tower, and the Lord said they should be scattered over the earth.

Jared and his brother lived at this time and they thought how terrible it would be if they could not understand each other.

"Brother," said Jared, "ask the Lord not to change our language, but to let us and our families speak so that we can understand."

The brother of Jared asked the Lord, and their language was not changed at all.

"Now," said Jared, "ask the Lord to have mercy on our friends, so that we can all talk to each other."

His brother again asked the Lord, and his request was granted.

"Brother," again asked Jared, "will you not ask the Lord that if we are to be driven away, that He will tell us where to go, and perhaps if we serve Him, He will lead us to a good home."

The brother of Jared went to the Lord and prayed that they might be led to a land where they could find good homes. The Lord heard him, and told him that he, his brother, and their friends should gather together their flocks and herds, and all kinds of seeds, and take their families and go to the valley to the north, and there He would lead them to the best land on earth; and He would bless them and make them a great nation.

When the brother of Jared told them what the Lord had said, they were very happy and grateful, and hurried to get things ready.

They had to go into the wilderness, in a place where no man had ever been. The Lord went before them and stood in a cloud and talked to them, telling them what to do and where to go.

They traveled many days and weeks and had to cross many waters; but they built boats as the Lord told them, and had no trouble whatever. They were to go to a land which was promised them, and the Lord had said that this land should belong to those who served Him, and to no others.

They traveled on and on, until at last they reached the great sea, or ocean, which divided the land. Here right by the seashore, they pitched their tents and lived four years.

Then the Lord came to the brother of Jared in a cloud, and talked with him, asking him why they had all stopped praying. Did they think the Lord would let His Spirit stay with them if they did not remember Him?

The brother of Jared saw that they had done wrong, and

asked forgiveness for himself and the others, which the Lord kindly granted.

Then he was told that it was nearly time for them to cross the great sea, and they must build some boats, like the others they had already built.

The boats were small, and made so that no water could get in them, no matter what great storms should come.

With the help of his companions, the eight boats were finished, and the brother of Jared went to the Lord.

"Lord," he said, "I have finished the work you told me to do: the boats are all made as you directed. But it is so dark in them. How can we steer when there is no light? And we cannot breathe unless there is air in them."

He was told to make a hole in the top and bottom of the boast, so that when they needed air, they could open these holes, and when the water began to come in, they could close them again.

The brother of Jared did as he was told, but still the boats were so very dark. So he went again to the Lord.

He said: "Lord, I have done just as you told me, but still there is no light in our boats. Will you let us cross the great sea in darkness?"

"What will ye that I should do that ye may have light in your vessels?" asked the Lord. "For behold, ye cannot have windows, for they will be dashed in pieces; neither shall ye take fire with you, for ye shall not go by the light of fire. Therefore, what will ye that I should prepare for you that ye may have light when ye are swallowed up in the depths of the sea?"

The brother of Jared went into a mountain and got sixteen small stones, two for each boat. They were white and clear, like glass. He then went to the top of the mountain with them and prayed to the Lord.

"O Lord," he said earnestly, "do not be angry with Thy servant because of his weakness before Thee. We know Thou art holy, and that we are unworthy before Thee. O Lord, look upon me in pity, and do not let Thy people go across the great sea in darkness. I know Thou hast all power, and can do whatever Thou wilt for man."

Then he asked the Lord to touch the stones with His finger, so that they might shine and give light to the boats as they crossed the sea. He knew that the Lord had great power and that He could do all things.

When the brother of Jared had finished praying, the Lord touched the stones, one by one, with His finger. The brother of Jared saw His finger, which was of flesh and blood like a man's finger; and he fell to the ground in fear. The Lord told him

to arise, and as his faith was so strong, he should see the Lord. The brother of Jared saw the Lord and was told many wonderful things; for no man had ever had such great faith.

He left the mountain, taking with him the stones, and the boats were made light.

Soon everything was prepared for the journey, and Jared, and his people, with all their animals, seeds, and provisions, went into the boats and were brought to the land which had been promised them as long as they were faithful and served the Lord.

When they arrived there after their long journey, with grateful hearts they knelt and thanked their Heavenly Father for His care that had been over them.

They had reached a beautiful land. Soon their new homes were made; the soil was ready for the seeds which they had brought with them, and in a short time they reaped a great harvest.

The brother of Jared was always full of faith, and as long as he lived he was one of the greatest prophets.

Years and years passed away, and the people forgot the goodness of the Lord to them, and no longer served Him; so they were at last destroyed; for the Lord had said that no one should have this promised land unless they served Him.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The people were trying to build a tower to reach to heaven, and the Lord changed their language. Through the prayers of the brother of Jared, the language of Jared, his brother, and their friends, was not changed, and they were led into the wilderness. The Lord told the brother of Jared how boats should be built to cross the waters to the land which He had promised them. When the boats were finished, they were found to be very dark. The brother of Jared asked the Lord to make them light. The Lord asked him what He should do to make them light. The brother of Jared cut some stones out of the mountain, and asked the Lord to touch them with His finger. On account of the prayers and faith of the brother of Jared, the stones were touched and became lights for the boats. The man saw the finger of the Lord, and on account of his faith, was allowed to see the Lord. The people took their journey in safety, and reached the land which had been promised to them.

When fourteen years of age, Elder John Henry Smith was on Provo river. The boat capsized and he was caught in some driftwood. He remained under the water for some time, and those on the shore thought he was lost. Suddenly he was lifted on to the bank and saved. At this time his father in Salt Lake

City was praying for the safety of his son, although he did not know what danger was near.

Lesson 18.

Subject: Honesty.

Story: "Sarah 'Lizbeth's Bond," page 161.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Sarah 'Lizbeth was sent to borrow articles, and saw no way of repaying them. She determined to work and pay for them in that way. When her brother bought apples without paying for them, she insisted that they be paid for before they were eaten. The family began to be more honest through her exertions. It is not honest to borrow with no intention of repaying. Things should not be bought unless there is some way of paying for them. Honesty brings its own reward.

Lesson 19.

Subject: Power of God.

Bible Story: "The Son of the Widow of Nain."

Supplementary Story: "Healed by the Power of God." 172.

THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

One day, as Jesus and the disciples and a little crowd were going to a place called Nain, they saw a number of people coming toward them. Something must surely be the matter, they thought, for the people walked sadly and slowly, and were carrying a burden.

But as the crowd came nearer, Jesus and the disciples saw it was a funeral.

"Who is dead?" asked one of the disciples of a man running on in front of the procession.

"A young man," he answered sadly, "an only beloved son, and, alas, his mother is a widow."

And now they could see everything quite plainly. There was a bier, and a lot of people crying, and a poor widow walking close beside the bier crying more than any of the others, as though her heart would break.

Jesus pushed gently through the crowd, till He came to the side of that poor weeping mother.

"Weep not," said Jesus. "Weep not."

"Poor woman, she cannot help weeping," said her friends, gathering round her. "We have tried, but we cannot comfort her. She is a widow, and the young man was all she had in the world.

"Weep not," said Jesus, "I will make thy son alive again. I will give him back to you."

"What does this man say?" cried the people. "That He can make a dead man alive again."

"Hush!" said some others, "Hush! this must be Jesus of Nazareth; let us see what He is going to do."

And when they had finished speaking, and all was quite quiet, Jesus said to the men who were carrying the body:

"Stand the bier upon the ground."

And, as the men did so, the crowd pushed forward and stood on tip-toe, and peeped over each other's shoulder, to see what would happen next.

Jesus went to the side of the bier, laid His hand upon it, and cried in a loud voice:

"Young man, I say unto thee, arise."

And immediately the young man heard Jesus, sat up, and was quite well, and began to speak.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The widow's son was dead, and she was mourning her loss. Jesus appeared and told the boy to arise. The young man was raised from the dead, through the power of the Lord.

Brother Grant was very ill, and doctors could not help him. Through the faith and prayers of his family, he was healed by the power of God.

Lesson 20.

Subject: Repentance.

Bible Story: "Conversion of Saul."

Supplementary Story: "The Tale of a Nugget," page 175.

CONVERSION OF SAUL.

The High Priest sat in his room in a deep study. His thoughts were evidently not pleasant ones. The plans he and his friends had made had almost failed. True, Jesus had been put to death, but His disciples still went around teaching as He had taught, and had even performed miracles. Some of them had been arrested, but still refused to stop preaching.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a young man.

"What can I do for you, Saul?" asked the High Priest, as he recognized the young man.

"I come to crave a favor," was the answer.

"It shall be granted, if possible," said the High Priest.

The young man then explained his anger and hatred against the disciples of Jesus, and his desire to help in having them punished for teaching the people.

"I beg of you," he said, "to give me letters to the rulers of the synagogues in Damascus, that when I go there, as I intend doing, if I find any one teaching about Jesus, whether they are

men or women, I may bind them with fetters and bring them to Jerusalem to be punished."

"A wise plan," said the High Priest. "You shall have your desire granted."

Saul received the letters he asked for, and with others started on his journey, full of thoughts about persecuting those who believed in Jesus.

As he came near the city, there suddenly shone around him a great light from heaven. He fell to the ground in fright, while he heard a voice say:

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

"Who art thou, Lord?" asked Saul, in fear.

"I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest," answered the voice. It was Jesus speaking to Saul, and He meant to say that when Saul persecuted His disciples, it was the same as if he persecuted Him.

Saul, who had so often made others tremble, now trembled himself, and said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And the voice answered: "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told what thou must do."

And the men who were with him stood silent; they had heard the voice, but could not understand the words that were spoken.

When Saul rose from the earth he could not see; for the great light which had flashed upon him from heaven had blinded him, and those who were with him had to lead him into Damascus, as a blind man, and for three days he could neither see nor eat nor drink.

The Lord, seeing Saul humbled and praying for mercy, sent a disciple of the name of Ananias to search him out and speak comforting things to him. Ananias knew how Saul had persecuted the disciples, and was afraid to go near him; but the Lord told him that Saul was one of His chosen servants to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, to kings, and to the children of Israel. So Ananias went to the house where Saul was, and putting his hands on the blind man, said: "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, who appeared to thee as thou wast coming to Damascus, has sent me to put my hands on thee, that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

And immediately Saul could see; and he was baptized as another disciple of Christ. He stayed with the disciples who were in Damascus, and went into the synagogues and preached to the people that Christ was the Son of God.

But those who heard him were amazed, and said:

"Is not this the man who persecuted those who believed, in Jerusalem, and came here that he might bind the disciples and take them to the chief priests to be punished?"

But Saul preached more and more; and did all in his power to undo the wrongs he had done before he knew that Jesus was the Christ, and he taught many people, and became one of the greatest missionaries in the church.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Saul did not believe that Jesus was the Savior, and persecuted all who taught of Him. He obtained letters to bring to Jerusalem for punishment all who taught of Jesus. On the way to Damascus Jesus spoke to him, and showed him that he was doing wrong. Saul was made blind, and remained so for three days. When he received his sight, he repented and was baptized and went around preaching that Jesus was the Christ.

Dick and Will were hunting nuggets. Dick found a nugget, and Will was jealous. Dick lost his nugget and accused Will of stealing it. They qarreled; but afterwards Dick found his nugget, asked pardon for his suspicion, and the boys became firm friends again.

Third Grade.

Lesson 17.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

I. Alms for the Poor.

Reference: The Acts 6: 1—4.

We have heard that the disciples who had houses or lands, sold them and brought the money to the Apostles, that they might give alms to the poor. Now, there were among the disciples some poor widows, who complained that their share of the alms was not given them. Then the Apostles called all the disciples together and said, It is not right that we should leave off preaching the Gospel to attend to giving out alms; therefore do you choose, from among yourselves, seven men who are honest and prudent, and full of the Holy Spirit, and let them take the money, instead of us, and attend to this business. But we will spend all our time in preaching and praying to God.

2. The Deacons.

Reference: The Acts 6: 5—6.

What the Apostles said pleased the disciples, and they chose seven men who were called Deacons. Their names were Stephen and Philip, Prochorus and Nicanor, Timon, Tarmenas, and Nicolas. These seven the disciples brought to the Apostles, who prayed for them, that God would help them and give them

wisdom in attending to the work they were chosen for. When they had prayed for them, they laid their hands on the heads of each one of them, for so the Apostles used to do to those persons whom they sent out to work, and preach among the people.

3. Stephen.

References: The Acts 6: 7—15; 7: 1—7.

After this many were baptized, and great numbers of the priests believed. And Stephen, one of the seven Deacons, not only waited on the poor, but he preached to the people and did great miracles among them. Then some of the Jews who would not believe, being angry, took him before the council. There they brought false witnesses to accuse him, who said, This man ceaseth not to speak wicked words against the temple, and God's law. And the high priest asked him, saying, Are these things so? Stephen answered, Men and brethren, listen to me. A great while ago God spoke to our father Abraham and told him to go away from the land where he was born, and where he then lived, to another land which God said he would show him. Then Abraham left his own land and came into the land of Canaan, where you now dwell. And God promised to give this land to him, and to his descendants after he should die. God said also, that Abraham's descendants should live in a country that was not theirs four hundred years, and that the people would treat them very cruelly. Yet God told Abraham, He would punish the people who treated them so, and afterwards would bring Abraham's descendants back to the land of Canaan.

4. Joseph in the Land of Egypt.

References: The Acts 7: 8—16.

And God made a covenant, or agreement, with Abraham and his descendants, and promised to be their God. And He gave Abraham a son whose name was called Isaac. And Isaac had a son called Jacob; and Jacob had twelve sons who were called the twelve patriarchs, of whom Joseph was one. And Joseph's brethren, because they were jealous of him, sold him to the Ishmaelites who carried him down into Egypt. But God was with him and caused Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, to be kind to him; and Pharaoh made Joseph governor over Egypt.

And there came a great famine in Egypt and Canaan, and Joseph's brethren had nothing for themselves or their families to eat. But Jacob, their father, heard there was corn in Egypt, and he sent them into that land to buy food. When they came there, Joseph knew them, and he told Pharaoh of them. Then Joseph sent them to bring their father, their wives, and their children, down into Egypt. And Jacob (who was called Israel),

came into Egypt and died there, and afterward was carried back into Canaan to be buried in the sepulchre which Abraham had bought of Ephron the Hittite.

Lesson 18.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. Birth of Moses.
Reference: The Acts 7: 17—22.

But Joseph and his brethren still lived in the land of Egypt. And after many years their descendants grew to be a great many people. And another king ruled over Egypt who had never known Joseph. This king was very cruel to the Israelites and commanded his servants to take their little children and kill them. At this time Moses was born; he was very beautiful and his mother loved him, and she hid him for three months so that the Egyptians might not take him. Then when she could hide him no longer, she laid him in an ark beside the river. There Pharaoh's daughter found him; and she pitied him and took him to her house to bring up as her own son; and he was taught in all the learning of the Egyptians.

2. Moses made Ruler.
Reference: The Acts 7: 23—34.

But when he was forty years old he went out to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. And seeing an Egyptian treat one of them cruelly, he killed the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand; for Moses thought the children would understand that God had sent him to set them free from the Egyptians, but they did not understand. When Pharaoh heard what Moses had done, he tried to kill him, but Moses fled into the land of Midian where Pharaoh could not find him.

After he had been in that land forty years, he saw on Mount Sinai a flame of fire in a bush, yet the bush was not burned. When Moses saw it he wondered at the sight. And as he turned to look at it, God spoke to him out of the bush, saying, I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; and Moses trembled and hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God. And God told him that he had seen the affliction of the children of Israel, and had come down to deliver them. Then God commanded Moses to go and bring the children of Israel out of Egypt, and he made Moses rule over them.

3. Disobedience of the Children of Israel.

Reference: The Acts 7: 35—53.

And Moses did as God commanded; he went into Egypt and when he had called down great punishments on Pharaoh and his people, he brought the children of Israel out of that land through the Red Sea; and afterwards led them forty years through the wilderness. This is that Moses, Stephen said, who received God's laws on Mount Sinai that he might teach them to our fathers. Yet our fathers would not obey him; they tried to put him away from ruling over them, and wanted to go back into Egypt. For while he was on Mount Sinai they asked Aaron to make an idol for them, saying, As for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of Egypt, we know not what has become of him. And Aaron made them a golden calf, and they offered up sacrifices to it and worshipped it. Then God was angry with them and allowed them to go on worshipping idols, but He said they should be carried away, as captives, to Babylon.

After Stephen had spoken these things to the rulers in the council, and told them about the wickedness of their fathers, he said to them, You are like your fathers. Which of the prophets did they not persecute? They killed those who were sent to tell them that Jesus was coming, and now you have slain that Just One Himself.

4. The Death of Stephen.

Reference: The Acts 7: 54—60.

When the men in the council heard these words, they were filled with rage against Stephen, and gnashed on him with their teeth like wild beasts. But he, looking up toward heaven, saw a glorious light there, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. And he said, I see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Then they cried out with loud voices against him, and stopped their ears that they might not hear his words; and they brought him out of the city and stoned him. While they were stoning him, he kneeled down on the ground, and prayed, saying, Lord, forgive them for this sin.

Now, whenever a man was stoned by the Jews, the persons who had borne witness against him, always cast the first stone. And so the false witnesses who had spoken against Stephen, cast the first stones at him. They took off their outer garments that they might use their arms more freely in doing this, and they laid those garments down on the ground by the feet of a young man named Saul, for him to keep them safe till they were ready to put them on again.

Lesson 19.

Review previous lesson.
Topic for Class:

1. Persecutions.
Reference: The Acts 8: 1—4.

After this there was a great persecution against the disciples. But good men took Stephen's dead body and mourned over him, and buried him. As for Saul, the young man who had kept the clothes of the witnesses, he did much harm; for he went into every house to find those who believed on Jesus, and when he found them, he took them, both men and women, and put them in prison. Therefore the disciples fled out of Jerusalem to different parts of the land, and to other countries; but wherever they went, they preached the Gospel.

2. Philip Preaches in Samaria.
Reference: The Acts 8: 5—8.

And Philip, another of the seven deacons, went down to the city of Samaria, and preached to the people there; and they listened to him, seeing the miracles he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voices came out when he commanded them, and persons who were sick with the palsy, or lame, he made well. Therefore there was great joy in the city, and many believed and were baptized, both of men and women. When the Apostles in Jerusalem heard this, they sent for Peter and John, who came to Samaria and prayed that the Holy Spirit might be given to the persons who believed. Then they laid their hands on the heads of those persons, and God sent them His Holy Spirit.

3. Simon.
Reference: The Acts 8: 9—24.

Now, there was at Samaria a man named Simon, who before that time had deceived the people, pretending that he could do things by magic; and they all listened to his words, and said, This man has power given to him by God. But when Philip preached the Gospel in that city, and many believed and were baptized, Simon came and said that he believed, and asked to be baptized also. Then Philip baptized him. Afterwards he stayed with Philip, wondering at the miracles which he did.

And when Peter and John came from Jerusalem, and Simon saw that by laying on of their hands the Holy Spirit was given to those that believed, he went to them and offered to pay them money if they would give him power, by laying on of his hands, to bring down God's Holy Spirit. But Peter told him he had

done very wickedly in thinking that what God gave to those who loved him could be bought for money; and he said to Simon, Repent of thy sin, and ask to be forgiven, for I see thou art yet a wicked man, and a servant of Satan. Then Simon answered, Pray you to the Lord for me, that He may not send His punishment upon me.

4. Philip and the Eunuch.

Reference: The Acts 8: 25—28.

And the angel of the Lord spoke to Philip, and commanded him to leave Samaria, and go through the wilderness towards the city of Gaza. Philip obeyed and went. As he was going, a man from the land of Ethiopia, who was an Eunuch, or officer, of great power under the queen of Etriopia, and who took care of all her treasures, came by that way. He had been up to Jerusalem to worship at the Temple, and now, as he sat in his chariot returning to his own land, he read the Scriptures. The part he read was where the Prophet Isaiah told the children of Israel that a Savior was coming into the world to die for their sins.

Lesson 20.

Review previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. Philip Explains the Scriptures.

Reference: The Acts 8: 29—35.

When Philip saw the Eunuch, the Holy Spirit commanded him, saying, Go near to the chariot and speak with him. Then Philip ran and came near to the chariot, and he heard the Eunuch reading aloud the words which the Prophet had written. And Philip spoke to him, and said, Dost thou understand what thou readest? The Eunuch answered, How can I, except some man should explain it to me? And he asked Philip to come and sit with him in the chariot. Philip did so; and the Eunuch said, I pray thee, tell me what the Prophet meant when he wrote these words? Whether he was speaking about himself or some other man? Then Philip began and explained the Scriptures and preached to him about Jesus.

2. The Eunuch is Baptized.

Reference: The Acts 8: 36—40.

As they went on their journey, they came to a place where there was water, and the Eunuch said, See, here is water; what is there to keep me from being baptized? Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. The Eunuch answered, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they two went down into the water,

both Philip and the Eunuch, and Philip baptized him. When they had come up again the Holy Spirit took Philip away, so that the Eunuch saw Philip no more. And the Eunuch went on his journey back to his own land, full of joy, because he had heard about Jesus and had been made one of his disciples. Afterwards Philip was found at a city called Azotus, and leaving there, he preached in all the cities until he came to Cesarea.

3. Jesus Speaks to Saul.

Reference: The Acts 9: 1—5.

And Saul, being full of anger and hatred against the disciples, went to the high priest at Jerusalem, and asked for letters to the rulers of the synagogues in the city of Damascus, that he might go to that city, and if he found any disciples there, bind them with fetters, whether they were men or women, and bring them to Jerusalem, to be punished. And the high priest gave him the letters he asked for, and he started on his journey to Damascus. But when he came near that city, suddenly there shone around him a great light from heaven, and Jesus appeared to him. And Saul was afraid, and fell down on the ground. And he heard a voice, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Saul said, Who art thou, Lord? The voice answered, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It was Jesus speaking to Saul, and he meant to say that when Saul persecuted His disciples, it was the same as if he persecuted Him.

4. Saul Struck with Blindness.

Reference: The Acts 9: 6—9.

Then Saul, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? The Lord said, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men who were with him stood silent; they heard the voice but could not understand the words that were spoken. When Saul rose from the earth he could not see, for the light had blinded him; and those who were with him led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and did neither eat or drink.

The Children's Friend

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THE CAPTIVE WOODCHUCK.

On a farm among the hills of New Hampshire, there once lived a little boy, whose name was Daniel. He was a tiny fellow, with jet-black hair and eyes so dark and wonderful that nobody who once saw them could ever forget them.

He was not strong enough to help much on the farm; and so he spent much of his time in playing in the woods and learning to know and love the trees and flowers, and the harmless wild creatures that lived among them.

But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read; and he read so well that everybody was pleased, and no one grew tired of listening to him. The neighbors, when driving past his father's house, would stop their horses in the road, and call for Dannie to come out and read to them.

The boy's father was not only a farmer, but he was a judge in the county court. He had great love for the law, and he hoped that Daniel when he became a man would be a lawyer.

It happened one summer that a woodchuck made its burrow in the side of a hill not far from the farmer's house. On warm, dark nights, it would come down into the garden and eat the tender leaves of the cabbages and other plants that were growing there. Nobody knew how much harm it might do in the end.

Daniel and his brother Ezekiel made up their minds to catch the little thief; but for a long time it was too cunning for them. At last they built a strong trap where the woodchuck would be sure to walk into it; and the next morning there he was.

"Here he is at last!" cried Ezekiel. "Now, Mr. Woodchuck, you've done mischief enough, and I'm going to kill you."

But Daniel took pity on the poor beast. "No, don't hurt him," he said. "Let us carry him over the hills far into the woods, and let him go."

Ezekiel had not so tender a heart as his brother. He was bent on killing the woodchuck, and laughed at the thought of letting him go.

"Let us ask father about it," said Daniel.

And so they carried the trap, with the woodchuck in it, to their father, and asked what they should do.

"Well, boys," said the farmer, "we will settle the question in this way. We will hold a court right here. I will be judge and you shall be the lawyers; and you shall each plead your case for or against the prisoner."

Ezekiel opened the case. He told about the mischief which the prisoner had done, and showed that all woodchucks are very bad creatures and can not be trusted. He said that a great deal of time and labor had been spent in catching this thief, and that if they should set him free he would be a worse thief than before, and too cunning to be caught again.

He then went on to say that the woodchuck's skin was worth a few cents; but that, to make the most of it, it could not be sold for half enough to pay for the cabbage that had been eaten. "And so," he said, "since this creature is only a thief and of more value dead than alive, he ought to be put out of the way at once."

Ezekiel's speech was a good one, and it pleased the father very much. What he had said was true and to the point, and the judge could not think how Daniel was going to make any answer to it.

But Daniel looked up into the judge's face, and began to plead for the life of the poor animal. He said:

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live in the bright sunlight and the pure air; to enjoy the free fields and the green woods. The woodchuck has as much right to life as any other living thing; for God gave it to him.

"God gives us our food. He gives us all that we have; and shall we not spare a little dumb creature that has as much right to his share of God's gifts as we have to ours? Yes, more; the woodchuck has never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often does.

"He is not a fierce animal like the wolf or the fox. He lives in quiet and in peace; a hole in the side of a hill, with a little food, is all that he wants. He has harmed nothing but a few plants which he ate to keep himself alive. He has a right to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to say that he shall not have them.

"Look at his soft, pleading eyes. See them tremble with fear. He can not speak for himself, and this is the only way in which he can plead for the life that is so sweet to him. Shall we be so selfish and cruel as to take from him that life which God gave him?"

By this time the tears had started in the eyes of the judge.

The father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had given him a son whose name would some day be known in the world.

He did not wait for Daniel to finish his speech. He sprang to his feet; he dashed the tears from his eyes, and cried out: "Ezekiel, let the woodchuck go!"

And now, who do you suppose this boy Daniel was? He afterwards became known as the great lawyer and statesman, Daniel Webster, of whom we hear so much in the history of our country.—Selected.

HOW FRED HELPED.

"O mother," cried Fred, running into the house in great excitement, "Daisy has pushed the gate open and got out of her pen!"

Mother was just giving baby his bath, and could not leave him. "What shall we do?" she said. "You know Mr. Stone has such a nice garden, and so have some of the other neighbors, and I'm afraid Daisy will make a great deal of trouble. I think you had better run over to Mr. Stone's, and ask him if he cannot catch her for us."

Off ran Fred, only to find that there was nobody at home at Mr. Stone's house. Then he went to old Mrs. Moore's, who lived next to Mr. Stone's; but the deaf old lady did not hear his knock. "I must go to Mrs. Thompson's," he said. But Mrs. Thompson said she was afraid of cows.

Fred was afraid of cows, too, but father had told him so often that gentle Daisy would not hurt him that he plucked up all his courage and made up his mind to try to get Daisy back into her pen himself. First he picked up a stick and ran toward her, hoping to drive her; but he was such a very tiny boy that he did not frighten her in the least. Then he thought of something else. Running into the back yard, where stood the big apple tree that he loved to climb, he picked a fine ripe apple and carried it back to where Daisy stood gazing at Mr. Stone's green garden patch.

"Here, Daisy," he said in his most coaxing tone, "see what a nice apple I've brought you." At first, Daisy paid no attention; but presently she smelled the apple and took a step toward Fred. "You can't have it quite yet," said Fred, stepping back toward the gate. Daisy took another step toward the apple, and Fred backed still further. So Daisy followed on until she was inside

her own pen again. Then Fred gave her the apple and ran out and closed the gate.

"Daisy's in, mother!" he said as he went into the house.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said mother. "Did you remember to thank Mr. Stone for putting her in?"

"No," replied Fred proudly; "I did it myself."

When father came home that night and heard the story, he said he shouldn't mind so much about leaving mother all day, since she had such a brave and wise little man to help her.—Lily Manker Allen.

THE DAISY.

Out in the country, close by the roadside, there was a country house; you yourself have certainly once seen it. Before it is a little garden with flowers, and a fence which is painted. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the most beautiful green grass, grew a little daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the great splendid garden flowers—and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves spreading like rays round the little yellow sun in the center. It never thought that it would not be noticed down in the grass, and that it was a poor, despised floweret; no, it was very merry, and turned to the warm sun, looked up at it and listened to the lark caroling high in the air.

The little daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun and from all around, how good God is. And the daisy was very glad that everything that it silently felt was sung so loudly and charmingly by the lark. And the daisy looked up with a kind of respect to the happy bird who could sing and fly; but it was not at all sorrowful because it could not fly and sing also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. O, how richly have I been gifted."

Within the palings stood many stiff, aristocratic flowers—the less scent they had the more they flaunted. The peonies blew themselves out to be greater than the roses, but size will not do it; the tulips had the most splendid colors, and they knew that, and held themselves bolt upright that they might be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little daisy outside there, but the daisy looked at them the more and thought, "how rich

and beautiful they are. Yes; the pretty bird flies across to them and visits them. I am glad that I stand so near them, for, at any rate, I can enjoy the sight of their splendor!" And just as she thought that—"keevit!" down came flying the lark, but not down to the peonies and tulips—no, down into the grass to the lowly daisy, which started so with joy that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it and sang, "O, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!" For the yellow point in the daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little daisy—no one can conceive how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air. A quarter of an hour passed, at least, before the daisy could recover itself. Half ashamed, but inwardly rejoiced, it looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the honor and happiness it had gained and must understand what a joy it was. But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite peaky in the face and quite red, for they had been vexed. The peonies were quite wrong-headed; it was well they could not speak, or the daisy would have received a good scolding. The poor, little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and that hurt it sensibly. At this moment there came into the garden a girl with a great, sharp, shining knife; she went straight up to the tulips and cut off one after another of them.

"O!" sighed the little daisy, "that is dreadful! Now, it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The daisy was glad to stand out in the grass and to be only a poor, little flower; it felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night long about the sun and the pretty little bird.

The next morning, when the flower again happily stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the air and the light, it recognized the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing sounded mournfully. Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be sad; he was caught and now sat in a cage close by the open window. He sang of free and happy roaming, sang of the young, green corn in the fields and of the glorious journey he might make on his wings high through the air.

The poor lark was not in good spirits, for there he sat, a prisoner in a cage.

The little daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was difficult to make out. It quite

forgot how everything was so beautiful around, how warm the sun shone, and how splendidly white its own leaves were. Ah! it could only think of the imprisoned bird, and how it was powerless to do anything for him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the girl had used to cut off the tulips. They went straight up to the little daisy, which could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may cut a capital piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut off a square patch round about the daisy, so that the flower remained standing in its piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower!" said the other boy, and the daisy trembled with fear, for to be torn off would be to lose its life; and now it wanted particularly to live, as it was to be given with the piece of turf to the captive lark.

"No; let it stay," said the other boy; "it makes such a nice ornament."

And so it remained, and was put into the lark's cage. But the poor bird complained aloud of its lost liberty, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison; and the little daisy could not speak—could say no consoling word to him, gladly as it would have done so. And thus the whole morning passed.

"Here is no water said the captive lark. "They are all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. It is like fire and ice within me, and the air is so close. O, I must die! I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all the splendor that God has created!"

And then he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with it. Then the bird's eye fell upon the daisy, and he nodded to it and kissed it with his beak and said:

"You also must wither in here, poor little flower. They have given you to me with the little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world which was mine out there! Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your fragrant leaves a great flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought the daisy.

It could not stir a leaf; but the scent which streamed forth from its delicate leaves was far stronger than is generally found in these flowers; the bird also noticed that, and, though he was fainting with thirst, and in his pain plucked up the green blades of grass, he did not touch the flower.

The evening came, and yet nobody appeared to bring the poor bird a drop of water. Then he stretched out his pretty wings and beat the air frantically with them; his song changed to a mourn-

ful piping, his little head sank down toward the flower, and the bird's heart broke with want and yearning. Then the flower could not fold its leaves, as it had done on the previous evening, and sleep; it drooped, sorrowful and sick, toward the earth.

Not till the next morn did the boys come; and when they found the bird dead they wept—wept many tears—and dug him a neat grave, which they adorned with leaves of flowers. The bird was put into a pretty red box, for he was to be royally buried —the poor bird! While he was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer want; but now he was dead he had adornment and many tears.

But the patch of turf with the daisy on it was thrown out into the high road; no one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird, and would have been so glad to console him.—Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales.

"I'M GOING TO."

"Johnny," said his mamma, one day, "will you bring me an armful of wood?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I'm going to;" but just then he heard Carlo, the dog, barking at a chipmunk over in the meadows, so he ran off as fast as he could go.

Now this was not the first time that Johnny had said to his mamma, "Yes, I'm going to." He meant to do it; but he never thought of that wood again until about dinner-time, when he began to feel hungry.

When he got back, he found that dinner was over, and papa and mamma had gone to ride. He found a piece of bread and butter, and sat down on a large rock, with his back against the stump of a tree, to eat it.

When it was all gone, Johnny began to think what he should do next. He closed his eyes as people are apt to do when they think.

Presently he heard a score of voices about him. One was saying, "Wait a bit;" another, "Pretty soon;" another, "In a minute;" another, "By and by;" and still another, louder than the rest, kept screaming as loud as it could, "Going to, going to, going to," till Johnny thought they were crazy.

"Who in the world are you?" said he, in great surprise, "and what are you making such a noise about?"

"We are telling our names," said they; "didn't you ask us to tell our names?"

"No," said Johnny, "I didn't."

"O what a story!" cried they all in a breath.

"Let's shake him for it," said one.

"No, let us carry him to the king," said another.

So they began to spin about him like so many spiders; for each one of them carried a long web, and when that gets wound around a boy or a girl, it is a very difficult thing to get rid of.

In a few minutes they had him all wound up—hands and feet, nose and eyes, all tied up tight. Then they took him among them, and flew away with him, miles and miles, over the hills, and up to a big cave in the mountain. There he heard ever so many more voices, and it was noisier than ever.

"Where am I?" he said, as soon as he could speak.

"O you're safe at home," answered Wait-a-bit, for he seemed to be the spokesman; "and they have been expecting you for some time."

"This isn't my home," said Johnny, feeling very miserable and beginning to cry.

"O yes, it is," said a chorus of voices. "This is just where such folks as you belong. There are many of your fellows here, and you won't be lonesome a bit."

They had begun to unwind the web from his eyes now, so he opened them and looked about him. O, what a wretched place it was!

Against the side of the cave, stood long rows of boys and girls, with very sorry faces, all of them saying over as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to!" "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" "Pretty soon, pretty soon!" "In a minute, in a minute!" studying the names just as hard as if they were lessons.

There were Delays and Tardys, and Put-offs, with ever so many more; and in a corner by themselves, and looking more unhappy than all the rest, were the poor little fellows whose names were "Too late."

"O, dear, dear! Where am I?" said Johnny in despair. "Please let me out! I want my mamma!"

"No, you don't," said Wait-a-bit. "You don't care much about her, and this is where you belong. This is the kingdom of Procrastination, and yonder comes the king."

"The kingdom of what?" asked Johnny, who had never heard such a long word in his life before.

But just then he heard a heavy foot-fall, and a great voice that sounded like a roar, saying, "Has he come? Did you get him?"

"Yes, here he is," said Wait-a-bit, "and he'd just been saying it a little while before we picked him up."

Johnny looked up and saw a monstrous giant. "Let me

have him," said the giant. So he took him up just as if he had been a rag-baby, and looked him all over, turning him from side to side, and from head to feet. O, but Johnny was frightened, and expected every moment to be swallowed!

"Let's see," said the giant; "he always says 'Pretty soon.' No, that isn't it. What is it, my fine fellow, that you always say to your mamma when she asks you to do anything for her? It isn't 'Pretty soon,' nor 'In a minute—.' What is it? They all mean about the same thing, to be sure, and bring every body to me in the end; but I must know exactly, or I can't put you in the right place."

Johnny hung his head, and did not want to tell; but an extra poke of the giant's big finger made him open his mouth, and say with shame, that he always said, "I'm going to."

"O, that's it!" said the giant. "Well, then, you stand there."

So he unwound a bit of the web from his fingers—just enough so that he could hold the Procrastinator's Primer—and stood him at the end of a long row of children, who were saying over and over again, just as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to, going to, going to," just that, and nothing else in the world.

Johnny was tired and hungry by this time, and longed to see his mamma, thinking that, if he could only get back to her, he would always mind the very moment she told him to do anything.

He made a great many good resolutions while he stood there. At last the giant called him to come and say his lesson.

"You shall have a short one to-day," said he, "and need only say it a thousand times, because it is your first day here. To-morrow you must say it a million."

Johnny tried to step forward, but the web was still about his feet, so he fell with a bang to the floor.

Just then he opened his eyes to find that he had been asleep and had rolled from the rock to the grass, and that mamma was calling him in a loud voice to come to supper, and this time he didn't say, "I'm going to."—Selected.

A MAY-DAY SECRET.

There were five of them, and it was hard for them to keep a secret. Little Joan had almost told it to the teacher, but a look from Daisy had made her run off, with her chubby hand over her lips.

Ada and Grace were twins, and could talk things over, so the

secret was not so hard for them to hold; and Mary—well, Mary had no one but Aunt Louise, who never bothered listening to any of her childish secrets anyway.

"Just one more day," said Ada. "My, but she'll be surprised!"

"Indeed she will," nodded Grace. "I'm so glad teacher told us about May Day; it's almost as good as Christmas."

Early next morning four little figures slipped through the side gate into Mr. Watson's garden, where Daisy was waiting, and soon five little maids were busy. Grandfather Watson's armchair was carried out under the big maple, and they brought branches and vines from different parts of the garden.

After school, the five stood on the walk before a little white cottage. "You go first, Daisy; you're the oldest," urged Grace.

"No; let Mary knock," objected Daisy, hanging back.

"I couldn't," answered Mary, quickly. "You thought of it first."

"I guess we'd better all go at once," decided Ada. So they were all on the narrow step when the door was opened by a tired woman. "We've come for Sadie, Mrs. Green. We'll draw her in Joan's cart, and be ever so careful!"

"Why, children, what do you mean?"

"It's May Day, you know, and we want Sadie to come. We have everything ready," explained Mary. It might not have been a tear that glistened in Mrs. Green's eye, as she lifted little lame Sadie into the cart, but it looked suspiciously like one.

The days were so long and sometimes so weary for her delicate little daughter, and the child had few pleasures.

When they brought her home in the evening, Sadie's pale face shone with happiness, as she exclaimed, "It was lovely, mother, and they almost made me forget I was poor and lame." And at bedtime Joan said sleepily, "I like secrets better'n anything—let's think of another!"—Mary Isobel Houston.

DESK MATES.

Dave was several weeks late in starting to school, for the family had just moved to the town. There was only one empty seat on the morning when he first appeared, and that was beside a big boy by the name of Nathan Groves. The seat beside Nathan was generally empty, if the teacher could possibly manage it; everybody said that Nathan was the worst boy in town.

However, this morning there was no help for it; there was

no other place for Dave. The teacher looked at his small, rosy, new scholar, and his face said very plainly that he did not like to trust the little fellow to Nathan. That is, it said so very plainly to everybody in the room but Dave. Dave did not see that anything was wrong. He took his seat, cheerfully, with a shy but thoroughly friendly smile at his new desk-mate. Nathan pretended not to see it; he knew that all the eyes in the room were on him.

Many times before recess the teacher looked over at their desk, but everything was quiet. This did not satisfy him. He was always afraid of Nathan's quiet times; they usually meant trouble ahead.

As soon as the bell rang, Dave held up his diminutive history to Nathan.

"What do these two words mean?" he said, pointing out first one and then the other. Nathan explained.

"They are as easy as anything to you, aren't they?" said Dave, admiringly. "It must be nice to understand all kinds of words just by looking at them. I thought you could tell me; but I couldn't ask in school, you know."

"Oh!" said Nathan, and he laughed; couldn't you?"

He strolled away with his hands in his pockets, and it was not until he had reached the middle of the playground that he saw that Dave was at his heels, with his hands in his pockets.

"Hello!" said Nathan: "Aren't you going to play with the other youngsters?"

"I guess I'd rather stay with you," said Dave. "You see, I know you."

Nathan winked at some of the others who were standing by.

"All right. Birds of a feather flock together. Only I think you'll change your mind and prefer fellows of your own size, even if they aren't such kindred spirits just now."

"I guess so, when I get acquainted with them," agreed Dave, in good faith. "I say," he went on, "I brought four oranges in my luncheon to give away. Do you like oranges? Shall I get them?"

It was an embarrassing question. Nathan happened to know better where those oranges were than Dave did.

"You stay here," he said, briefly, after a pause. "I'll bring them. I can go faster."

He winked again, over Dave's head before he set out, a rather shamefaced wink this time.

On the second morning Nathan was ready to find a change in the attitude of his small companion. But the same smiling good will looked out of the blue eyes as on the day before. This was Friday. After school David said to Nathan:

"Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Yes," he answered. Nathan was the scourge of the school on Sundays, even as on week days.

"May I go with you?" Dave continued. "Mother meant to take me, but she's sick. And I told her that you could do it all right. Will you?"

Nathan promised. There was nobody near to share the joke with; perhaps that was why he did not laugh now.

Two or three weeks passed. When Dave went downstairs to his classes, Nathan managed to be prankish and provoking enough to bring up his average, and distract attention very successfully from the fact that he was really well-behaved when his little desk-mate sat beside him.

But there came a morning when Dave did not appear, nor did he on the second morning. The first news was that he was sick; then that he was very ill. Then followed days of great quiet at the school, when the boys gathered in groups during recess and talked in low voices of the jolly little chap who had made such a warm place for himself among them. Nathan wandered from one of these groups to another and listened in silence. He gave up all pretence of mischief, and sat at his desk beside the empty place, gazing out before him or else studying with a furious industry, to ease his mind.

One morning, at the opening of school, just before prayers, Mr. Arnold announced that Dave had had a good night, and that the danger was over. Then he said, "Let us pray," without waiting to read any Bible. Nathan was glad, for he did not wish his face to be seen just then. It was a very short prayer; I think that Mr. Arnold could not trust himself to make it longer. But it seemed to Nathan that there "was more prayer in it" than in any he had ever heard: it seemed to him that he had never thanked God before in his life, and he found it good to do.

Three or four days later a note was brought to Mr. Arnold, and a few minutes before school was out he called Nathan to the platform.

"Dave has asked to see you after school," he said. "You would better go at once and not keep him waiting."

Dave was propped up in bed among a sea of pillows. The roses were quite gone from his face, but not any of the beaming good fellowship.

"You are my first visitor," he said; "mother let me choose. Of course, I wanted you. You are my desk-mate."

Nathan laid the thin hand, which had been held out for him to shake, gently down on the counterpane and tried to swallow the choke that was in his throat. A shade of anxiety flashed into Dave's eyes.

"They haven't given my place to anybody else, have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nathan; "no! they couldn't; it's yours."

"It's just ours together, isn't it?" said Dave, with a gay but a weak little laugh. "I'd rather sit there than anywhere. I like all the other boys, too, but I like you the best. I like you a lot! And, besides, it is safer for me to sit by you."

"Safer?" echoed Nathan.

"I mean I can remember more to behave. Because you expect me to be good, don't you?"

"Yes," said Nathan. It was the very truth itself, but it made him feel like a hypocrite.

"I guess once I almost died." Dave went on. "So then I asked God if He wouldn't put our seats close to each other in Heaven, if that would be all right."

"But you are getting well fast," said Nathan, and he plunged into a description of school doings, which amused Dave immensely, until his mother came back and sent Nathan away.

As Nathan walked away slowly down the street homeward, he said to himself, "He thinks I'm good. Nobody else does. I wonder whether I could manage to fool the rest and—and not cheat him."

Now, six months later, when Mr. Arnold hears a disturbance in his school-room, the last seat that he looks at is Nathan's—one of the results of what Nathan calls "trying to live up to Dave."—Selected.

THE STORY OF A HERO.

In 1871 the steamship "Swallow" left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog, called Nero. The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was to be seen, and the island of St. Helena was the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with the breeze blowing and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of passengers were assembled on the deck; merry groups had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or someone sang a little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by a loud and piercing scream.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea. The poor woman, in

her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than can be written down, something rushed quickly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves holding the child.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet point. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive?" shouted every lip as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," "Good fellow," resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praises showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked up into her face with his big, faithful brown eyes, as if he said, "It is all right; I have brought her back safe."

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and taking the shaggy head in both hands kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and the hero of the ship, and he bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how, from that time on, he made himself the sentinel and body-guard of the child. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly

in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. It was as though he said, "I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once; but as I may not be so lucky again, I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And a "Good-by, Nero," "Good-by, good dog," responded on every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang-plank. To all these demonstrations he could only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept very close to the nurse's side and watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived loved and honored until he died of old age, with his shaggy gray head resting on the knee of the child (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave is in an English churchyard, in the burial-plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked with a fair, white stone, on which is engraved, "Sacred to the memory of Nero."

His portrait hangs over the chimney-piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits a fair-haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprang into the Atlantic Ocean after her and held her until help came.—Parish and Home.

GOD'S SURPRISES.

"O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?"
"Plant me and see
What I shall be—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes?

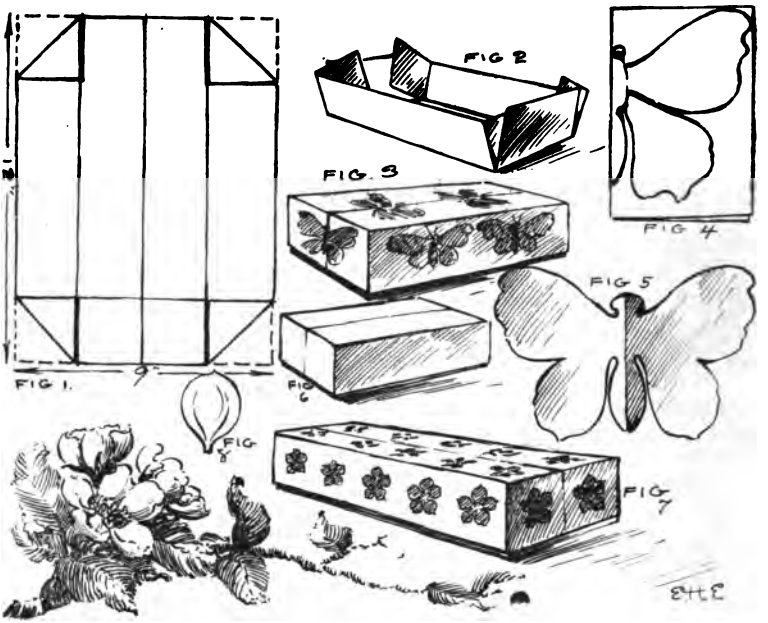
"A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be—
His best surprise
Before your eyes!"

—Selected.

Busy Work for Little Hands.

Elbert H. Eastmond.

Brigham Young University.



Boys' Work.

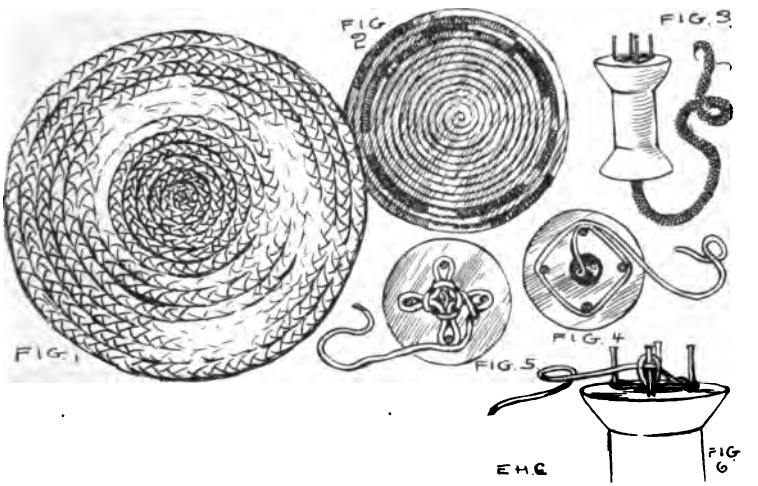
"The things a child can make,
May crude and worthless be;—
It is his impulse to create,
Should gladden thee."

PAPER BOXES.

TO MAKE:—Fold or rule the shape of paper as shown by fig. 1. Fold in each corner and from points thus obtained fold the spaces for the ends—of the box—then place together as fig. 2 and paste. The bottom of the box is made in the same manner, excepting that the stock must be just a little smaller so that the lid will fit over. For the decoration—draw the part of a butterfly, or any other bilateral object on a piece of colored paper—folded, see fig. 4. Cut through the two thicknesses of paper, on

the fold and obtain fig. 5. Decorate with the cut forms as suggested by fig. 3. Flower forms may be used as suggested by fig. 7. Cut petals—several at a time, from colored paper, and form the flower on the box. See fig. 8—apple blossom petal.

Boxes of various lengths and widths may be made by using perhaps larger pieces of paper for the stock and folding or ruling more construction lines. See figs. 6 and 7. These boxes may be made by girls, for ribbons, etc., and by boys, for ties, writing paper, etc.



Girls' Work.

RUG—MAT.

MATERIALS FOR RUG:—For the rug use strips of cloth that may be found in mother's rag bag, needle and thread.

TO MAKE:—First begin to braid in a neat way, the strip, then lay together in a coil and sew, as shown by fig. 1. Stripes may be placed by using colored cloth. The coil should not be drawn tightly or the rug will be uneven.

MATERIALS FOR MAT:—Use pieces of yarns, a spool, brads, and darning needle.

TO MAKE:—Place brads in the end of the spool as shown by figs. 5 and 6. Place the yarn through the spool and around the brads. See fig. 4. On the second round with the yarn, loop the under thread over the upper—see figs. 6 and 5, and draw into the hole of the spool; continue the process and get the knitting as shown by fig. 3. Make the mat in the same manner as the rug. See fig. 2. Various colors may be run in with pretty effect.

The Children's Friend.

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GENERAL CONFERENCE OF PRIMARY OFFICERS.

Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 8, 9, 10.

PROGRAM.

Arrangements are being made for an especially interesting and instructive conference this year.

Practical lessons in all grades will be presented, also a ward conference; the work to be given with Primary children, and under the supervision of members of the General Board. Opportunities will be given for discussion on these phases of Primary work.

The lesson, How it should be developed with practical illustrations, by Apostle David O. McKay.

How to teach Primary children to sing, with practical illustrations, by Professor Evan Stephens.

Talks on important elements of Primary work by members of the Board.

The usual spiritual feast on Sunday morning and public exercises in the Tabernacle in connection with the Mutual Improvement conference.

These are some of the good things to which every officer, Stake and Local, is cordially invited. Every Stake must be represented. Stake officers not entertained by relations or friends will come to this office upon arrival in Salt Lake City and give us the pleasure of caring for them during their stay for the conference.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated after the teacher:

"Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And, oh, accept my prayer.
Thou hearest all the words I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do what'er is right
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live. Amen."

Song for the month: Summer, Primary Song Book, No. 44.

Memory Gem for the month:

Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourself be blessed.

Suggestion for Rest Exercises:

The Mother Goose rhymes are always interesting to small children, and the following arrangement with familiar tunes will be found helpful, if used as rest exercises:

Rhyme.	Tune.
There was an Old Woman Lived under the Hill	Happy is the Miller.
Jack and Jill	Yankee Doodle.
Little Bopeep	Yankee Doodle.
Three Little Girls a Sliding Went	Here We go 'round the Barbery Bush.

Old Mother Hubbard.....The Needle's Eye.
Three Little Kittens.....The Needle's Eye.
Hey Diddle Diddle.....The Needle's Eye.
Old Woman Tossed up in a Blanket..Old Oaken Bucket.
Jack be Nimble.....Mozart's A. B. C. Melody.
Humpty, Dumpty.....Mozart's A. B. C. Melody.
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.....Mozart's A. B. C. Melody.
Sing a Song of Sixpence.....Wearing o' the Green (first part of the tune).
By-lo Baby Bunting.....King William was King James' Son.
Simple Simon.....Comin' Through the Rye.
Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater.....Scotland's Burning.
Little Fishes.....Scotland's Burning.
Man in the Moon.....Girl I Left Behind Me.
Bean Porridge Hot.....Old Dan Tucker.
Little Boy Blue.....Merry Brown Thrush.
Old Woman in a Shoe.....Wait for the Wagon.

(NOTE. Occasionally it will be necessary to repeat two lines of some of these rhymes in order to fit them to the tunes given.)

Lesson 21.

Aim: Helpfulness.
Story: How Fred Helped, page 203.
Incident: Blessing the Baby.

It was Saturday morning and the new baby was sick. Ruth felt very sorry, for there hanging on the clothes-horse was the pretty dress that the baby was going to wear tomorrow. Ruth had seen Aunt Jane wash and iron it with such care. How white it was, and how smooth; and the trimming mamma had made with such patience, was so beautiful. Besides, Ruth had been allowed to peep into a box where lay such a nice new warm coat and hood. For it would be cold for such a little tot, and mamma had said, "I think we had better take a shawl, too."

When papa went to work that morning Ruth had heard him say, "If baby isn't any better tomorrow, it won't be safe to take him to fast-meeting." And Ruth knew that mamma felt badly, for when she came back from saying, "Good morning," to papa, her face looked sad, and Ruth heard her sigh, and that made Ruth feel sad, too.

Everything was so quiet. Ruth sat in her own little corner playing with her dolly and making believe that the dolly was sick, too. And she thought and thought to herself for such a long

time that mamma wondered what ailed her little girl, and finally she said, "Ruth, what are you thinking about?" And then the little girl ran to her mother and, curling up in her lap, said, "Mamma, I was thinking about our baby, and wishing he were well and could go to meeting tomorrow to be blessed, and I thought about what our Primary President told us, that if we wanted anything very much, we could ask the Lord for it, and if it was good for us He would let us have it."

"Yes, dear," said mamma, "that is true."

"Well then, won't it be good for the baby to be blessed?"

"Yes, because the Lord desires us to take our babies to be blessed," answered mamma.

"Then," said Ruth, "I am going to ask the Lord to make my baby brother well," and jumping down off her mother's lap, she kneeled down and closing her eyes tightly, and with her hands clasped together, she prayed that the baby should be made well, so that he could be taken to meeting. When she got up she put her arms around mamma's neck, and giving her a hug and a kiss, said, "Now, mamma, don't worry, it's all right, the Lord will make brother well." Then she ran off to play, and when she picked up her dolly she said, "Now, dolly, you are going to get well, but we mustn't make a bit of noise, or bother mamma, because if we want God to make brother well we must help all we can."

The next day when everybody was dressed and ready for meeting, and papa took Ruth to walk with him, the little girl kept dancing along the road and looking so bright and happy that papa said, "What makes my little daughter so happy today?" and Ruth, coming up close, said, "Because we are going to meeting to have our baby blessed." But mamma said, "I think Ruth is happy because she helped the Lord to bless the baby."

Lesson 22.

Aim: Kindness.
Story: The Daisy, page 204.
Incident: Jesus and the Samaritan Woman.

When the Passover was ended, Jesus and the disciples left Jerusalem and were going again to Galilee. And as they were going through a place called Samaria, the disciples wondered why their Master did not go by some other way, for the Jews hated Samaria and the people who lived in it.

If a Jew met a Samaritan he would say spiteful, unkind things to him; and if a Samaritan met a Jew, the Samaritan would be rude and disagreeable. Each thought himself better than the other.

Jesus was a Jew, but too good and noble-hearted to dislike the Samaritans. Perhaps he went through the despised country to teach the disciples that they should love one another.

But, oh, what a long, long journey it was. How dusty the roads were, and how fiercely the sun beat down on the heads of those poor, weary travelers. They were tired and thirsty, and had had nothing all day.

"Master! look!" cried the disciples, "is not that the town of Sychar? Sit down on the side of this well, while we go and buy something to eat."

So Jesus sat down, and the disciples hurried off into the town.

Presently a woman—a Samaritan—came to the well to draw water, and, because Jesus was a Jew, she would not speak to Him, but let down her pitcher, and drew it up full of cool, sparkling water.

The sight of the water made Jesus wish for some, so He said kindly, "Give me to drink."

"What? a Jew ask a Samaritan for water? I thought you Jews would have nothing at all to do with us," said the woman.

Instead of rebuking her for speaking so rudely, Jesus talked kindly and told her many wonderful things.

The woman was so astonished that she ran back to the city and told her friends about Jesus.

And they went back with her and asked Jesus to stay a while with them.

So Jesus stayed with them two days, and taught them.

Lesson 23.

Aim: The Golden Rule.
Story: A May Day Secret, page 209.
Incident: The Good Samaritan.

Jesus in talking to the people would often tell them that they must love the Lord with all their might, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. One day a man asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" Then Jesus told the following story or parable so that all might know who is their neighbor.

A certain man was traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho when he met some wicked men who robbed and beat him and after taking all his clothing they left him lying in the road naked, wounded, and almost dead.

By and by a priest came along and when he saw the poor man lying there crossed to the other side of the road and passed

by without offering to assist the poor man or help even with a kind hand.

Then a Levite came by who went up and looked at the man lying in the road. Perhaps he was sorry for him, but he, too, crossed the road and passed on.

Next came a Samaritan who, as soon as he saw the wounded man, pitied him and went to his help. He bound up his wounds, gave him nourishment, and when he was better, put him on his own beast and took him to a house where he could be cared for.

When the Samaritan was ready to continue his own journey he gave the people who lived in the house money to take care of the wounded man and told them that if what he gave them was not enough, to take good care of the poor man, and when he came back he would give them more.

Leson 24.

Aim: Courage.
Story: The Story of A Hero, page 213.
Incident: Making a Sacrifice.

Ezra was only eight years old, his sister was still younger. Their folks were living with the poor Saints at Mount Pisgah, where they had stopped when driven from their homes in Nauvoo. Their baby sister had died, and they all felt very lonely without the little darling.

They knew they were not to stay at Pisgah long, but would have to hitch up and go somewhere else.

Ruth was so lonely without the sweet baby sister she had sung to and played with so much, and she hunted up whatever she could find for doll-clothes and tried to be happy dressing her doll. One day when she was sewing with all her might on her doll-clothes, Ezra came to her and said, "Put your sewing away, Ruth, and come with me. Pa wants to talk to us."

Ruth hurried to do as her brother said, but she wondered what it was her father wished to say to them.

When the children went to where their father and mother were sitting and talking, Ruth could see that her father looked very sad, and mother pale and troubled.

Then their father told them that the government officers had made a call on the Saints to send five hundred young men from among their number to go to California and take part in the war with Mexico. And President Young had sent word to the young men, that as many as could, had better volunteer to go.

Ezra's father felt that he was no better than anyone else and that if his life should be needed, he would not shrink from offer-

ing it as a sacrifice when the Prophet of the Lord counseled them to go and answer to their country's call.

He told his children that he and their mother had talked the matter over and decided that it was right for him to go with the volunteers. Then he talked to them of what they must do after he was gone. By his example he was trying to teach them a lesson in obedience and courage. And he wanted very much that they should remember it and always be obedient and kind to their mother, and ready to be brave and courageous for her sake.

Young as Ezra was, he would have to be his mother's main help and dependence; and the little boy felt something of the great burden that was being placed upon him. Indeed, the whole family felt very deeply the fact that the husband and father, thus starting for scenes of war might be killed and never come back to them any more.

And it was with many prayers and tears that Ezra and Ruth saw their dear father start away to join the volunteers and be a soldier.

But there was something else in store for Ezra's father. On the way he met President Brigham Young and Willard Richards, and they, the Prophets of the Lord, told that good, true man that his offering was accepted by his Heavenly Father, and that for him there was "A ram in the thicket." His body was not strong enough to bear the hardships of the soldier's life, and that it would be right for him to return to his family. He went home and there was great joy where there had lately been much sorrow. —Lula Greene Richards.

Second Grade.

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

Lesson 21.

Subject: Love.
Bible Story: Jesus Blessing the Children.
Book of Mormon Story: Jesus and the Nephite Children.

When Jesus was upon the earth, He did so many wonderful things in healing the sick, making the blind see, the lame walk, and feeding the people, that everywhere He and His disciples went, the people came running out to meet Him; some asked Him questions, some wanted to follow Him—even children and tiny babies were brought to Him that He might bless them.

One day when Jesus was talking with a great crowd of people, some mothers came up to the disciples and said to them:

"We have brought our little ones to Jesus that He may bless them.

"Go away!" they said, roughly, "Jesus is busy, He cannot bless them now."

Jesus was very angry with the disciples for being so unkind to the poor mothers, and wanting to send their children away.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me," He said; "forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the mothers brought their little ones to Jesus, and Jesus smiled on them, and laid His hands upon their heads and blessed them.

JESUS AND THE NEPHITE CHILDREN.

While Jesus was teaching the people in Palestine, many people in this land were watching for His coming. They had waited and watched for a long time, and they knew by the signs that had been given them by the prophets that He would soon appear.

After Jesus had been put to death He visited these people, and many beautiful things He taught them as they sat around Him.

Among other things, He gave them the Lord's Prayer—the beautiful prayer, "Our Father," that we all know so well. Many, many hundreds of years have passed since He taught that prayer, both to the Jews and the Nephites, but it has never been forgotten.

Then He taught them of God's love for His children. How many good things our parents here give to us, and do for us, and how much greater gifts does our Father in Heaven give. He cares for all the birds in the air and all the animals in the fields, and feeds them; He clothes all the flowers and gives them their beautiful colors; if He shows such kindness to them, how much greater is His love for His children, and how much better blessings He gives to them.

Jesus also taught them to love one another—not only to love those who loved them and were good to them, but to love their enemies, and all who tried to do them harm.

As He looked over the great crowds of people, He saw many gazing at Him with tears in their eyes. Jesus knew their thoughts, how much they loved Him and wanted Him to stay with them a little longer, and He knew they were afraid to ask it.

"Have you any sick among you?" He asked. "Bring them hither. Have ye any that are lame, or blind, or halt, or maimed, or leprous, or that are withered, or that are deaf, or that are afflicted in any manner? Bring them hither that I may heal them, for I have compassion upon you."

He could see that they desired to have Him do for them as He had done for those at Jerusalem, and He knew their faith was strong enough for Him to heal them.

They hurried away with joy to obey Him, and soon came back. And what a strange crowd of people it was! Mothers with little white-faced babies; strong men leading the blind or carrying the sick in their strong arms; lame men limping on their crutches or creeping along on the ground; pale, weak little children; but on every face there was an eager, hungry look as they spoke of Jesus and the promise He had made them.

Jesus saw them coming, and His heart was filled with pity and kindness, as He went to meet them, and healed them with a touch of His hand, or a word, or sometimes just a kind, gentle look.

What a different world it was to those people; some of them who had not been able to see for years were looking eagerly at the beautiful blue sky and at the trees and flowers, but most of all at the One who had made them see; many who had not walked for a long, long time, and perhaps never, were running around; the little children were crowing and laughing, and weak little ones were now strong and well; and all the sick were healed and happy. They gathered around Jesus, bowed before Him, kissing His feet and bathing them in their tears, and worshiping Him.

Then Jesus said He would like to see all the little children. This was glad news for the fathers and mothers, and they hurried away. Soon they came back, but what a different crowd from the one which had come before. Hundreds and hundreds of children, with bright, smiling faces, were running and dancing along to see Jesus, of whose love and goodness their parents had told them.

When they reached the place where the Savior stood, the children sat down on the ground around Him, the people standing aside until all had been brought there. Jesus stood in the midst, and told the multitude to kneel down. He, too, kneeled and prayed to His Father in Heaven, such a grand, beautiful prayer. The people said that no eye had ever seen and no ear had ever heard such great and marvelous things as they saw and heard when Jesus prayed for the children.

When He was through praying, He arose, but the people were so glad and happy that they still knelt.

"Arise," said Jesus; and they all stood up. "Blessed are ye," He continued, "because of your faith."

Then He took the children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed to His Father for them; and, turning to the people, He said:

"Behold your little ones."

The fathers and mothers looked and saw angels coming down from heaven, in the midst of fire, and surrounding the little children; and the fire seemed to be about them all, as the angels ministered to them.

How glad and happy were those parents to see the angels come from heaven to their little ones, and they knew then how great was the love of Jesus for the children.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Jesus so loved the people that he went about healing them, and making them happy. The mothers wished to have Him bless their little children; but the disciples said He was too busy. Jesus was never too busy to see the little ones, and rebuked the disciples for attempting to send the mother away. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The love of Jesus was just as great for His people on this land as in Palestine, and He came to visit them after He had been put to death .He healed their sick, and taught them to love one another; and then sent for the children. He blessed them, and prayed for them, and angels from heaven came and administered to them, showing how great was the love for the little ones.

Memory Gem:

"Little loving thoughts
Are little tiny seeds,
From which bud and blossom
Little loving deeds.

"Plant a loving thought
In all that you may do;
And that seed will blossom
Into love for you."

Lesson 22.

Subject: Kindness to Animals.
Stories:
The Prophet's Kindness to Animals.
Lincoln's Kindness.
The Captive Woodchuck, page 201.

THE PROPHET'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

While Zion's camp was on the way to relieve the sufferings of the Saints in Jackson county, the Prophet Joseph taught them a valuable lesson.

One of the instructions given by the Prophet during this journey was that his brethren should not kill an animal of any kind, unless it became absolutely necessary to save themselves from starvation. On one occasion, while the Prophet's tent was being pitched at camp, the men saw three rattlesnakes and were about to kill them, but Joseph forbade the act. He asked the Elders how the serpent would ever lose its venom while the servants of God made war upon it with desire to kill. He said: "Men themselves must first become harmless before they can expect the brute creation to be so. When man shall lose his own vicious disposition and cease to destroy the inferior animals, the lion and the lamb may dwell together and the suckling child play with the serpent in safety." It was a deep philosophy and contrary to the preconceived notions and early lessons of his brethren; but they obeyed. And soon they experienced the truth of his words. One of the members of the camp by the name of Solomon Humphrey lay down on the prairie one day to rest. He fell asleep with his hat in his hand. While he slumbered, a large rattlesnake crawled up and coiled between him and his hat, and when Elder Humphrey awoke he found the serpent's head not a foot from his own. He did not harm it, and when some of his brethren would have killed it, he stayed their hands, saying: "No; I will protect him, for he and I have had a good nap together." Although the rattlesnake was roused, it made no effort to strike.—Geo. Q. Cannon, in "Life of Joseph Smith."

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

Abraham Lincoln was very fond of animals, but he wanted them to be free and enjoy life, just as God intended they should.

One day as he and some others were going through the woods, one of them saw two black snakes hanging from the branch of a tree.

"Come quick," he said, "and let us kill them."

Abraham looked up and saw them and said: "No, no, their lives are just as sweet to them as ours are to us."

He used to make speeches to his schoolmates. One day while he was standing on a stump speaking to them, a turtle came crawling along. The boys were waving their hats and cheering Abraham. One of the boys, seeing the turtle crawling along, picked it up and swung it around his head two or three times. Then he let it fall to the ground, all broken, at Abraham's feet. Abraham stopped speaking and looked at the poor thing with pity.

"Who did that?" he cried. "Brute! Coward!" and he told the boys that the poor creature had a right to live. Then the

boys were sorry for the turtle and they carried it carefully down to the pond.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: The Prophet told the members of Zion's Camp, while on their way to assist the Saints in Jackson county, that they should not kill any living thing, unless to prevent them from starving. When some rattlesnakes were about to be killed, the Prophet stopped the Elders, telling them that until men lost their desire to destroy, they could not expect the brute creation to do so. That when men no longer sought the lives of animals, the lion and lamb would lie down together. Soon after one of the Elders fell asleep on the ground, and when he awoke, he found a rattlesnake coiled up beside him. He did not harm the snake, and although it was roused, it made no effort to strike.

Abraham Lincoln was also kind to animals. He saved the lives of snakes and turtles, by telling his companions that they had a right to their lives, and life was as sweet to them as to us.

Daniel Webster, the great statesman, was very kind to animals. Through his efforts a little woodchuck's life was spared.

All three of these great men valued the life of an animal, and thought none of the little creatures beneath their notice.

Memory Gem:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

Lesson 23.

Subject: Obedience.
Bible Story: "Jesus in the Temple."
Supplementary Story: "Going to," page 207.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

The Bible tells us a beautiful story of Jesus when He was twelve years old, and lived with His parents in Nazareth—the story of His first visit to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem was built upon four lofty hills, and was such a lovely city that people came from all parts of the world to see it. Very beautiful it must have looked in the sunlight, for its Temple, and houses, and palaces were made of pure white marble, and its towers of shining gold.

It was a busy city, too. But in Passover week the crowd in the streets was greater than ever because the Passover was a Holy Feast, and the Priests liked everyone who could to come to it.

Then men, women and children, priests, and beggars, sheep and lambs, and oxen, and men carrying great wicker cages full of doves and sparrows, jostled and pushed against one another, for everything and everybody was going to or from the Holy Temple.

And what a wonderful place that Holy Temple was, with its golden gates and marble courts, and roofs of cedar-wood, and pavements of polished stone!

So when Jesus was twelve years old His parents took Him with them to Jersualem to eat the Feast of the Passover, and every day they went up to worship in the Holy Temple, and listen to the Scribes and doctors who taught there. But at last the Passover was ended, and they set out on their way back to Nazareth.

A great many of their friends and neighbors traveled with them, but Mary and Joseph were so busy talking with these people of the wonders they had seen and heard in Jerusalem, that they did not notice until night-time that Jesus was not with the rest of the children.

"Where is Jesus?" said Mary, to her friends. "Have any of you seen our son Jesus? Is He not with some of your children?"

When she heard that no one had seen Him, she grew very frightened and said to Joseph:

"We must go back to Jerusalem and look for Him; something must have happened to Him there, for we have never lost Him before."

So they went back, looking everywhere for Jesus; in the streets, and the houses, and shops—everywhere they could think of. At last, after three days, they found Him in the Holy Temple, sitting at the feet of the Scribes and Doctors, hearing them and asking them questions, and everyone was surprised at the things He said, for He was only a child, and those who were talking to Him were men of great learning.

When His mother found Him, she said, "Son, why have you treated us so? We have been looking for you a long time, anxiously and sorrowfully."

"Why have you looked for me?" He asked. "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

He meant that He must be doing what His Father in Heaven had sent him to earth to do.

Jesus left the beautiful Temple and the wise men and went with His parents to Nazareth and remained there until the time came for Him to preach to the people.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Jesus lived in Nazareth with Joseph and Mary, and went to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem with them. Here they often went to the

Temple. When they started home, they could not find Jesus, and searched for a long time for Him. Finally they found Him in the Temple, talking to the wise men and teaching them. When He was told How His parents had searched for Him, He told them He had been about His Father's business; but He left the wise men, and obedient to His earthly parents, went back to Nazareth with them.

Memory Gem:

"If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

"Never make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady.
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready."

Leson 24.

Subject: Kindness.
Bible Story: The Woman of Samaria.
Supplementary Story: "Desk Mates," page 210.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Jesus and His disciples were going from the land of Judea into Galilee. And as they were going through a place called Samaria, the disciples wondered why their Master did not go by some other way, for the Jews hated Samaria and the people who lived in it. If a Jew met a Samaritan, he would say spiteful, unkind things to him, and if a Samaritan met a Jew, the Samaritan would be rude and disagreeable. Each thought themselves better than the other.

Jesus was a Jew, but too good and noble-hearted to dislike the Samaritan. Perhaps he went through the despised country to teach the disciples they should love one another.

But. oh, what a long, long journey it was. How dusty the roads were, and how fiercely the sun beat down on the heads of those poor, weary travelers. They were tired and thirsty, and had had nothing to eat all day.

"Master, look!" cried the disciples. "Is not that the town of Sychar? Sit down on the side of this well, while we go and buy something to eat."

So Jesus sat down, and the disciples huried off into the town.

Presently a woman—a Samaritan—came to the well to draw water, and, because Jesus was a Jew, she would not speak to Him, but let down her pitcher, and drew it up full of cool, sparkling water.

But the sight of the cool, sparkling water made Jesus very thirsty, so He said kindly to the woman, "Give Me to drink."

"What? a Jew ask a Samaritan for water? I thought you Jews would have nothing at all to do with us," said the woman.

Instead of rebuking her for speaking so rudely, Jesus told her that if she had asked Him, He would have given her living water.

"What can he mean?" thought the woman. She looked at Jesus and all around the well, but there was no cup or pitcher, nothing that could hold the least drop of water.

"Sir!" she said, "How can you give me water when you have nothing to draw it with, and the well is so deep?"

Jesus pointed to the pitcher that the woman carried, and said: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

"Never thirst!" exclaimed the woman, "do you mean that I need never come to the well again? Sir, give me some of this water."

Then Jesus talked to the woman about God and His Holy Spirit, and told her that she should love God and worship Him.

"I know," said the woman, "that some day Christ will come to live on earth."

When Jesus said, "I that speak unto thee am He," the woman was so astonished that she threw down her pitcher and ran off as fast as she could to tell her friends.

"Come!" she cried, "Make haste! Come to the well, and I will show you a Man who knows all I have ever done, and who says He is Christ!"

So they went with the woman, and cried to everyone they passed, "Come with us! Come, see a Man who says He is Christ!"

Directly they saw Jesus, and heard Him speak and tell the wonderful things of the Kingdom of God, they knew he was indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world."

"Stay with us in our city," they said. "Do not go away from us."

So Jesus stayed with them two days, and taught them; and great numbers believed on Him.

Points to be brought out in the lesson: Jesus and the disciples went through Samaria. The Samaritans and Jews hated each other. While waiting at the well, Jesus saw a Samaritan woman come for water and asked for a drink. She was surprised

that a Jew should speak to her; but Jesus not only spoke to her, but taught of the Lord and the Holy Ghost, and told her many things, showing that He was too kind and noble to refuse to teach even those of a despised country. Many people came to hear Him, when He told the woman He was the Christ, and He stayed with them and taught them for three days.

Nathan was the unruly boy in the school. The new scholar was sent to sit beside him. Little Dave believes in the goodness of Nathan, and by his love and kindness, he makes the unruly boy resolve to be what the little fellow believes him.

Memory Gem:

"Kind words are little sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all."

Third Grade.

NOTE TO TEACHERS: The lessons should be thoroughly understood by the teachers, a careful reading of the matter is absolutely necessary, not only of the outlines as given in the Friend, but the references from the Testament. Because of lack of space, we are not able to offer many suggestions for each lesson, but the success of all work in teaching is found in the ability of a teacher to make a good lesson out of the matter suggested. Remember that:

Highest aim and true endeavor,
Earnest work, with patient might;
Hoping, trusting, singing ever,
Battling bravely for the right;
Loving God, all men forgiving;
Helping weaker feet to stand—
These will make a life worth living,
Make it noble, make it grand.

—Emma C. Dowd.

Lesson 21.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. The Lord Speaks to Ananias.

Reference: The Acts 9: 10—16.

There was living, at that time, in Damascus a disciple named Ananias. And the Lord spoke to him, and said, Ananias. He answered, I am here, Lord. The Lord said to him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and ask at the house of Judas for a man named Saul. He is now praying to me, and has seen thee in a vision, coming to him and putting thy hand on him, that he may receive his sight. Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard many speak of this man, and of the great evil he has done to thy people in Jerusalem; and he has come here with letters from the chief priests, giving him power to bind in fetters all who believe on thee. But the Lord said, Go, as I have told thee, for I have chosen him to preach my Gospel to the gentiles, and to kings, and to the children of Israel. And I will show him what great sufferings he must bear for my sake.

2. The Restoration of Saul's Sight.

Reference: The Acts 9: 17—20.

Then Ananias obeyed and went into the house of Judas, and putting his hands on Saul, said, Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, who appeared to thee as thou wast coming to Damascus, has sent me to put my hands on thee, that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately Saul's eyes were opened and he could see; and he rose up and was baptized. After he had eaten some food, his strength came to him again. Then he stayed with the disciples who were in Damascus, and went into the Synagogues and preached about Christ to the people, telling them that He was the Son of God.

3. Saul Escapes in a Basket.

Reference: The Acts 9: 21—25.

But all who heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this the man who persecuted those who believed, in Jerusalem, and came here that he might bind the disciples and carry them to the chief priests to be punished? Yet Saul preached more and more earnestly, and proved, out of the Scriptures, to the Jews at Damascus, that Jesus was the Savior; so that although they would not believe, they could not deny what he said. And after many days had passed, the Jews, being filled with anger, talked with one another, about some way of killing him. And they watched by day and by night, to take him when he should go out through the gates of the city. But the disciples heard of it, and took him by night, and let him down in a basket from a window that was over the wall, so that he escaped out of Damascus and afterward, went to Jerusalem.

4. Saul is Sent to Tarsus.
Reference: The Acts 9: 26—31.

When he had come to Jerusalem, he went to the disciples who were there, because now, instead of hating them,he loved them and wanted to be with them; but they were all afraid of him, and would not believe that he himself had been made a disciple. And Barnabas, one of the men who had sold their land and given the money to the poor, brought him to the Apostles and told them how Saul had seen Jesus as he journeyed, and afterward preached the Gospel boldly at Damascus. Then the Apostles took Saul, and he stayed with them and preached in Jerusalem. But some of the Jews at Jerusalem, like those at Damascus, determined to slay him. When the Apostles knew of it, they sent him away to a city called Tarsus (which was not in the land of Israel, but in a country called Asia Minor), where Saul was born. After this, the Bible says, the Churches had rest, that is, no one troubled or persecuted them. By Churches are meant the congregations, or companies, of disciples that met together in different places, not the buildings, or houses in which they met.

Lesson 22.

Review previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. The Healing of Eneas.
Reference: The Acts 9: 32—35.

As Peter went through different parts of the land, visiting the churches there, he came to the city Lydda. And he found in that city a man named Eneas, who had palsy, and had lain on his bed for eight years. Peter said to him, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee well. Rise up, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And many of the people who lived at Lydda and in the country around it, saw Eneas after he was made well; and they believed on Jesus.

2. Dorcas Restored to Life.
Reference, The Acts 9: 36—43.

At Joppa, which was a city not far from Lydda, there was a disciple named Dorcas. This woman was full of good works and kind acts, which she did to the poor. At that time she fell sick and died. Then they washed her dead body and made it ready for burial, laying it in an upper chamber. And because Lydda was near to Joppa, and the disciples heard that Peter was there, they sent two men asking him to make haste and come to them. Peter arose, and went. When they had brought him to the house,

they took him into the upper chamber where the body of Dorcas lay. And all the poor widows whom she had helped, stood by him, showing the coats and garments which she had made for them while she was alive. But Peter put everyone out, and kneeled down and prayed; and turning to the dead body, he said, Dorcas, arise! And she awaked like one who had been asleep, and when she saw Peter, sat up. And he reached out his hand and helped her to rise. Then he called those who were in the house, and gave her to them. And Peter stayed many days in Joppa, at the house of Simon, a tanner.

3. Cornelius the Gentile.

Reference: The Acts 10: 1—8.

There was a man in the city of Cesarea named Cornelius, a centurion in the Roman army. He was not a Jew; yet he was a good man, who feared God and taught his family to fear Him, giving much alms to the poor, and praying to God always. Cornelius saw in a vision, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel coming to him and saying, Cornelius. When he saw the angel he was afraid, and said, what is it, Lord? The angel answered, God has heard thy prayers, and seen the alms which thou hast given. Now send men to Joppa for a man named Peter, who is staying in the house of Simon, a tanner, which is by the sea-side; when he has come, he will tell thee what thou oughtest to do. After the angel had gone, Cornelius called two of his servants who waited upon him, and also a soldier who feared God, and whom he kept with him continually. And when he had told them what the angel said, he sent them to Joppa.

4. Peter has a Vision.

Reference: The Acts 10: 9—13.

The next day as they went on their journey and came near to the city, Peter, who did not know they were coming, went up on the house-top to pray; for, as we have read, the houses in which the Jews lived, had flat roofs, and often times a little room was built upon them where anyone of the family could go and be alone, and pray to God. And Peter went up on the house-top to pray about the sixth hour. And as he prayed, he grew very hungry and wanted to eat; then he had a dream, or vision. He saw the sky above him open, and something like a great sheet, held up at the four corners, was let down to the earth before him. In this sheet were all kinds of wild beasts, and creeping things, and birds of the air. And there came a voice, saying, Rise, Peter, kill and eat.

Lesson 23.

Review of previous lesson.
Topics for Class:

1. Unclean Animals.
Reference: The Acts 10: 14—16.

We have read how Moses commanded the children of Israel not to eat any of the animals that were called unclean. Now some of these animals were in the sheet. Therefore when the voice told Peter to kill and eat them, he answered, I cannot do it, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is forbidden or unclean. Then the voice spoke again, saying, What God has made clean, do not thou call forbidden or unclean. These words were spoken three times, and then the sheet was lifted up towards heaven again.

2. The Explanation of the Vision.

It was God who sent the vision to Peter, and the reason he sent it was this: The Jews thought, because God had chosen them for His people, that they were better than any other nations, and that Jesus came to save them alone. They called other nations unclean, and did not want to preach the Gospel to them. But now God taught Peter that this was wrong. For the animals that he saw in the vision meant those other nations, and God intended in this way to show Peter that he should not call them unclean any more, nor refuse to teach them, but should preach to them, just as he preached to the Jews; because God had made those nations as well as the Jews, and had sent Jesus to save them also.

3. Peter Goes to Cesarea.
Reference: The Acts 10: 17—23.

While Peter was wondering in himself what the vision could mean, the servants of Cornelius came to Simon's house and stood before the gate and asked if Peter was there. Then the Holy Spirit spoke to Peter, saying, Behold, three men are looking for thee. Arise and go with them, without fear, for I have sent them. And Peter went down to the men, and said to them, Behold, I am he whom you seek; for what reason have you come? They answered, Cornelius, the centurion, who is a just man and one that fears God, and is well thought of by all the Jews, was told by a holy angel to send for thee to come to his house, that he might hear the words which thou wouldst speak. Then Peter called the men into Simon's house, and kept them that night; on the morrow he went with them, and some of the disciples who lived at Joppa went also.

4. The Brotherhood of Man.

Reference: The Acts 10: 24—29.

The next day they came to Cesarea. Cornelius was expecting them, and had invited his relations and near friends to be with him when Peter should come. And as Peter entered into his house, Cornelius fell down and worshiped him. But Peter spoke to him, saying, Stand up; for I am only a man like thyself. Then Peter went in with him and found there many persons gathered together, who, like Cornelius himself, were not Jews, but Gentiles. And Peter said to them, You know that the Jews say it is wrong for them to make friends with the men of other nations, because, the Jews think themselves better, and call others common and unclean. But God has taught me, in a vision, not to call the men of other nations common or unclean. Therefore I came to you as soon as you sent for me, and now I ask for what reason you wanted me to come?

Leson 24.

Review of previous lesson.

Topics for Class:

1. Cornelius Desires to Do the Will of God.

Reference: The Acts 10: 30—33.

Cornelius answered Peter's question, and said, Four days ago I was fasting and praying in my house, and, behold, an angel stood before me in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, God has heard thy prayers, and seen thy kind acts to the poor. Send therefore to Joppa for a man named Peter. He is staying in the house of Simon, a tanner, by the sea-side. When he comes, he will tell how thou, and all thy family, can be saved. Immediately then I sent for thee, and thou hast done kindly to come. Now, therefore, we are all met together to hear what God has commanded thee to say.

2. All Men the Children of God.

Reference: The Acts 10: 34—43.

Then Peter spoke to them, and said, Truly I see that God does not choose one nation to be His people more than another, but in every nation those persons who fear Him, and do what is right, He takes for His children. You have heard of the words that are preached to the children of Israel about Jesus: How God sent Him into the world, and how He went about doing good. Yet the Jews took Him and put Him to death. But God raised Him up again on the third day, and showed Him to us, His Apostles, who did eat and drink with Him after He had risen. And He commanded us to go and preach to the people, and tell them that

God has appointed him to be the judge of all men. For He is the One of whom the Prophets said, That all those who believe in Him shall have their sins forgiven.

3. Gentiles Receive Baptism.

Reference: The Acts 10: 44—48.

While Peter was yet speaking, the Holy Ghost came upon Cornelius, and the other Gentiles who were with him. And the Jews who had come with Peter from Joppa, were astonished; for, before that time, they thought that God did not care for the Gentiles, but now they saw that He sent His Holy Spirit upon them, and they heard the Gentiles speaking in other languages which they had never understood before, the Holy Spirit giving them power to do so. Then Peter said, Ought not these men to be baptised, to whom the Holy Ghost has been sent as well as to us? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. Then they begged him to stay with them for some days.

4. Peter Returns to Jerusalem.

Reference: The Acts 11: 1—18.

The Apostles and disciples at Jerusalem heard that Peter had gone to visit Cornelius and his friends at Cesarea. And when Peter came to Jerusalem they found fault with him, saying, Thou wentest into the house to visit men who are Gentiles, and didst eat with them. But Peter told them of all that had happened to him, and how God had taught him by the vision, that he was to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles also, and had commanded him to go with the men whom Cornelius sent. And, Peter said, While I was preaching to Cornelius and his friends, the Holy Ghost came upon them as it did upon us, who are Jews, at the day of Pentecost. Therefore, as God sent His Spirit upon them, what was I, that I should oppose Him? When the Apostles and disciples heard these things, they ceased to blame Peter, and gave thanks, saying, Then God has given to the Gentiles also new hearts, that they may be saved as well as we.

ALFRED'S PRAYER.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarreling, but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarreled dreadfully today."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't He do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you, and when Satan

tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, then God will give you victory. But He won't do the work for you."

"Oh, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able, by and by, to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers.—Kind Words.

GEORGE'S CLOTHES.

"Come here to mamma, and I'll tell you, dear boy,
For I think you have never guessed,
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dressed.

"The pretty sheep gives the wool from his sides
To make you a jacket to use;
The calf or the goat must be stripped of its hide
To give you these nice little shoes.

"And then the shy beaver contributes his share,
With the rabbit to give you a hat,
For this must be made of their delicate hair,
And so you must thank them for that.

"All these I have mentioned, and many more, too,
Each willingly gives us a share;
One sends us a hat, another a shoe,
That we may have plenty to wear.

"Then as the poor creatures thus suffer to give
So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right as long as they live
We should treat them as well as we can."

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THE DIAMOND SNUFF-BOX.

Many years ago a young man was seen coming out of a little house at the southern part of a town that stood by the sea. The house was but little more than a wooden hut, tarred over to protect it from wind and weather. Though its windows and door-step were clean, and its curtains white, it was clearly a very poor place, where none but very poor people would live.

The young man was in full military dress, though that was screened from view by a long, gray cloak, which the cold March wind made necessary. He looked back and waved his hand toward the little house, as if he knew that somebody there was watching him. Then he turned and struggled against the strong gale which blew from the northward.

He was quite young, and his finely cut face and features would have been pleasant, but for a look of stern and painful anxiety that seemed in striking contrast with his years and his dress. He walked on, quite through the town, and toward the old fort that kept guard over the harbor.

There, it was clear, festivity was going forward; and as he passed the grim old portal, friendly voices greeted him. Then over his stern, sad face he dropped a mask of cheerfulness; and though at times he relapsed into silence, yet it was evident that when he willed it he could be as cordial in his manners as the gayest of his brother officers.

In the fine old hall of the fort preparations had been made for a dinner-party in honor of an old general who had just arrived from a foreign station. Distinguished guests, all of them officers, had been invited to be present on the occasion.

After dinner, when ceremony was fairly thawed, the good old general, in the kindness and pride of his heart, displayed a little snuff-box which had been given to him by some Spanish grandee. It was set with diamonds and colored gems of rare value; and as it passed from hand to hand, flashing brightly in the lamplight, the old warrior told stories of his campaigns, and of the daring and honor of his men.

Suddenly, at the end of a story so thrilling that all heads had been eagerly bent forward to catch every syllable, the simple question was asked:

"What has become of the general's jewelled box?"

Nobody knew. Everybody said he had silently passed it on to his neighbor.

The general searched his pockets, hoping that it had found its way back to him, and that he, without thought or attention, had put it away. No, it was not there; and the old general looked a little blank as he fumbled in one pocket after another; and finally he murmured something about "how its loss would vex his good lady."

"But it cannot be lost, general," cried the commanding officer of the fort. "It was in this room a few minutes ago, and in this room it must be still. Let the door be made fast, and let our search for it be thorough."

In vain search was made for it under the table, under the chairs, and around the table drapery. "Still, it must be here," insisted the commandant; "and surely no gentleman will think his honor questioned if each in turn is asked to empty the contents of his pockets upon the table. I myself will be the first to do so."

Nobody could be expected to demur to so simple and sensible a proposal, backed as it was by the honest old officer, who instantly rattled out some half dollars, a tobacco-pouch, a few pennies, and an old pipe.

One after another quickly followed his example; but one man had been seen to draw back, and to drop suddenly into his seat, when the commandant made his proposal. It was the young officer who had walked from the little hut at the southern part of the town. He passed his hand once or twice nervously through his hair, leaving it wild and straggling, and then he watched blankly as the fruitless search drew nearer to himself.

His turn was the very last. "Lieutenant Ransom!" said the commandant. Lieutenant Ransom was certainly the first one that it had been necessary to call upon by name.

The young man arose, and, though the rest of his face was of a deadly whiteness, there was a spot of burning red on each cheek.

"I do not think any gentleman should be asked to do this," he said. "I give my word of honor that the box is not upon my person. I did not even keep it in my hands for a moment; I merely took it and passed it on."

A suppressed murmur of disapproval, approaching to indignation ran through the hall.

"What men high in the service, and old enough to be his father, have already done, Lieutenant Ransom may safely do," said the commandant, not unkindly.

"I would never have asked it for the sake of the box," interposed the old general, leaning back in his chair.

"But we ask it for the sake of our honor, general," said the commandant.

"And we do not seem to have asked it needlessly," whispered a spiteful major.

"I will not do this thing!" cried the young officer; and he looked wildly around the group, as if he sought for one face that would comprehend and compassionate his misery. The face that looked the kindest was that of the old general himself; and, turning to him, the young man said, "If the general will come with me to the anteroom, I will convince him that I have it not. But this public exposure I will not submit to, and——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in the general hubbub of confusion on every side, amid which could be heard expressions not at all complimentary to the young man's honor.

But the old general, waving his hand to still the tumult, arose. "Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "I have never yet refused to listen even to an enemy's petition. If you can satisfy me, sir, perhaps your comrades will take my word for you."

Some murmurs of disapproval were heard; but the lieutenant bowed, and waited respectfully to follow the general to the antechamber. They remained out long enough to have searched the lieutenant's pockets ten times over. Not a sound could be heard from them; and if any conversation was going on between them, it must have been in a very low tone of voice. The delay grew at first awkward, and then awful; and even whispers and murmurs at last gave way to an intent and excited watching.

When the general and the lieutenant came out, the young man's face was still pale; and what flush remained upon it had mounted to his eyes. The old general was blowing his nose.

"Lieutenant Ransom has thoroughly satisfied me," he said, in his most genial voice. "Never mind my box. It has vanished by one of those mysterious accidents which will sometimes happen. It will be found some day."

"General," said the commandant, drawing him a little to one side, "I hope your great generosity has not led you to——"

"Sir," cried the old general, "can you imagine that any mistaken idea of kindness would cause me to commend a thief to your favor?" Then, raising his voice so as to be heard by the whole company, he continued: "I pledge you my word that I am satisfied of Lieutenant Ransom's honor; and whoever dares to doubt it, charges me with being an accomplice in a fraud."

And the old general seized the young lieutenant's arm, and marched with him from the banqueting hall, while every one sat in dumb amazement, till the spiteful old major remarked that wonders would never cease.

There was nothing more to be said. It was soon discovered that Lieutenant Ransom was not only invited to dine with the other officers at the old general's quarters, in town, but was also asked there alone, to take tea with the general's family.

Not long after these events the young lieutenant exchanged into another regiment, which went on active service in a distant part of the country. He was away for several years, and in the fortunes of war was rapidly promoted, so that when he returned to his old home, though he was still young, he was no longer a poor nobody.

Immediately upon his arrival he found a letter awaiting him from the same old commandant of the fort, inviting him, in very cordial terms, to a dinner-party to be given at the fort on the following day. Lieutenant Ransom, now Colonel Ransom, smiled a little strangely as he read this invitation; but he wrote a very polite reply, and accepted.

Once more he sat in the stately old banqueting hall; but, as he took his seat in the chair of honor, he noticed that, although time had made many changes, every face at the table was strangely familiar to him. It is true, that not all the guests at the former dinner were there. Many of these, he knew, were sleeping on battle-fields far away. But nobody was at this dinner who had not been at the former one.

After the dishes had been removed, and the conversation had begun to flag, as if all were in expectation of something, the oldest officer present arose, and, speaking with some embarrassment, as he bowed to Colonel Ransom, said, "Colonel, I think we all remember another time when we dined together here."

"Certainly, I remember it," calmly answered the colonel, lifting his gray eyes cooly to the speaker, who then continued:

"Colonel, we fancy you think some of us did you injustice then. At least, a lady says you felt so—the good old general's widow. If what we are going to do is in any way painful to you, I hope you will pardon us, for we are only following her counsel. Colonel, there was a sunff-box lost that evening. Here it is."

And there it was, gleaming once more in the light, which danced gaily upon it. The colonel looked at it calmly, and asked:

"Where was it found?"

His composure was exceedingly disconcerting; and then the

old commandant himself, feeling that the first speaker had done his part, took up the story.

"It was found in the very chair on which you are now seated, colonel," he said. "You will remember that the old general sat there on that night. The box must have found its way back to the general's own hand, and, in the interest and excitement of his own story-telling, instead of slipping it into his pocket, he must have dropped it into the loose covering of his chair; for the covering was thick and heavy, and hung in lappets about his legs. The box evidently dropped between the damask and the torn lining, where it remained unseen, till the chair was repaired, last year."

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, with his accustomed calmness, though his lip trembled a little, "I cannot wonder that some of you thought my conduct suspicious. I thank you heartily for showing me your brotherly delight that those suspicions were unfounded."

The colonel then sat in silence for some moments, looking down, as if memory were busy with recollections of the past, and as if he had quite forgotten where he was. Then he recalled himself with a start, and, drawing something from his pocket, said, quietly:

"Gentlemen, I, too, have something to show you."

All pressed forward as he carefully unfolded the soft paper packet and laid something on the table. What was it? What could it be?

It was the bleached skeleton of a chicken's wing!

"Gentlemen," he said, in that same quiet voice, which no longer seemed cold and stern, but rather full of strength and sweetness, "when I was here before I was a poor, fatherless lad, owning nothing in this world but my poor little pittance of pay.

"I had only one relative, and that was my mother's sister. She was a mother to me after my mother's death; and we two had only each other in the world. When her health failed, I could not help her as she ought to have been helped, and I took her to lodge with the kindhearted wife of the miller's man, in the little black cottage by the sea shore. But she could not eat the homely fare; and the good landlady used to break my heart, by suggesting that her appetite might be tempted by chickens, or game, or other luxuries that were entirely beyond my reach.

"On the day of that memorable dinner-party, I left my aunt in a very feeble state. At the dinner here my soul revolted at the sight of dainties which I cared nothing for, and which I could not convey to her who seemed dying for want of them. Suddenly an idea seized me. I took a letter from my pocket and spread it on my napkin, and then, unnoticed by any one,

transferred the wing of a chicken from my plate to the paper, and then to my pocket."

The listening guests began to look at one another with enlightened eyes; and down the bronzed face of the once spiteful major a tear was seen glistening, as the whole truth dawned upon him.

"Gentlemen," continued the colonel, "you can all imagine my feelings when my poor little plan was threatened with exposure. There are some of you who were, like myself, young then, whom it would have been as hard to meet, after such a discovery, as it would have been if I had really stolen the jewelled snuff-box."

"Heaven forgive us, Ransom; but I cannot say you were wrong in your estimate of us at that time," said one brave gentleman, who was a fashionable dandy in those days, but who had a wife and six sons now.

"Gentlemen, I did not fear the old general, honored and enriched by a grateful country," said the colonel. "The men who have fought the best battles of life have ever a pitiful respect for the poor and friendless. To him I could lay bare my poor little secret. But I was a young man then, and my place was among the young—the young who, having never conquered, always despise the defeated—the vain, giddy youths, extravagant with their father's money, and ——"

"Oh, come, Ransom," cried one officer, "it is your turn now, but please remember that, tonight, we are the abject and defeated—and be merciful."

The colonel laughed heartily at this, but soon, resuming his composure, went on:

"In that little room yonder, I told my sad story to that good and great man who is gone. And I folded up my queer treasure again, for I could not leave it behind to bear witness; and besides, having paid such a terrible price for it, I did not see why my aunt should not have it.

"And she ate it for her supper that very night; and next morning, almost as soon as it was light, there was the old general hammering at the cottage door, with a basket of fowls and fruit brought by his own hands. And, then and there, I took this little chicken bone, and vowed that I would keep it till the general's snuff-box should be found, and until I myself should become such a man, among such men, that none of them would smile at my poverty, or even despise my weakness."—Selected.

THE BOY OF THE FAMILY.

Now, if anyone has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask who fills the stove?
Where is the girl that could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks,
After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds
By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
And really deserves a pension!
Friends, just praise this boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect,
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good I tell you,
To have some hearty praise.
He's not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys. —Selected.

FATE OF THE TOUGH BOY.

A boy stands on the street corners smoking cigarettes, using slang, becoming an adept in the finesse of polite swearing, making remarks about all the women that go by, and telling exactly where old Tom Smith misses it in the management of his business affairs. He dotes on the appellations of "June sweetener," "tough" and "peachereno," applied to him throughout the community.

His conduct is connived at by the witless girls of the town on the road to God knows where; he is dubbed the "proper stuff" by his associates, while the younger prodigals look upon his reputation as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

After a little there is an opening in the firm of Stoddard & Stoddard for a promising boy, offering a good salary to start on. But our young "peachereno" doesn't get it. No, sir; he doesn't get it; and he can't understand why he, of all the young men round about, should not have been approached with that proposition at least three days before anybody else was thought of.

Miserable, incorrigible fool! Poor wretched, wryheaded, incapable, with distorted conceptions of life! What hath a business house to do with thee? Or, why should a respectable institution of whatever nature covet thy presence?—Selected.

THE WAY TO INDEPENDENCE.

"Charley, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me," said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charley was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

"Why not drive them yourself?"

"Because I can't!" she replied.

"Because you can't!" he responded; "why, McCarty says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive nails."

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other he went into the shed, drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

"Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors

creak on their hinges for want of an oiled feather; or the little children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in the winter time for want of a little grease.

"And as for you, my boys," said his father, turning to Charley and his little seven-year-old brother, "you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy that I could beat any boy making a breakfast ready. There is no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast sometime during life. The most helpless people I have met with were those who could only do one kind of work. All boys and girls should learn some one thing very well and make that one thing your dependence for a living; add to it as much skill as you can; but it costs nothing to carry other knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence."—M. F.

OUR FLAG.

Our flag tells a story.
It says, "This is a free land."
The red says be brave.
The blue says be true.
The white says be pure.
Betty Ross made the first flag.
Mr. Washington told her how.
She made stars with five points.
She said the stars in the sky had five points.
The flag has a star for each State.—Leonard Draney.

WINNING HIS WAY.

"There is no use talking, Marthy, the boy can't go. If it was Rob, now, that wanted to go away I might think about it; but he is satisfied with the country school, as for sending Will away to school, I shan't do it."

Mrs. Elmer, a slight, dark-eyed woman, paused in her search for the rolling pin that she wanted to use in making the biscuits for supper.

"Doesn't Will do his share " she asked quietly.

"Share, yes, but he has always got his head in some book

or paper when I want him, and he doesn't take half the interest in the farm that Rob does."

"I know Will loves the books. He is not naturally a farmer like Robert, but he is younger, and though I do not believe that he will be satisfied here as he grows older, now he can do a great deal that you do not give him credit for."

"Well, that may be, but I fail to see it. If I thought so I would let him go. It ain't the money I'm thinking of, but I don't think Will is trusty enough to go yet."

The foregoing conversation was one of many held in the long, low kitchen of the Elmer farm-house during the summer.

The two boys were nearly of the same age and had finished most of the studies at the little country school near by.

Rob, as his mother said, was a born farmer, and even now he understood much of the farming as his father conducted it. But Will was different. He would do the chores, but every evening found him with a book, and Mr. Elmer was a man that cared little for books and papers, and outside of a chosen few thought them entirely unnecessary. His wife was fond of reading and took great interest in her youngest son's thirst for knowledge. Again and again she had tried to persuade her husband to send Will to the academy, but the argument, "He ain't trusty enough," always closed the subject.

"You will change your mind some day," she now remarked, as she put the biscuit into the oven.

"Mebby, mebby so," assented her husband.

"Here are the boys now."

* * *

Farmer Elmer owned a large farm and was considered quite wealthy by his less fortunate neighbors. His farm of many acres did not lie all together, but the "north forty," as it was called, had been bought the previous summer and was nearly a mile from the farm-house and barns.

One bright August morning there was an unusual bustle at the old farm-house. Early as the sun rose the farmer was ahead of it this time, for he had sold some colts the week before to a man in the city several miles distant and had agreed to deliver them today.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Elmer had been called away the day before, as her sister, who lived some miles off, was very sick and had sent for her in great haste and she had gone at once. Farmer Elmer was much put out this morning, for he did not like to leave Will in charge of things alone.

"Sister Jane's a fine woman," he remarked shortly, "but I wish she hadn't got sick at this time."

"I presume she does, too, sir," said Will, who was standing near.

Farmer Elmer looked kindly down at Will as he said this, and smiled.

"I wish I didn't have to leave you alone, boy, but I have agreed to go today and Rob will have to help me. Do you suppose you can get along?"

"I'll try, sir. I think I can."

"Well, I'll trust you then," and they drove away.

The hours went swiftly by. Will strained the milk, took the cows to the north forty and tried hard to remember all that ought to be done.

He was rather small for his age, and rather heedless; honest, certainly, willing enough to do the duties, but careless in remembering them; thus his father's remark, "not trusty enough," was very true. Yet Will was sadly grieved by it, as he had chanced to overhear it on several occasions.

There was another drawback to Will's character that sadly troubled his father. Will was afraid, not of animals, for he had ridden the wildest colt on the place, nor of athletics, for he had been to the "tiptop" of the highest tree in the pasture, and as his mother said, "He was always at the top of something." But thunder and lightning were different, for then he always lost control of himself.

But the sun shone brightly this morning and the hours went quickly by. When noon came he found the bread and butter, doughnuts and pie where his mother had left them the day before and ate his dinner alone. When he had finished eating he took "Beautiful Joe" from the shelf and went out on the veranda for an afternoon of enjoyment.

* * *

Suddenly a low peal of thunder sounded far away and Will sprang to his feet. Going to the corner of the house he saw in the southwest a long, low stretch of dark clouds. Will's heart failed him. Alone, and a storm coming! Then he remembered other things—the cattle were far away and father would not be home until late at night.

Then his father's words flashed through his mind and he quickly fastened the doors and windows, then started on a run for the north forty.

He found the cattle near the gate and soon had them started homeward, but the storm had been gaining on him and soon broke in fury. Neighbors called to him to stop until the storm was over, but Will knew that night would soon come, and though every rod seemed a mile to him, his father's words "I trust you," rang in his ears and he went on. At last the home was in sight

and soon the cattle were in their warm stalls, while outside the storm still raged.

Will fed the stock carefully and then did the milking. When all was done he crawled to the loft above, dreading to lose the companionship even of the dumb animals below. "I did do it," he muttered. "Father won't be disappointed this time, anyway," and then his courage failed him, for the storm was raging in fury outside.

When Mr. Elmer drove into the yard some hours later it was in a great hurry, for he knew well that the storm had delayed him and he knew, too, something of Will's feelings and he felt very much worried, for fathers do care, though sometimes we think differently.

He saw that the house was closed and all was still, for the storm was over and the stars were shining brightly overhead.

Then he found the cattle all right, but no Will was to be seen. At last Rob found him upon the hay fast asleep, the drawn face showed the struggle he had been through, but he was so wornout that only his father's face over him in the lantern light and the heartfelt words, "My boy," awakened him.

"Well, Marthy," remarked Mr. Elmer to his wife the next evening, for she had returned during the day, "you might as well begin to figure on Will's outfit, for I guess after last night that I can trust him at school for this winter. He can ride the gray colt and—well, it begins, next week; so you will have to hurry," handing her a roll of bills. "There is enough to pay his expenses."—Farm, Field and Fireside.

"GUMPTION" AND FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plaindealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window—"Boy Wanted."

I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high.

I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see you about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me.

"Sit down," he added; "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"All right. Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass sockets so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all righ. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at 2 o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the odd recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

FORGIVENESS.

John and his sister Gladys were out at the front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The

beads were on a little work table beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was an old box-cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers, and Glady's doll-carriage for the "first-class" passengers. He was the engine and he was steaming and whistling with all his strength.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table.

"Puff, puff," went this snorting human engine.

"Take care," cried Gladys again as he came nearer to the table, "You'll spill my beads." Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew, the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"Oh, John," cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?"

"I'm awfully sorry, said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then she said, "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she heard on the previous Sunday about Jesus telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him 490 times, but after that—." She shut her lips tight. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book:

"List of the Times I Forgive John."

And under thus:

"Monday—For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show father when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote slowly on the opposite page:

"The Times John Forgives Me."

"Monday—For knocking down his tower.

That made them even.

And so day after day it went on.

One day she had the longer list, and another day John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself, "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive

always, as I wish to be forgiven." And that is just what we are taught here—to forgive as we hope to be forgiven.

What will happen if you do not forgive? Well, God cannot forgive you.

But something else will happen. Leonardo da Vinci, when he was engaged upon his great painting, "The Lord's Supper," indulged his hatred of a man who had injured him, by painting his face as Judas. Then he tried to paint the face of Jesus, but all his efforts were failures. At last he saw that he had been all wrong to cherish such an unforgiving spirit, then he painted another face in place of his enemy's. Next day he was able to realize his ideal of the face of our Savior. So it is that this spirit of cruelty, this spirit of hate, this unforgiving temper, shuts us out from the face of God, and all the highest and most real joys of life. Hate is like a canker at the heart.

WORKER AND SHIRKER.

"Come on!" cried the brook as it hurried along,
"There's ever so much that waits to be done:
There are meadows to water, and mill-wheels to turn,
And more things to work at the farther I run!"

"You can go, if you choose," said the pond; "as for me,
I will stay where I am. I hate effort and strife;
I've no fancy for work—no, indeed, not a bit!
I shall lie here in comfort the rest of my life."

"Well, good-by!" said the brook, and was off and away
To play with the children and freshen the earth;
It dimpled and rippled and sang at its work,
And brightened the land with its toil and its mirth.

But the pond lay there idle, and slept at its ease,
And thought itself clever, until, one fine day,
The farmer espied it, all stagnant and green,
And—alas for its comfort! he drained it away

—Priscilla Leonard.

FOREVERMORE.

Be to thy parents an obedient son;
Each day let duty constantly be done;

Never give way to sloth, or lust, or pride
If free you'd be from a thousand ills beside;
Above all ills be sure avoid the shelf;
Man's danger lies in Satan, sin, and self.
In virtue, learning, wisdom, progress make.
Ne'er shrink at suffering for thy Savior's sake.

Fraud and all falsehoods in thy dealings flee,
Religious always in thy station be
Adore the Maker of thy inward part;
Now's the accepted time, give Him thy heart.
Keep a good conscience, 'tis a constant friend;
Like judge and witness, this thy acts attend;
In heart, with bended knee, alone adore,
None but the Three in One forevermore.

—Benjamin Franklin.

HOW THEY SAVED THE FRUIT.

"It seems most as big as a real river," said Bess, who was sitting on top of the heaped-up earth beside the big, new irrigating ditch, hugging her knees tailor fashion. "If the water only didn't roll so awful fast we could 'most ride a canoe in it, eh, Teddy?"

Teddy was not at all handsome. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and he was much freckled. But there was a great deal of sympathy in his greenish eyes as he looked up at his sister.

"You do miss Canada and the lake and boating and everything, don't ye, Bess?" he said. "I was such a little fellow when the folks came West, an' I can't remember much about it. But gee! it must uv been jolly fun swimmin' in a reel big lake. An' pa said he would take us all back when the fruit trees bore."

"Yes," said Bess, staring thoughtfully at the yellow, rolling water. "But it seems an awful long time to wait, somehow. Last year it was frost, and year before worms, and year before that the blight, and it does seem as though pa would lose 'most everything he had before the ranch paid. And to think one good bearing would make us rich! Rich, Ted! Just think!"

Teddy crawled up to the top of the bank of earth and looked far down the valley. He saw long rows of trees, hardly twice as tall as himself, and he was only a ten-year-old boy. But the

slender little branches of the trees were covered thickly with little green punches, and these bunches meant thousands of bushels of luscious fruit.

Bess could remember when she first saw the trees. They were then only long lines of little bare sticks in the sandy and dry-looking earth, and she could remember how her mother broke down and cried because she was homesick for the big shady trees and green grass and bushes at "home."

Idaho did not seem like home. They lived there six years, and the sixth year was the "bearing year" for Western fruit ranches. But, as Bess said, the frost and the worms and the blight had kept the fruit back, and three years longer they had waited. And the father had grown to look old and anxious and the little mother more and more wistful. And they now watched the green promise of fruit with anxious eyes. Would anything happen this year? Or would the rich promise at last not disappoint them?

"The new ditch helped mightily this year," said Bess. "The trees never bore so heavily. And all the fruit is perfect—the prunes and peaches and cherries and everything. Oh, Teddy, I believe we will see Canada next year!"

She sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the neck of a little broncho that had been nosing at the back of her head while she talked to Teddy. She kissed the horse's shaggy head and hugged him lovingly. Then she put her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

"Home, Teddy!" she cried. "Catch Soda!"

Soda, another sturdy little broncho, capered gleefully around her mate, Brandy, a few moments, then permitted Teddy to mount, and soon the lively little hoofs were beating a quick rat-tat-tat down the white alkali path toward the ranch home, far down the valley. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, as it had been for all the long summer months. The clouds would sail toward the mountain tops, but there they would stop and dissolve over the peaks, where the snow gleamed white almost till Fall. And no rain fell in the valley. The alkali dust lay thick in the alfalfa, the rich grass that grew so strangely green out of the hard, dry earth, and the dust lay thick in the trees and on the prickly cacti and gray sagebrush that grew on the lonely foothills.

"Father will irrigate tomorrow, I reckon," said Bess, as the bronchos loped along side by side. "The ground is awfully dry and cracking badly."

"I dunno—it's gettin' perty late," replied Teddy. "I heard pa talkin' to the foreman, and they wuz saying that there was signs of frost. The fruit is ripenin' bully, but there may come

a nipper, an' ef they irrigated it—well, it would mean another year, that's all."

Bess looked soberly at the baked-looking earth. It looked so thirsty, and the great ditch rolling along beside them seemed anxious to turn its rich torrent into the little ditches that ran like veins up and down between the trees.

"Well, I suppose it would be risky," she said. "But my, trees do want a drink!"

Supper was waiting for them, and their father called gaily to them as they galloped up the door.

"I met Jessie Wright at the store doing some trading for her mother, and she wants you to go down the valley tomorrow and spend the day with her," he said, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, may I go, mother?" cried Bess. They were great friends—"Jess and Bess," as they were called by the ranch and village people—and the fruit farm wound down the valley, close to the sheep ranch of Jessie's father.

"Why, yes, you may," said Mrs. Harris, Bessie's mother. "Did Jessie want her to stay all night, John?"

"Of course—as usual," replied Mr. Harris. "But I guess you can spare her that long, eh, mother?"

"No, I need you, dearie. But you can have a long day together and come home in the evening," said Mrs. Harris.

So next morning Bess shouted a gay good-bye as Brandy danced around the mounting block and she whirled the long thongs of her quirt merrily around his flank, which Brandy promptly resented by bringing his four little hoofs together, rising in the air and coming down on his sturdy little legs with a jar that nearly sent Bess out of the saddle.

"Oh, you'll buck, will you?" she cried, while the rest cheered Brandy. "Wait till you want some sugar."

Brandy repented, and stretched himself into a swinging, rocking-chair lope that carried him swiftly down the trail. The air was sharp and clear and tingled through Bessie's veins, while the cold turned her cheeks rosy.

"Frost tonight, Brandy," she cried to the broncho, whose ears twitched back at the sound of her voice. And the frost came.

The girls had a long, merry day, and as the moon rose in a clear purple sky Bess turned Brandy's willing nose homeward. She turned up the collar of her heavy little coat and pulled on her buckskin gloves, for the cold was already growing sharp. And, calling cheerily to Brandy, she flew along the trail toward home. It was cold and clear and still, and she rode along a little sleepily, while Brandy's hoofs made the only sound that broke

the stillness. But soon another sound startled her into wakefulness. She had reached the water gate on the big ditch, and through the stillness came a low tinkling and gurgling that sounded like fairy music. But the fairy music sent all the color out of the girl's cheeks, and with a frightened cry to Brandy she slipped out of the saddle and ran to the ditch.

Brandy meandered along after her with lazy curiosity and found her kneeling beside the gate with her arms plunged down into the cold water. And when she stood up her pretty, bright face had grown still whiter. For she had found a "cave-in" near the gate, and the water was trickling through in a steady little stream that was steadily and quickly growing larger as the earth broke and crumbled and gave way around it. In a very short time that cave-in would send a volume of water rushing and leaping along all the ditches through the ranch, and by morning —what?

"Oh, the fruit, the fruit, Brandy!" Bess sobbed wildly. "It will be killed and mother's heart will break!"

She wrung her hands as she looked down the long road gleaming white and lonely in the moonlight. Too late for that. Before she could go a mile toward help the ranch would be flooded and the ruin complete. Again she plunged her arm into the water. If she could only stop up that hole! She looked on all sides helplessly and Brandy moved closer with a sympathetic and inquiring whinny. She looked at him despairingly, then suddenly sprang forward. In a moment she was tearing wildly at buckles and straps, and then, to Brandy's profound surprise, she dragged the heavy pigskin saddle from his back and rushed with it to the ditch. There she went down on her knees and plunged the saddle beneath the water. She fumbled with it a minute or so, then listened breathlessly.

The water gurgled and tinkled uncertainly, then slowly, very slowly, it grew fainter. And soon there was only a faint whisper and drip from one or two tiny waterfalls that slipped and slid down the bank. The weight of the water had sucked the saddle closely against the earth and the hole was stopped.

So much. But the night was cold—her arms already ached and pained cruelly and she did not dare leave the saddle lest it slip. Would they search for her? Or would they think she had stayed all night with Jess? If she could only get word home.

Again she looked at Brandy. Then she called him to her, slipped the loop of her quirt from the pommel of the saddle, and raising her arm out of the water, she turned Brandy toward home and then brought down the lashes with stinging force on his flank.

"Home, Brandy!" she called. And Brandy, outraged and

indignant, kicked up his heels, bucked three times, then tore down the trail toward home, resolved to tell Soda that his young mistress had gone crazy.

Fainter and fainter sounded the hoof-beats along the trail. And soon she could hear them no longer. Her arms ached cruelly and sharp pains began to shoot through her body from the cold. Now and then she would take her arms out of the water and swing them and beat her hands together till they stung; but only for a moment, then the saddle had to be held in place.

The time seemed horribly long, but at last far down the trail there sounded a low, thundering noise that quickly grew louder, and she sprang to her feet with a gasping little cheer as four horses galloped madly to the ditch gate, and all in a minute four men had dragged her up from the water, torn off her wet jacket and asked twenty questions. Brandy had reached home riderless and was now galloping back with Teddy white and frightened, clinging to his bare back.

The fruit was saved, thanks to Bess and Brandy. The frost did very little damage that night, and at last the yield was rich and plentiful. And the following summer, in far off Canada, Teddy and Bess splashed in the waves to their heart's content, while "mother" looked on happily and Mr. Harris told old friends all about fruit ranching "out West."

"It was a close call," he would say, "but Bess and Brandy saved the fruit. If the ditch had burst through that night and flooded the roots it would have meant ruin."

And Bess, fully recovered from the heavy cold that followed her little adventure, was surprised to find herself a heroine.—Selected.

LEARNING SWEET OLD FASHIONS.

"For the land's sake, Theodory! Who'd expected to see you this time o' year?"

White-haired Grandma Waters opened her arms to receive a tall, dignified maiden, irreproachable in sailor hat, shirt waist, dainty stock, et al.

"Ef you ain't more welcome 'n daisies in spring time, I want to know. But what brought you, honey child?"

"My wheel, grandma."

"Now, Theodory, none o' those tricks o' speech. I know! Lasses with fine city homes don't run away to lonely farm-houses

and old-fashioned gran'mothers lest something's up. You might just as well 'fess up first as last."

Grandma's rambling vocabulary was in sharp contrast to Miss Theodora Waters' careful speeech, but her voice was full of sweet old quavers, and her heart lay behind the simple, honest phrases.

It was twilight. Over the hills the young crescent hung like a silver horn. The good-night call of the birds came sweetly from the tree-tops. It was just the hour for confidence and counsel.

Theodora slipped from the old-fashioned rocker to the footstool at her grandmother's feet, and laid her left hand gently on the wrinkled palm of the other.

"Yes, Theodory, I'm a-noticin'. Dimonts. Does love go with them, honey dear?"

Theodora nodded gravely, a warm flush mantling her cheek.

"Then what is up, honey dear?"

"Why, just this, grandma. You know how our home is—beautiful every way. We have servants to do our bidding and money to buy all we wish. Mother seems to like it, but since father brought me here two summers ago I have realized that something is missing. I want my home"—and the girl's voice dropped into the sweet confusion of young love—"to be after the sweet old fashions. I have come to have you teach me. Do you remember when you laid your hands on my shoulders two years ago and said, 'Child, whenever you need anything that grandma or the old farm can give, come and get it?' I want to live the way father lived when he was here. He says he learned all the best things with you on the old farm. And he says money and servants have never made so sweet a home as this."

So it fell out that for one whole year Theodora was Grandma Waters' willing handmaiden. In the kitchen she learned the secrets of big, wholesome loaves of bread, pies that had no relation to dyspepsia, the preparation of the fruits and the vegetables that came fresh from mother earth, and the concoction of a hundred simple, homely dishes that city dwellers are ignorant of—to their losing.

In the dairy Theodora churned and skimmed and strained, while her spirit grew as sweet as the golden butter she so proudly turned out.

The linen closets yielded up their fragrance to the young woman's investigating hand.

Shelves of fruit prepared by her patient fingers groaned in the cool cellar.

Out in the fields Theodora walked and talked with God and her grandmother. In the old-fashioned garden her soul took coun-

sel with the roses and lilies that grew under the touch of heaven, rain and sun.

At the end of a year came her lover.

"Grandmother, this is John."

The young man, well on toward the place of a millionaire in the great metropolis, bared his head before the white-haired saint in her snowy sun-bonnet.

"Ah, son, not every young man gets a helpmeet like my Theodory. She has put in a whole year learnin' how to make a home for you in that big city. Money won't do it all, lad. The grace of God and servants and the sense of knowin' how is better than servants and money. She will be a 'gift of God' to you, indeed, for she has been learnin' with all her heart."

So they were married there, in the old farmhouse, and Grandma Waters was maid of honor. She cried a little, softly, when the carriages of the bridal party rolled out of sight under the oak trees that bordered the country road.

"Bless her," she whispered to the holly-hocks and the roses, "bless my Theodory. There won't be many shadows in her home for she's learned to live by some of the sweet old fashions —the fashions the cities forget, servants don't know and money can't buy.

FELICIA'S FAST.

"Come, papa!"

She laid one finger lightly upon the hand against which his head leaned. "I don't tease you—though I want to. You don't like to be teased. I'm just asking you to go with me to see her. I'm trying to act like a big woman. And I don't know how to say what I mean, but I want you to come—and not to come just because I want you to. That's why I don't beg and cry. That's why I don't come close to you, now, and put my arm 'round—'round——"

The dear little lips quivered at that. And the little arm had a battle to keep firm and straight.

Felicia was so determined to act like a woman that she was more erect than was needful. To see her standing as she did then, no one would have thought that she was unusually tender and sweet—that her words and actions were most gentle. She seemed quite an inch taller than usual, the slim legs and back were so very straight.

But there was another reason why Felicia was making such

an effort. The poor child had been fasting all day. She had heard a sermon, the Sunday before, which set her to thinking. The Annual Conference had been held in their church, and the sermon that Felicia heard was preached by the Bishop. He seemed to have a very serious message to deliver. Little Felicia felt that it was spoken to her.

His text was the words of Jesus to His disciples, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." The Bishop told the story simply—as only the great ones can. And the little child in the pew before him, whose sweet eyes never once wandered, and whose upturned face was like a flower from heaven to his tired eyes, understood the sermon. She believed it with all her heart. Perhaps the sight of her rapt face helped the Bishop to preach more simply.

As she listened Felicia almost believed that she could see Christ upon the Mount of Transfiguration, as He talked with Moses and Elias. And she could see the poor father bringing his little son to the disciples, to beg that they would cast the evil spirit out of the child. She felt the bitter disappointment of the father—and also of the boy—when the disciples were not able to make him well. She saw the two turning to go home. Then she heard a hint from some one of those who were standing near, that it would be well to wait until the Master should come. It was said that this Jesus had never yet failed to heal anyone who came to Him.

Felicia waited with the father and the boy. And her little heart swelled with hope. Then, when at last the Master really came and graciously healed the stricken child, tears of joy shone in her eyes. The Bishop saw the tears, but he did not cease the story there. He spoke of the evening time, when the troubled disciples drew near to talk with Jesus about the healing.

"Master," they asked, "why could not we cast the evil spirit out of the poor man's son?"

"O ye of little faith!" the Master said, at first. Then he answered them with the words of the text: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

Felicia did not understand this answer of Jesus until the Bishop had explained. He said that prayer, with fasting, was not so much for one's own growth in goodness, as that one might gain power for good over others.

Then, thugh the little face did not turn away, Felicia heard no more of the sermon. "Prayer with fasting." She said the words over and over. "To gain power for good over others." The words rang in her ears. Did not she want to gain power for good over another—over some one very dear? Sitting quietly in the

church, Felicia determined what she would do. She would pray "with fasting" for this one who was dear.

When the sermon and the singing were over and she had gone home Felicia did not forget the lesson of the sermon. The time came that very week when she tried to put it into practice.

Now all this—together with the bottle and glass upon the table—will explain to you why the little girl was serious, why she was trying hard to be brave and not to show that she was weak and troubled.

The man in the chair did not answer his little daughter. Then Felicia spoke again: "The operation is tomorrow morning. The matron at the hospital said we could see her this evening at eight. There is plenty of time. If you will go with me and tell her that—that you have pledged yourself, it will help her to bear the awful tomorrow. It will help her to get well after it is over. You know, and mamma knows—though she never said a word to me, and I shall never, never tell—but we all know that it was the time you pushed her over that gives her this dreadful trouble now. Oh, when you are our own dear papa, we love you so! But when you put that wicked stuff into your mouth it drives our real, dear papa out, and lets in another man. Somebody that I'm afraid of. Somebody, who makes mamma cry. I can't bear to lose either of you. Maybe I am losing both. Maybe——"

The long fasting and the great grief were too much for the little girl. She tottered, swayed, and fell upon the floor. Her father was horror-stricken. He sprang to lift her in his arms and lay her upon a couch. When she opened her eyes a startled look came into them.

"Is it too late?" she cried. "Oh, I'm afraid it is too late!"

"No, it is not too late," her father answered, solemnly. "I pledge myself, before God, never to 'touch, taste or handle the unclean thing.' Little one, we'll go and tell your mother. And I will do it, as you asked me to, my child—because I want to do it. I want to do it for you. I want to do it for your mother. I must do it for myself."

"Oh, let's hurry, hurry, hurry!" cried happy little Felicia. "What happened to me? I'm all right now. And mamma—she'll be as happy as an angel! It will help her to get well. Oh, come quickly, quickly, papa!"

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HOW TO WORK.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy; walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or lolling about the streets with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate had been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged, or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity—he is the man who does things.—Success.

WILL POWER.

Dear Editor: (1) What do you consider the most vital point of obedience? (2) Suppose a child does what you desire simply to get a prize, an apple, an orange, or a dollar, is there any good at all in gaining such obedience? (3) Is obedience simply the yielding of one will to another, or doing what is commanded simply because it is commanded. I have a paper to read before our Mothers' meeting, and would like to have these questions answered.—J. R. M.

1. The most vital point to consider in obedience is that it shall always be demanded of the child in response to principle and impersonal right rather than to somebody's authority or whim. If the child realizes that you also bow down to the universal law and order that brings about good to all, he will think out his perfect share.

2. There is no good at all in gaining the obedience of a child in return for a prize. In fact, this is not obedience, but barter.

3. The less will power there is exerted in a command the better. A blind bowing down to the will of another is simply yielding for the time being, and in turn cultivating tyranny in the mind of the one who is obedient; some day he is sure to wield it. The child learns to abuse will by being compelled to bow down to the will of another. If adults were always careful to ask only obedience to universal right and order, both on the part of themselves and the children, greater harmony would exist.

ELEMENTS IN PRIMARY TEACHING.

Elder David O. McKay.

It seems to me that I am now presuming to teach my teachers. Ever since I received the invitation to speak to you this afternoon, I have been trying to go back to my Primary days, to find out just what impressions my teachers made upon me; to try to think what element or elements in their teaching impressed me most, and tried to associate these with some that I have had in teaching boys, and tried to associate it with some rules that have been given out, and have attempted to get something in mind that would benefit the sisters who have now under their tuition little rough, wayward boys.

In trying to recall these early experiences, several sisters have come prominently to my mind. One I can see now, standing in the old meeting house in the Primary conference. I can hear her voice. I do not remember what she said; but I remem-

ber how she stood in my boyish mind, queenly, ideal. I see her the next morning meeting me at the Bishop's door, and handing me a little book—the first little Primary song book that was given out—and I hear the words of encouragement she gave as she patted me on the head, and said something about a little "essay" I had read the night before, from the top of the table in the meeting house. I see the same sister here today, for it is she who opened the meeting by prayer. For these many years she has devoted her life to this Primary work. And so you see I am in reality presuming to instruct my teachers.

Another of these sisters was one that used to ride three miles on horse back to be at her Primary meeting. I believe she was my first Primary president. Her two counselors are still living; one of them afterwards succeeded her in the presidency of that little association. I believe she is still in the work; I am not sure but she might be in the audience. She would have to come many miles if she be here. All these years she has been impressing the boys and girls with truths that would make them noble men and women.

I repeat that I do not know any special lesson or any sermon that any of these sisters, and others forming that little group of Primary workers many years ago, gave to the association; but I do remember the spirit that prompted them. I do remember how ideal they appeared to their boys and girls; I do remember that not one act in their lives could any child point to and say that act is not in harmony with the teaching they have given us in the Primary Association. Not in all these years have they done one act that would shatter that ideal.

The paramount characteristic in the teaching of these sisters was Love; and that, sisters, we must put here today as the fundamental element in teaching the young, nay, in teaching anybody, but especially little children. Now, where can we go and what audience can we get together where that element will be so strongly and predominantly represented as in the audience here assembled this afternoon. Here are mothers who give their lives to the little children—mothers who look upon their infants as beings given to them by God; beings who come, "trailing clouds of glory from God who is their home." There are daughters here who have been reared under that instruction, and who look forward, I hope, to motherhood as the noblest calling, the noblest mission in life.

We must love those little ones, or we would not be here; we would not be mothers, nor prospective mothers. In our hearts we feel it is the most sacred of obligations. Then we must have that feeling paramount in our souls. If so, then we have one of the strongest elements in influencing little children.

O, when we think of it it is an awful undertaking that you have in your hands! Suppose that we were to ask you this afternoon to paint a picture of one of the little girls who sang so beautifully here today. Come, here is the brush, the paint, the canvas. Come forward. Which member who has enrolled her name among the Primary corps of teachers will paint a picture of one of these little girls? How many would undertake merely to give the physical outline? I would not dare do it; probably there are very few who would, especially if that work were to be held up and criticised by others. And yet we have assumed not merely to paint the picture; we have assumed to develop the soul. Surely it is an awful calling. Teachers here today have it in their power to blight one of these little blossoms. It may be by merely a look; but that look would be the frost that would nip the bud; it might be one word; it might be an act performed in an unconscious moment; but it would have its indelible effect upon these little children's souls. On the other hand, we may spread sunshine around them; we may bring the moistening rains of instruction, of love, friendship, and light, and see the soul grow into perfection. I wonder when God judges our work, how many blemishes He will see on the soul, we have tried to influence? How many marks of inexperience in teaching? How many marks the result of neglect on our part? How many soiled consciences shall we present to our Heavenly Father, and that, too, through our neglect in performing the responsibilities we have assumed. And I say, brethren and sisters, if we are going to undertake to teach these little children, we must have, above all, the gift of insight. If anybody in the world needed the power of penetration, needed the light of the Holy Spirit, needed to be next to our Heavenly Father, it is the mother, the teacher, who takes little children before her, and surrounds them with conditions that will develop their souls. Can we get it? Where will it come from? It will never come to the teacher who dislikes her work. She may love children, but she must love her work as the artist loves to draw a picture when he feels he can do it. Let the teacher who enters a Primary class feel a love for it, feel that her heart is light when she meets the little children; if not, let her go into her secret chamber and pray to God to give her love that she may like it.

Equal in importance to love for the work is love for the individual child. I know you have heard this before; but it is good to emphasize it; because there are teachers who labor in the Primary, in Sunday School, only because their superior officers have called them. But mere obedience to that call will not make them successful teachers.

Let us then take the first step. Why? Because those little

children feel the influence of your soul as distinctly, I will say, as correctly as you now feel the spirit that actuates these remarks. You might not say a word to them, but there is some look, some action, there is a little smile on your face, a little expression, that gives those little children, by induction the spirit that actuates you in your class, and which influences those boys and girls for good or ill. You cannot get away from it. I say "Induction." In physical science it stands for that power which attracts bodies toward each other, or repels them. It is the unseen power that attracts those bodies of metal. We have some unseen thing, not the same; but some unseen power about us that is inductive in its operations between us and the children. Is that power drawing those children towards us or driving them away? I have called that power love. Some call it sympathy; it is not sympathy, for sympathy goes out to those in sorrow. It is that feeling that the mother possesses which draws the little child to her and makes the little child look up to her as the one being on earth whom it can safely rely upon for safety and guidance. Whatever you call it matters not, but let us have it as the first element in teaching Primary children. Jesus had it; the great Teacher gave us the law. Little children were brought to Him. The mothers tried to get their little children there, but the Apostles said: "No, trouble not the Master." "No, disciples," said Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me. and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Did He teach them some abstract truth? No; that was not the first thing to do for little children. It was not the great element, the foundation in teaching. Christ took the little children and blessed them. That blessing! How the little children must have gone away longing to get back into that divine presence! But had He given them something lifeless, though it might have been true, instead of manifesting that spirit of blessing, the little children would not have cared to go back.

I said the ideal that my Primary teachers placed in the children's minds was never shattered by any act of theirs. They were what they wanted their children to be. It was the greatest factor in influencing their boys. Be yourselves what you would have your children be, and they will unconsciously absorb that; they desire to become as you. They may not express it; but the teacher has introduced the greatest factor in her children's lives to bring them back to their Heavenly Father.

But love for the work and for the child alone is not enough. I hold in my hand here the "Children's Friend" for March. I find lessons, each one containing some truth to be given to the children who have been drawn into the Primary by the power that we called "Love." Now, I have not been in the Primary de-

partment for many years; but I have been in the Primary department in Sunday School, and I have heard teachers give some of these lessons taken from the "Children's Friend;" honest girls who were there in sincerity, placed to teach those little children the truth of the Gospel, and I believe they loved those little ones. In giving their hats out, in taking care of them, in giving them their chairs, and in answering questions, and in devoting their time, the teachers showed a spirit of love for their work. But when they came to give this lesson, they stammered. One of them gave a few facts, word after word, as given by the officers here. One of them took the book and read to the little children. Others, one especially I have in mind, gave every fact that is mentioned in that "Children's Friend;" she gave it as though she were living it in every scene. The "Children's Friend" was closed, and the girl was unconscious of everything surrounding her as if she were living in the scenes that she was introducing to those children.

Now, what was the difference in those three teachers? The first gave it from memory as it was given her; the second read it; and the third lived in the scenes.

I believe if we can find out the difference in the teaching of those three girls, we shall have another element, which will be the secret of teaching any class.

The one who memorized it had a page image in her mind. If you had asked her where that story started, she could have told that it was just about half way up the page; that the heading was such a distance from the top; that there was a picture part of the way down. She could have told you everything on the page. I believe she could have told you where the last paragraph ended. Her page image was all right; but the mental image, the real personages, the personalities mentioned in that story, she did not see. She could not have told whether the boy was 15 or not; whether he had a coat on; or whether he was on his head or his feet. She did not see him. Neither did the one who read the story. She did not even have the page image; but she relied upon the work done by the officers, and so trusted to reach the children's hearts.

The third had done all that the first two had done, and in addition had closed the book, closed her eyes, and in the mental image had lived over the scenes depicted in that story, just as though she had participated in the act herself. When a teacher can do that, she will then have that power, whatever unseen power it is, that comes to the little children, and will convey those mental images to the little children themselves.

Now, that is one thing that can be done in teaching. Carlisle calls it "Clear seeing;" and I believe it is the secret of suc-

cessful teaching. I believe it is the secret of education. Too many of our little children get the page image; too many of us teachers teach from page images.

I will ask you what mental picture comes in your mind at this time: "The Gospel according to St. Matthew?" Teachers, let us not have only page images in our minds when we are teaching our children.

Have you ever noticed that your child is interested when you tell some story that happened in your life? Why? Because you are introducing real persons into your story. But in telling Bible stories the children are restless. Why? You have no mental picture; you do not see it clearly. Clear seeing is the first thing in the preparation of the lesson.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars to the lonely, weary, wandering traveler, is reason to the soul." How many, as I repeated that sentence, saw the moon and stars as reflecting the rays of the sun? Did you see the canopy, the heavens, reflecting light upon the lone traveler upon his weary way? If you did, you got part of what was intended by the author of these lines: Perhaps you heard only the pronounciation of words. So, when you get lessons from the "Children's Friend," you may get the page image, and leave out the personality entirely.

Here let me say there is no teaching morality without personality.

Next, it is well to see these facts as related to each other, all pointing toward some moral truth.

Now, I find here in the lessons that an aim is given at the beginning. What does it mean? It is the lesson; it is not the circumstance so much you are going to teach; it is the aim, the truth, that will affect that child's soul. Try to think of any lesson given by your Primary teacher. I do not think you can recollect. What you have memorized you can remember; such as,

"I will not use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reed."

But of the lessons the teachers gave, the circumstances have left your mind; but you do remember that your teacher stood up and impressed you that it was wrong to lie, that your mother was pleased if you could go out and bring in wood, and surprise her by doing some kind little act. You do remember that you did it when you left Primary meeting. It was not the circumstances, but it was the spiritualization that impressed you to do it. So

the aim that you have in the lesson is the lesson itself. The circumstances of the little story here, whatever its title may be, are but the means of teaching some good lesson in it; "Runaway Ralph," "A Miraculous Escape," for example, teach obedience or love, or whatever spirituality may be in them.

That is what should be studied in preparation. Close your eyes after getting the circumstances together, then see what they teach. Come before the class imbued with a truth, and never stand before the children without that truth, never. You might just as well come to the front and try to draw one of these little children's faces without the aid of material.

If you presume to teach those children, if you presume to bring some condition around them that will develop the soul, be sure you have the condition. Too many of our day school teachers, too many of our Sunday School teachers, too many of our Primary teachers come before their classes without material in hand. We go there unprepared; and do you know that every time we do it, we are very likely to send those little children's souls away with a blemish instead of development?

You say it cannot be done; that it is all very well for teachers to talk, but it is not for us mothers, it is not for us young girls who have not had that training. Mothers are the real teachers in life. I heard a mother take a little child a week ago and give him a lesson on the results of selfishness. It was negative, it is true. I watched how she told the story of an uncle who came to an accident through selfishness. She held that little boy's attention, and showed that she could develop him just as well as any experienced teacher who had studied all the pedagogies that have been printed. It is natural to her. Why? She knew the truth she wanted to teach; she saw the circumstances that she was to use, and had the love; she knew what the child needed; she had her aim. That is the whole thing.

Let me illustrate this: I find in the Third Grade, lessons on Christ. You are referred to a text, "The Crucifixion of Christ." Let us take that. Now, in preparing this lesson, we would (1) read the text, which just tells about leaving the house of Pilate and going up the hill of Calvary. We could tell the facts and probably the children would remember them. Suppose, however, we use these circumstances to impress the child with the fact that "True greatness consists not in living selfishly, but in doing good to others." See how you would emphasize the women's weeping. Jesus said, "O weep not, O daughters of Zion." The little children would absorb by induction the lesson that we should consider the feelings of others. Again, while on the cross, Christ said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Even His enemies He thought of before He gave

thought of Himself, although He was in great pain. His mother must be taken care of. Jesus could not think of leaving His mother there, so He said: "Take care of my mother;" "Mother, go with John." Then the thief on the cross got His thought. "Yes, I will give you comfort; I will think of you even before my thoughts go to myself." Then, after saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," His thought turned to Himself with, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Thus this lesson is impressed upon the children's minds, and they can introduce it into their lives in a hundred ways.

It may be that you are telling the story of the raising of Lazarus. You may tell all the circumstances just as they happen in the Bible—you have the page image, and the children will be interested while you tell it; but you fail to be in Peraea with Jesus; you fail to see the distance between those places. Then the message, "He whom thou lovest is sick." Then Jesus' words, "I am glad for your sake I was not there. I wonder why? Let the little children wonder why. If you have an aim in mind, let them feel why. Why, had he been there, Lazarus would not have died. You might want to impress upon them that the true follower of Christ will never die; there, then, is the place it can be mentioned—not moralizing, but in such a way that the children will absorb it. See Martha coming out; see her weeping. "My Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Jesus looked at her: "Why, your brother shall live again." They will feel it. He will live in the resurrection. "I am the resurrection and the life; and he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Children, Jesus gave that word to comfort Martha. There was no death to Him, for those who do His will.

Then look at the next picture, with Mary. Go to the tomb and see Christ bring Lazarus forth. The children feel unconsciously that Jesus is more powerful than death; if we can obey His words, whatever they are, we shall live. They will have the fundamental principle in religion if we feel it when we present it. If we do not, we are unprepared in giving the lesson.

Now, then, let us see the aim in the lesson; use the circumstances, grouping them. Probably four groups or headings will be all you will have to have in your mind. In each group you will, unknown to the children, emphasize that truth which will bring them nearer to you and to their Heavenly Father.

In selecting that truth, have your children in mind. Ask yourself, What do they need today? I have found that some lessons emphasize several truths. One might be the truth I would like Johnny to get. I saw him out in play; I saw him knock one of his playmates down. This is the boy who needs

some help in today's lesson. Are we studying him as we would study the canvas we have to paint? If we would only put half the time in trying to paint souls as we do in trying to paint our children's faces, we would be better teachers.

When we are trying to choose the truth to give to the little children, ask God to give us wisdom, to give us insight to look into their souls and see what they need. If they are looking for bread, do not come before them and offer them a stone.

O, if God would give us the power Jesus had when He met the woman of Samaria! What did He do? He chose His lesson instantaneously. He saw what she needed; He knew the lesson that would appeal to her, and He started on the need that was uppermost in her mind. While on the bench by Jacob's well, the woman saw Him. Knowing that He was a teacher, she started to get the water. He would not speak to her, she thought; He was a Jew, and she was a Samaritan; He was a Rabbi. "Give me to drink," said Jesus. You all know the circumstances. "You, a Jew, ask me, a Samaritan, for a drink?" "If you knew, you would ask me, and I would give you water so that you would never thirst." "Never come hither to draw," was her interpretation. He did not reach her, so He went deeper into her soul. "Go call thy husband." Still: "I have no husband." "Thou hast truly said, yet thou hast had five husbands, and the one whom thou now livest with is not thy husband." He had struck the tender chord there; He had penetrated her soul, and He knew just what she needed; now He could begin to teach that spirituality, and He taught it so effectively that she felt the truth, the spirituality, to such an extent that she went without the water, because she had the spiritual water; because the spiritual water had quenched her thirst, and the physical suffering that she quenched by water was forgotten.

It is the spirituality that we must have the children feel. They must feel it, although they need not tell it, and it will prompt to good actions.

A simple suggestion: I find it a good help in choosing a truth to put two elements in it: the condition and the result. For instance; you are teaching faith or obedience. In the lesson obedience produces some result. Get the aim clearly in mind and then as you are developing the lesson, you emphasizes obedience and this result. The children do not know it, but they unconsciously absorb it through your seeing it. If you do not see it, you are likely not to emphasize it. For instance; if we have such truths as, "Philip was guided by God's Spirit; we have faithfulness and guidance. You will teach Philip, and you are going to have in mind his faithfulness. Then you come to guidance, and all through the details you will emphasize guidance

as well as faithfulness as the truth. You need not give it them word for word, and they might not get it as you give it.

I remember teaching a class, "Man cannot thwart the decrees of God." One Sunday they were asked to give the lesson. They did it. "Well, well, boys, but what does these circumstances teach you?" They had the lesson about Herod and how by inspiration his plans were frustrated. There was no hand; but by and by one boy raised his hand. "What does it teach you?" "It teaches that you can't get the best of God." He had the truth all the same, whether he worded it as choicely as the teacher worded it or not.

So the mere wording of the aim crystalizes the truth and will gain the attention and make some impression that will bear results.

To sum up: Let us love the work we are engaged in. Do not do it because the Bishop has asked you. Let us love the children because they are God's gifts to us. You may work upon brass, but time will efface it, I think Webster said; you may work upon marble, it will crumble to dust; you may rear temples, they will soon crumble to the ground; but if you work upon the immortal soul, you work upon that which time cannot efface, but which will endure throughout all eternity. If you are going to do work upon that, do it with love. Remember when you stand before your Primary class without seeing the circumstances, without some food for those little souls, you are standing before them as a hostess who invites little children to a banquet, sets them around the table and says: "Now, children, help yourselves to the meal; it is all ready." I think you would not get them back without any food. The food that the Primary teachers give to the little ones is that which develops the soul. In the aim of the lesson you should have condition and result in your mind, no matter how you word it, and let the children by induction, if nothing else, get the feeling that there is something in that lesson that will make them better.

Above all, remember you are to that child an ideal woman; if you are the mother, there is no other person, not even God Himself, so sacred to him as you; if you are the teacher and have that child's love as you should have it, not even God Himself, and I speak it with reverence, has the love and respect of that little child as have you. Then you must be what you would have him be, or you will shatter that little child's ideal, and sometime must stand before God and give an acount for the blemish you have put upon his soul.

May God grant that if we cannot do any good as teachers that He will keep us from doing harm, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PUNISHMENT.

Some months ago, I read an article in the "Children's Friend," written upon the above subject, and since that time it has claimed a portion of my thoughts.

I find the subject a very broad and interesting one, and I will endeavor to add only a few general ideas to what has already been said.

In dealing with children, it is not often wisdom to administer severe punishments. The severity of the chastisement should be adjusted to the mental and physical condition of the offender, and the result his example may have upon others, inflicting just enough to correct the two-fold evil effect.

That, however, is the difficult question, for all culprits are not affected in the same manner nor in the same degree. Imprisonment is very trying upon a sensitive person, while it is known in police circles, that unhoused and unfed people sometimes commit depredations that they may find free food and free shelter. Besides, our finite minds are incapable of becoming perfect judges, so we are forced to resort to experiments.

It is a wise ordering of Providence that things are as they are, for it would be unendurable to a perfect being to cope with the imperfections of mortality. We must accept these conditions, use our very best judgment and trust in God for the rest.

There are three kinds of punishments, (a) rebuke, which takes the form of a warning; (b) deprivation, which may be of money, personal effects, liberty or life, and (c) corporal punishment.

The purposes of punishments are also three-fold, (a) the reformation of the criminal, (b) reparation for the evil done, and (c) example.

Parental corrections can nearly all come under one of the two first heads, but not always.

I believe it was Joseph Smith who said, that when a child was stubborn, willful, and depraved in his misdemeanor, to "punish him with severity, then show forth thy love, lest he esteem thee as an enemy." Come down upon him like a hawk upon a chicken, and make him think he will be devoured, but let him not leave your presence with anger in his heart.

In Proverbs 29 chapter and 15th verse we read, "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

Such extreme methods should never be taken without first going to our Heavenly Father in prayer and asking Him to guide us. It is always better to use the milder measures until they are found to be ineffective.

For instance, misconduct at the table can usually be corrected by having the offender eat apart from the family board until he mends his manners.

If a child tarries too long on an errand, take away some of his privileges; do not permit him to visit the home of any of his associates for a given length of time.

If chores are forgotten, double the work.

If the property of another is willfully destroyed, deprive the destroyer of some of his personal effects to repay the damage done, and insist that he ask pardon for the offense.

Never allow a child to carry away from the house of a neighbor an article with which it is playing, under the promise that you will return it when the child has laid it down and forgotten it. In so doing, the doting, honest mother, sanctions theft in her unreasoning offspring.

Such punishments as are necessary, should be administered in the spirit of love and sympathy, for correction only. Vengeance has no place in the administration of justice.

It is never wise to pit anger against anger, or to try to correct when reason has been dethroned, for might is not always right.

To lessen the necessity for using force in the raising of our children, let us daily teach them morality, nip each evil tendency in the bud, surround our children with environments as nearly perfect as our circumstances will permit, allow them to see only the best examples in their homes, to have for companions only those children who are taught morality, and to hear only conversations that are elevating in their nature. In fact let us be what we desire our children to become.—Lexia Harris.

HELP THE BOYS TO BE MANLY.

Summer vacation is a wonderful opportunity to help the growing boys into greater manliness and self-reliance, and yet too often it is left in hopelessness as the one time when they run wild and become shiftless.

Although I have no boys of my own, and am always being assured that boys are a peculiar species, I have great faith in their tractableness and desire to be noble. Quite a number of young boys have come into my hands in years past, and I have always been able to exert an excellent influence over them when their own mothers have not interfered.

I will never forget how one summer of contact counted for

one young fellow, who today is quite the pride of my life. He had never done anything but go to school and idle his vacations in discontent because he did not have money enough to spend. He spent the first vacation of his teens with us. We were somewhat shut in and almost tiresomely located for a boy.

We started in by having some very confidential and heart to heart talks about what he was going to be. Boys are always intensely interested in that one question. I told him of my older brothers, and other men that I knew, and how they had worked out their own salvation with great success, and related some of the hard places from their lives, where nobility of character and high principles of right were allowed to decide against seeming worldly prosperity. I told him stories of how they had overcome their worst faults and strengthened their weak places.

We were quite inspired to begin at our own faults, too; I made a list of mine and he a list of his, and then we decided what would be the wisest way to overcome them. We shared each other's feelings and affections so completely that he preferred my company to any other. We had a good stiff program of hard work besides—a cow and lawn to tend, chickens and garden to care for.

This one thing is certain, that in order to influence a young person one must be living a strong, active complete life alongside, or it is all talk. Above all things, boys need deep, sweet confidences with their mother. She who has dared to be a mother cannot shirk the responsibility of being great enough to be the builder of her child's character. We dare not send our children out into the world unprepared for its battles on the weak plea of being incapable. Make yourself so. Enter into the study of the highest spiritual things and find a way if you do not know.

CHARACTER.

"Pray for the singing heart and the iron will; the heart to make you gentle and tender and true; the will to make you strong and firm and full of purpose."

EXPERIENCE.

"The soul is an instrument of a thousand strings; the players who touch the strings are many; there is but one listener, the soul itself."

THE COST OF A BOY.

Written by a Boy.

I read, the other day, that it cost nearly a thousand pounds to bring up a London boy and educate and dress him well. I said to myself, "That is because everything in the city has to be bought, and living is high." But I began to study the thing, and I found that even a country boy costs his parents a good deal.

When you count what a boy eats and what he wears, and the school books he must have, the doctors' bills that have to be paid when he gets the measles or the scarlet fever, he will cost his folks at home at least a hundred dollars a year. If a boy is given to breaking things, kicking the toes out of his boots, and so on, he costs more than that; so when I am twenty-one and old enough to do for myself, I shall have cost father more than two thousand dollars.

Mother cooked my food and made my clothes, and patched them, washed and ironed for me, took care of me when I was a little fellow and when I was sick, and she never charged anything for that. If she were dead, and father had to pay for all that, it would cost another hundred dollars a year or more, and that two thousand dollars' worth of work mother will have done for me by the time I am a man.

Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that?

These are hard times. When parents put four thousand dollars into a boy, what have they a right to expect from him? Is it fair for a boy to play truant at school? Is it fair for him to play ball, go swimming, or hang around town all the time, when maybe, his father's potatoes are not dug nor the wood brought in for his mother? Is it fair for him to disappoint them by swearing and drinking? Is it fair to forget his parents when he has left home, and neglected even to write them letters?

I remember a bright young man saying: "Some of our parents have put about all the property they have into us boys and girls. If we make whisky decanters of ourselves, they will be poor indeed; but if we make good citizens and substantial men and women, they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing us up.

Boys, what are you worth to your parents?—Selected.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

They tell the story of a man
Who roamed the wide world over

And spent his whole life trying hard
To find a four-leaf clover.

For this once found would bring him peace
And happiness forever,
And so he roamed and sought in vain;
He found the treasure never.

Till, coming home, a tired old man,
Discouraged and down hearted,
He threw himself upon the ground,
But quick again upstarted.

For there, before his own house door
And spread the whole field over,
Were growing fragrant bunches of
The long-sought four-leaved clover.

Dear heart, there comes the truest joy
To those who seek it never;
And happiness in duty's field
Rewards the doer ever.
—N. Earle, in Youth's Companion.

"Dou you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
Do you wish for a truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself you find,
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
And a smile is your sure return.
Bear hate in your heart, and erewhile
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love; every deed
Shall, armed as a fate, recoil;
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
You cast yourself in the soil."

I will tell you my rule—Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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MISS MARTIN'S LEGACY.

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden. She owned a two-roomed cottage and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. But when she was fifty, a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

"I don't think I need to keep it," she said to herself. "It doesn't cost me much to live, and with what I earn sewing I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square. I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor, and nice furniture and two large oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet. And I'll give fifty dollars to the church," she added by way of afterthought.

But why was it just then she thought of the Dilling children —three in number—who on the morrow would be "bound out" to live with any person who might be willing to take the responsibility of caring for them.

About two years before, Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs. Dilling had time to look about her after this blow, things were very discouraging indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away, and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late; but in a few months her health failed, and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged, after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: "As long as I can work, they shall be kept together."

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling.

But now she was gone, something must be done. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be "bound out."

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children, who were knit together by the ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said: "They must be provided with food and shelter some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it."

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

"It seems too bad for the children to be separated," she mused, as she looked out at the Dilling house. "I hope they'll be where they can see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought up."

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over at the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the "binding out" of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and at length a farmer who wanted a bound boy arrived. He had tried two already. One had run away after a few months, and the authorities had taken the other from him on account of cruel treatment.

Miss Martin shut her lips firmly together when she saw this man. Probably he would want Fred, who was eleven years old. It would be a shame to see so good a boy go to such a place.

She threw a shawl over her head and stepped to the door. Then she went back and sat down by the window.

"I could have a bed for him up-stairs," she thought. "And he could split wood and bring water for me. I believe I'll go over anyway."

Farmer Burnham was talking very loudly to Fred when she went into the dark, gloomy kitchen. The boy's face was white and his eyes filled with tears as he looked at Bessie, his sister.

"You can't have him," said the little girl, choking back her sobs. "He's all we've got left, and we're going to keep him!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Burnham, "we'll see about that. The sooner we have the papers made out the better, I reckon." And he made his way toward Mr. Randall.

"Fred, would you rather come with me?"

It was Miss Martin's voice, and Fred grasped her hand eagerly, while his sister cried: "Oh, do go with her, Fred!"

"I'd rather do it, Miss Martin, if you could get along with me," said the boy, earnestly "I'd try hard to help what I could."

Miss Martin's face lighted up as she listened. This was a new experience to her. Her life had been wholly centered upon

her own interests. She could not help thinking of it even in the midst of this excitement. A new feeling swept over her. How selfish she had been! Would God forgive her?

While these thoughts were passsing through her mind she was making her way toward Mr. Randall. Would she be too late? No; Mr. Burnham had been called in another direction. She pulled the poor-master's sleeve and whispered hurriedly :

"I'll take Fred."

"All right," he replied, and the deed was done.

The proprietor of the village hotel was talking to Bessie.

"Don't you want to go and live with me at the hotel?"

"No, I don't. I want my own home, and that is all."

"But, child, you can't stay here; the house is all empty, and you've got to go."

Miss Martin's eyes flashed. The idea of that sweet girl going to such a place, never!

"I'll take Bessie, too," she said, and Mr. Randall gladly agreed.

"I can have a bedroom and a tiny kitchen added to my house instead of a parlor," thought Miss Martin, "and can take the old kitchen for a living room. I don't really need a parlor, anyway."

And now what about little Ray? There he sat, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around tim, printing some words on a piece of card-board. Ray was only seven years old. He would need care for a long time, perhaps all his life, for he was not strong in body. He was fond of books and flowers and shy and reticent. He held up the cardboard at length and looked at the words he had printed. They were: "Trust in the Lord."

Nobody wanted Ray. He could not be of much use anywhere, and it was decided that he must go to the county farm.

"I'll take him home with me tonight," said Mr. Randall, "and send him away tomorrow morning."

Sitting around Miss Martin's table at supper that night very little was said. Fred had filled the wood box, brought water, and made himself useful in various ways; but now he was thinking of his little brother. Bessie could hardly keep back the tears.

Miss Martin could not help noticing the children's faces, and altogether it was not cheerful company.

As they arose from the table there was a knock at the door, and Miss Martin opened it to confront Mr. Randall.

"Is Ray here?" he asked.

"Why, no."

"Well, he's a queer boy; I don't know where he is, and now I can't find him."

"Is the Dilling house locked?"

"No, there is no use locking it; it's empty."

"You stay here, chidren," said Miss Martin, kindly; "I'll be back in a few moments."

Then she slipped over to the little old house, and, as quietly as she could, peered into every room. There, in the half twilight, she found Ray at last, half-lying, half-kneeling on the bare floor, in the little room where he used to sleep. In his arms was the cardboard on which he had printed: "Trust in the Lord."

The boy was talking, and she listened.

"It don't seem like home. Bless dear Miss Martin. She's good."

Miss Martin could hear no more. "I can never dress in silk and know that this poor boy was away from his brother and sister," she thought. "O Lord, forgive me for thinking so much of my own desires! I'll try to use my legacy in a way that will be pleasing to Thee."

Then she stepped forward and touched the boy gently on the shoulder. He started nervously, but when he saw who it was, smiled through his tears.

"Come home with me, Ray," she said tenderly, "and the Lord will care for you and for all of us."—Willard N. Jenkins.

THE PRIDE OF CLOTHESPIN PETER.

Old Auntie Ricker was trimming her bonnet.

Now, it was hard to tell which was the shabbier, the bonnet or the ribbon bows she was putting on it, for the one was a straw of ancient shape, and the other streaked and faded in spite of careful washing and pressing. Even the dear old lady herself thought that there was something wrong.

"Which bows do you think I'd better put on, Peter—the striped gray-and-black or the purple ones?" she inquired earnestly, as with head tilted on one side she surveyed the wonderful headgear held up on her wrinkled fist.

Peter was only eleven years old and never had taken much interest in bonnets, especially in connection with Auntie Ricker, who hitherto had generally worn a gingham sunbonnet. It took a considerable stretch of imagination to think of her wearing anything else; consequently, before he could think of a reply, Auntie Ricker answered her own question. "Guess I'll put both of 'em on," she said, adding complacently, "then one of 'em'll be sure to be right!"

Peter watched her gravely, having dim misgivings as to this profusion of trimming.

"What are you fixing up the bonnet for, auntie?" he inquired.

"To wear, of course, sonny!" came the brisk rejoinder. "Didn't you know that I was going to the fair that's to be held up at the St. Regis Hotel for the benefit of the Emergency Hospital that folks want to build? Everybody's powerful interested, and I'm glad on it! Land knows what with the summer boarders gittin' sick or tippin' over in the teeterin' boats on the lake, an' the accidents the lumbermen have here in the Adirondacks, we need some sech place. Mis' Judge Lincoln, she called yisterday and asked me to come to the fair. I said, 'No,' at first, but the minister's wife, she come an' coaxed, too, so I'm goin'. I'll go 'long with you, Peter, when you take the wash up to the hotel tomorrow afternoon."

Peter hung his head low over the basin containing the potatoes he was paring for dinner. A little scowl made a highway across the plantation of freckles on his forehead. For, I am sorry to say, he was filled with dire consternation caused by Auntie Ricker's words. "She go to the fair up at the St. Regis and me accompany her there?" It sounded well enough, but Peter knew what such an act entailed! "Humph!" he said mentally, "it'll be the biggest kind of a chance for those chaps up at the hotel to make fun of me—and her! She don't know what a hard time I've had this summer! Every time I go up there to carry home the wash, I see 'em on the tennis ground, all dressed up in their white flannels and fancy neckties; none of 'em have a thing to do but fool round with balls and racquets, and stuff themselves with bonbons and ice-cream soda. If I had a chance, I'd just like to pitch into some of them and see if 'Clothespin Peter,' as they're pleased to call me, couldn't hold his own! Some of the boys are older than I am, but I wouldn't be afraid to wager that their muscle isn't anything to brag of—fellows who smoke cigarettes don't amount to much! 'Clothespin Peter,' indeed! Well, I can stand their chaffing, but I don't want them to make fun of Aunt Ricker! I'm sure I don't see what possesses her to want to go to that fair"—here Peter dug his knife savagely into the eye of a potato—"and I dare say Reginald DeWolf's mother or Paul Van Horne's aunt will just sneer at auntie, and toss their heads, and laugh behind their fans, or maybe stare at her as though they'd like to freeze her! Oh, I know how it'll be! That bonnet of hers is just awful! I can't tell why, but somehow, it makes me think of an old dahlia or aster gone to seed. And yet auntie sits there looking so pleased and contented. Well, maybe, after

all, she'll change her mind, or it'l storm or something tomorrow, so she'll not go."

But Peter's hopes were not realized. The next day dawned warm and clear, and, by the brisk way in which the forenoon's work was done, Peter knew that Auntie Ricker's intentions had not changed.

"Now, Peter, my dear, the clothes are all ironed, aired, an' tucked in the big basket with one of my own towels tied over to keep out the dust," remarked the old lady, as she hung up her gingham work apron. "So you'd better get your little cart to put the basket in, while I'm dressin'. An, say, sonny, there'll be plenty o' time for you to fix up; I'd wash up an' put on a clean shirt waist, if I's you, an' your Sunday school necktie. I'm so glad that it don't look like rain, for now I needn't worry a bit about any drops gettin' on my bonnet ribbons."

Peter went sullenly out to the barn to get the cart. Giving the latter a vindictive kick, he sent it rolling and rattling across the stone threshold. "I declare, I will not take auntie to that fair!" he exclaimed savagely. "If she wants to go, she can go alone; I'll not be mortified—so there! Guess she'll learn a lesson! As for me, I'll hide up here in the hayloft, or go after frogs down to the Inlet—or—or something!" he concluded desperately.

But, as the angry and perplexed little lad sat there, perched upon the ridge of an old sawhorse, his eyes chanced to fall on something tucked away under the stairs leading to the loft. This something was a cradle—a shabby, wooden affair, with broken rockers and with the varnish worn off. But at the sight of it strange thoughts came into Peter's mind. He had been placed in that little cradle one cold winter's morning, when Auntie Ricker had picked him up, a forlorn foundling, from her doorstep! A wee, sickly baby he was then, who, so everybody said, should be taken to the Poorhouse, or the Orphan Asylum.

But Auntie Ricker, whose burdens even then were many, including poverty and a husband in the last stages of consumption, had spoken earnestly and out of the abundance of a loving, motherly heart and said to every would-be adviser, "I guess Providence sent that poor, leetle creature to me, an' I'll keep him an' do for him as long as I can—do my very best!"

And she had done her best. Night after night she had walked the floor with the wailing babe; she had gone without comfortable colthing herself that her little charge might have soft, warm flannels and dainty frocks. As for love and kindness, where was the mother who could have given more?

Peter sprang from the sawhorse; the scowl was no longer seen among the freckles; his eyes had a new brightness in them, and his lips were set in a firm, red line. "What a mean fellow

I've been!" he exclaimed. "The idea of letting auntie go to that fair alone—it's a cowardly shame! Shirk my duty after what she's done for me? Go? Of course I'll go, and ought to be proud of the chance—and I am! Yes, I'll go and do my best to make her have a good time. If any of those fellows make fun of her, I'll fix 'em!"

A half hour later, Peter and his aged charge were going up the broad steps of the large hotel. Now there came a surprise! Suddenly Peter's eyes grew nearly as big as saucers, for, coming to meet him and Auntie Ricker, were half a dozen ladies dressed in pretty white gowns with fluttering ribbons, and everybody was smiling in the kindest and most respectful way at Auntie Ricker. Then a fine-looking gentleman with iron-gray whiskers and diamond studs sparkling like tiny stars down his spotless shirt front, came forward, offering his arm with a most courtly air to escort the old lady to a comfortable willow rocking-chair on the veranda.

"Pray, allow me, madam," he said, with a politeness that quite took Peter's breath away. "Allow me to assist you to a seat. I believe you are our guest of honor today!"

Peter overheard Reginald DeWolf's mother say to Paul Van Horne's aunt: "Yes, she's the one. They say that two years ago, when a young lumberman had smallpox and lay helpless and deserted in his shanty, that that old lady actually went and took care of him! Not for money, you know, but out of real kindness of heart! Then, too, I heard that there was a friendless girl who came up to the woods here some time ago, hoping the balsamic air would cure her, but found it too late, and that she was near to death, alone and friendless. And Auntie Ricker, as folks call her, took care of the girl faithfully to the very last. Oh, she's always doing good; her neighbors far and near testify to that fact! And isn't she sweet, the dear, quaint, old body, with her lovely, wavy, white hair?"

The pretty, white hair could be seen now, for Auntie Ricker had taken off her queer, old bonnet and was seated in the big, willow chair like a queen—a much puzzled, but happy-faced old queen—with everybody hovering round her in the friendliest, most respectful way. She really looked very nice and dignified in her plain, black gown with the spotless, white muslin kerchief folded, Quaker fashion, across her breast.

Peter felt a thrill at his heart when Reginald DeWolf, sauntering up to him, said, with an air at once friendly and respectful: "I say, that aunt of yours is grand, isn't she? I've heard that the Emergency Hospital is to be named for her; and it ought to be, for she's a real heroine, she is! Guess you're proud of her, eh?"

"Guess I am!" was "Clothespin Peter's" emphatic response. Yet he could not forget how unwilling he had been at first to take her to the fair.—Selected.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

The courage of battle, the bravery of saving a life against fire or flood or storm, the power to breast danger unfalteringly—We all are familiar with courage of this sort. We give it respect and admiration. We call the actors in such scenes heroes. Yet the daily walk of a boy among the familiar duties of his every-day life often calls for courage as great, determination as strong and an aim as unswerving.

It is largely through cowardice that we sin. The fear of a laugh of derision, the fear of defeat, the fear of criticism, of loss of place, of money or honor, causes more wrong-doing than anything else. And these misdeeds are not the deeds of the base or the cruel or the low-lived, but of boys of conscience and keen susceptibilities, boys with an instinct toward right-doing, with good training behind them, and good intentions in their hearts.

The boy who is leader in a game of stumps is full of daring; the most dangerous heights, the most hairbreadth risks are not too great for him to take, if he can in this way make himself a leader worthy the name of his followers. The opportunities are as great in simple right-doing. The stumps lie all along each day's path. The boy who meets them squarely and unflinchingly is sure to lead a little army of followers after him. He is like a magnet to his fellows, drawing out the best of the other boy's mettle to match his own.

"Are you going swimming?" asked his companions of a boy in camp one Sunday afternoon. The boy looked down, while with the toe of his shoe he made a figure in the sand, and the others awaited his answer. At last it came: "No, it wouldn't be any use to ask my father if I could go swimming on Sunday. He would be sure to say 'No.'"

Yet the father was not there, and the boy had dared to do right. It was the case of the magnet—the other boys did not go either.

Sometimes the temptation is to cheat at lessons just a little to be sure to keep the marks high, or to take something that does not belong to the boy, only a small thing that hardly counts. It is just such things that call for courage. Companions often call slips from truth and honesty matters of no account, and the boy a prude or prig who hesitates. Dare to do right in the very foundations of truth and honesty, and no larger sin in these ways will ever tempt you.

Dare to turn your back on impure conversation, dare to be called a "digger" if the work you are doing is worth doing. Dare to be "tied to your mother's apron strings" if that means loyalty and tenderness and deference to all woman-kind, your mother first of all. Dare to be reverent at all times and in all places. Bibles are God's word to you, and worthy of respectful treatment. God's house calls for a boy's reverent respect, God's name his reverent worship. Dare to give this, even though those around you forget time and place and the honor due, and you may be a leader in the best things.

The boy who dares to do right in each day's opportunities will meet the greater crises of life with the strength of a hero, a strength gathered in many small fights with the arch tempter. The battles of life grow with our years, but strength to meet them courageously is God given. Daring to do right in God's name is to have courage for whatever befalls, with the surety that the strength of the arm behind us is never failing. There is a song that was familiar to the boys of a generation ago :

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

There are men today who remember it as the battle cry of right-doing in their boyhood.

For the larger growth of manhood the words of Phillips Brooks bear a similar meaning—"There is no nobler sight anywhere than to behold a man quietly and resolutely put aside the lower things, that the higher may come in to him. To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which—nay, who—is always waiting to come—this as the habit of life is noble."—Elizabeth I. Gebhard.

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GENERAL CONFERENCE OF PRIMARY OFFICERS.

Report of the General Conference of the Primary Officers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in Salt Lake City, June 8, 9, 10.

The general conference of the Primary officers was a very successful one, there was a splendid representation of Stake officers, and an unusual number of local officers, fifty-one stakes being represented. The program was very helpful and the General Board look forward with pleasure to the good results which are sure to follow so excellent a stimulus toward renewed energy and effort in the work of the Primary Association.

We are peased to be able to give some of the many interesting and valuable addressses, which were listened to with much pleasure during the conference.

PRESIDENT LOUIE B. FELT.

My dear sisters: The president, counselors, honorary members,and every member of the General Board extend to you a hearty welcome this morning and assure you that we are delighted to meet you again in conference. We trust that while we assemble together, our hearts shall be made glad, that our Heavenly Father

will look in mercy upon us and grant us a rich flow of His Spirit, and that it may find our hearts; and when we go to our homes at the close of this convention we may feel in very deed that it has been good to meet together.

We have sisters from the far north, from the far south, from the east and the west; and while setting here this morning, I was wondering in my mind whether in any other place they could call so many noble sisters together as we have assembled here. We read of clubs that the ladies of the world have; but they do not have the spiritual feasts that we have when we come together.

Sisters, I trust we meet with a desire in our hearts to do good to the little ones. What a noble mission! I cannot believe there is a sister here this morning who feels that her work is a trial, because, when we feel that it is a trial, we will not leave our homes to go to our meetings; but I believe you feel that through meeting together and having an interchange of thought, it will help you in your work.

I know we are engaged in one of the noblest works here upon the earth Our Mutual Improvement Associations take our children from us. They continue on the good work; and how careful we should be to train our children, that when they go into the Mutual Improvement Associations they can go there as honorable members; and I believe you know this, and I feel that God will bless you, my sisters, for the work that you are doing.

In the past we have felt many times that the local and stake officers were doing most of the work; but I want to tell you that the General Board are one with you in working. We try day by day, yes, I may say hour by hour, because there is scarcely an hour in the day when the General Board are not in consultation with each other, planning that we may help you in your work. You in turn help our local officers, and they do the grand work with the children. I can say truthfully that every member of the General Board loves you and prays for you, thinks of you, and labors for you. They do it all in love. I have yet to hear of the first member of our Board who feels that her work is irksome or a trial to her. When it becomes such, I know that the Spirit of God leaves them to a certain extent, and they feel that they cannot go on with the work, and sooner or later they must drop out of the work, unless they feel a love for it. We cannot work for and with the children unless we love them. Some have said to me: "Sister Felt, it is quite a trial." It should not be a trial. Mothers have much to do. True it is, that there are no people in the world as busy as the Latter-day Saints, mothers and teachers; but after all, are we not much happier when we are

working? A lady said to Miss Anderson, "I do not get up until ten o'clock in the morning, and I do not know how to kill the time the rest of the day." I felt in my heart to say, "God help you poor soul!" I thought we could teach her to find help; we could teach her how to kill time; but of course she was not one of us. I do not think there is one of our Latter-day Saint sisters who does not know how to kill time. Often we wish the days were longer that we might do more work; but, at the same time, we have to be satisfied with what we can do.

I feel to tell you, my sisters, that I love you with all my heart, and I feel grateful to you for the work you are doing. The members of the General Board visit your stakes, and they come back with this report every time, "Sister Felt, they are doing the best they can. Sometimes we find instances where they might do a litte better, and we suggested it to them, and they accepted it so humbly, and were so grateful for the advice we could give them." There is not a member on our Board who goes to your stakes who is proud or uplifted. They are every one humble, prayerful, God-fearing ladies; and they go among you with the desire to do all the good they can. They go to you fearing and trembling, and they usually report at the office just before they start, and their last word is, "Pray for us that we may do some good." They come back and say, "We have had a delightful time," and tell how you treated them so well and received them so kindly and put yourselves out to help them. Two of our sisters visited Mexico a short time ago. They said on their return, "Sister Felt, the men and women there are many of them poor, but they did not make us feel it: they went to neigbors' homes and slept that we might have the one bed they had." Will not God help such men and women? Cannot you see what a noble work they are doing, when sisters feel to give up the best they have to make others comfortable? My heart is full of love and gratitude for such men and women. We go many times when we are not equal to it; but we go trusting in God, and He has never failed us. We send our young girls, and you receive them just the same as if they were older persons. They are girls who love and honor God and trust in Him that they may accomplish good. I begin to feel that Sister Richards and myself are the only old members of the Board, the rest of them are young, spry, and filled with the Spirit of God. What a grand thing to have such girls to go into your midst to try to help you in your noble work. There is nothing greater than your work, when you stop to think that you are in charge of the children, the most precious gifts of God to men and women. You are teaching them to become noble men and wemen, you are striving to make of them what you would want you own children to

be—an unselfish thought. There is no difference when you go into our Primary meetings. I have seen mothers put their own little ones to one side and take the little wayward boy or girl, put their arm around them, and treat them as they treat their own at home. God loves all of that kind, and He loves you, my sisters; and I trust that each and every one of you, if you feel your work is a trial, will pray to God to take that spirit from you; that your work may be filled with love, and that you may go to your meetings with prayerful hearts and accomplish good, trusting in your Heavenly Father that you may so do those things that will be acceptable to Him; that when you go back to His presence you may receive your reward for helping the mothers with their children. I often make this remark, "I do not need to wait until I go into the beyond to get my reward; I believe I get it day by day," I believe I am so greatly blessed that I feel there is no need to wait for my reward there; I have it day by day of my life, and especially do I feel it when our sisters return from their trips out in your midst, and say, "Sister Felt, they are doing so well; they are so willing to listen to suggestions made by us, and they are so willing to accept what the General Board feel will be for their benefit." There are few reports contrary to this. I must say there are times when our sisters, say, "Well, Sister Felt, they do not see such and such a thing, but we talked to them, and we trust they will see it."

We know that we are meeting favor in the eyes of the Presidents of Stakes and in the eyes of the Bishops, and that through the course we have taken during the last year—sending the sisters to meet with you and not with the children. We know our children are bright; we know that if our sisters are living up to their duties, our children can do all that is necessary. We want to feel of your spirit, to work with you, to know how deeply you are interested in your work, and how you enjoy your meetings. That is why we come to you as we do. We know what the children can do, and we all feel we have done a greater work than when we met with the children; because we know, as I said before, what they can do.

Since meeting together, last June, there have been some changes in our Board. Owing to the very poor health of Sister Lillie T. Freeze, she wanted to be released from the responsibilities of being a counselor in the association; and Sister Josephine R. West, living in Ogden, could not be as closely connected with us as those in the city, because there are times when we have to meet every day in the week, and she felt that it would also be wisdom for her to resign. They are released as counselors, but are honorary members of the Board. We know no difference, we feel no difference. We love them and they love us; I believe they

are one with us, and they love the work. You all know how Sister Freeze loves the work, how she loves you; and I know, sisters, there are many in the room who used to prefer having Sister Freeze visiting them to any member of the Board. I hope you still have the same feeling. I pray God that Sister Freeze may soon be able to go to you. I pray the same for Sister West also. She is as good a woman as ever lived. But we now have two equally good women, Sister May Anderson, long our secretary, and Sister Clara W. Beebe, and I trust you will accept them and love them and be as willing to listen to them as you were to Sister Freeze and Sister West, and pray that God will bless them. We took Sister Anderson from the secretaryship, and placed in her stead Sister Olive D. Christensen. You will find her a capable and agreeable secretary. I will give you the privilege of writing to her if there is anything you want to know. She will do by you as Sister Anderson has done in the past.

May God bless every one of you, and when you go to your homes and take up your work again, may His Spirit be with you in all that you do, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The following annual report of Primary work was submitted to the conference :

STATISTICAL REPORT.

Number of stake officers	578
Number of local officers	6,407
Number of boys	16,221
Number of girls	25,502
Total officers and members	48,708
Average attendance of officers	3,418
Average attendance of boys	6,676
Average attendance of girls	13,043
Total average attendance	23,137
Meetings of stake board	585
Meetings of stake and local officers	444
Preparation meetings of local officers	3,715
Regular meetings of Primary associations	20,083
Sunday conferences	487
Special meetings	657
Entertainments	920

Fairs	60
Associations graded	602
Associations not graded	31
Number of libraries	349
Number of books	6,764
Number of officers taking Children's Friend	3,428

Financial Report.

Balance on hand from last year	$ 4,024.95	
Received from entertainments, donations, etc.	7,319.47	
Total	$11,344.42	

Disbursements.

Temples		$ 4.00
Stake houses or tabernacles		239.40
Ward meeting houses		1,320.88
Schools and academies		99.95
Missionaries		240.38
Charities		132.88
Other purposes		6,063.46
Total		$ 8,100.95
Total receipts for 1905, including balance on hand from last year	$11,344.42	
Total disbursements	8,100.95	
Total on hand, Dec. 31, 1905	$ 3,243.47	
Amount of Nickel Fund paid	$ 1,966.56	

Financial Report of Stake Boards.

On hand from last year	$ 611.30	
Received	2,091.49	
Total	$2,702.79	

Disbursements.

Paid out for traveling expenses, stationery, etc		$2,062.32
On hand, Dec. 31, 1905	$ 640.47	

Property Owned by Associations.

Number of books.....6,764
Bushels of wheat.....183 1-2
Bushels of beans..... 21
Other property, valued at.....$841.13
Also, 3 organs, 1 bookcase, 54 sheep, quilts, chairs, clocks, etc.

PROF. STEPHENS.

I realize, sisters, that you do not come together merely to meet together and spend your time in having some sort of meeting; and that if I have anything to say to you that will be a benefit in your work, the less formality I go through in getting at the matter, the better for all concerned.

To begin at the remark I have already made, I will say how not to do some things—what to avoid.

Avoid making your singing formal; just as a meeting should not be merely a formal gathering, but something to go to for some particular purpose. The great trouble in singing, and I am afraid some of it has been carried into the Primary Association, is merely having a song at the beginning of the meeting, a song after prayer, and a song at the closing. We ought to make our singing a live, practical part of the lesson that the children will come to look for. I do not suppose that is news to you; but we sometimes like to be reminded of some things—and sometimes need to be reminded. I know in singing work, choirs, and all singing organizations, get into a rut in meeting together. They meet for rehearsal, and they go through the same old songs over, and over, and over. Singing anything, in any way, is the most sure way of destroying the beneficial use of singing in your organization.

I believe that form needs to be adhered to; but I think that adhering to forms too closely is often not a good thing. I believe a song to begin a meeting with is right, especially if you so vary it that it will appeal to the little ones; so they will not stand and look around, not seeming to be particularly interested any more than going through the work of singing a song. That is the first thing.

Another thing will be how not to train the children to sing. From a musical standpoint—from a teacher's standpoint, perhaps, I should be able to speak. The sisters often forget to heed whether the singing is beneficial to the children's voices or not. You look right to the sentiment, the sentiment you inculcate through your singing, and perhaps forget entirely that the children are going to grow up to be singers, and the method that the

child uses in its singing may be destructive to its voice, so that when it grows up it will have a harsh voice, an untuneful voice, etc., etc. It is true that many of our choir leaders are very poor singers, but I think the chief reason is that our choir singers are usually very vigorous workers, and they always use their voices too hard. I want to impress this upon your mind.

If you will listen you may find a girl with a little voice, a weak voice, sweet and round; but there is no strength and vigor. Side by side with her will be a vigorous little girl, who will sing just like a little boy. The little tot who sings just as a little girl should sing, a sweet, soft treble, is never heard at all, and when you want some one to sing separately, to be brought up before the others as an example, you select the little girl with the big voice, who can sing right out, and the little girl with the little voice gradually thinks, "I am not much of a singer; my voice is too weak." The little thing is ambitious to be called up to sing before the others, and she strains her voice to sing louder. The little soft, flute-like voice you should encourage, not the big boyish voice. Tell the little girl to sing as sweet as possible, not very loud, but just as sweet as she can. You will notice that the little girl who sings like a little boy, when she sings high, gets small, piping upper notes, very, very weak. Tell her that those little soft, weak tones, which she thinks good for nothing, are the best tones for her to use, so that when she grows up she will have a beautiful, sweet voice. Have the children use the little, soft voice that they have to use when they sing high, clear down the scale; you can gradually round out the tone and enlarge it.

Now, it is generally thought that children's singing high is destructive to the voice. That is a mistake. If the children will sing high and softly, it will not hurt their voices. Remember, it is best to encourage them to sing from the top notes down, and when they get to the lower ones, to sing as softly as when they sing the high ones. This may be new to many of you; the top voice of the children is the best voice. They strain less. Try not to let them strain it at all, yet this is the hardest thing to accomplish with children. You like a song to wake them up, and they like to sing vigorously. There is a little danger in having them sing softly at first because they get disinterested. To avoid this, do not have them sing too loud. Have them sing in nice, swinging rhythm. If they do not sing too slow, they will not get tired. Try to bring out the sentiment of the song that is sung. There is such a thing as singing too fast even for children. We all like best the songs that touch deepest in the long run. I do not believe in singing sad songs always; but if you can move the children's emotional natures with even a sad song —if you can bring tears into the children's eyes, you have reached

a chord in the heart. A smile is a beautiful thing to greet children with, and to have from them; but a tear is still more sacred. It is greater than a smile, provided it is not a whining tear. Silly sentimentality should be avoided. I sometimes smile when I see people cry when other people sing. I have seen some shed tears over our beautiful hymn, "O My Father." If there is anything sad about it, I have not been able to find it. But if the tears brought through the sweet, heavenly influence that melts the heart to tenderness, love and gentleness, then the tears are but the overflow of blissful emotion, that exalts and refines. Still, generally sing songs that are cheerful. Our Gospel is a gospel of cheer, and we do not believe in long drawn out sighs and plaintive whinings.

Your people have already selected your songs with considerable good taste. I think your little book is ideal in some respects. Particularly are the songs in the little book, by Brother Ballantyne, suited to the children's voices. He has several in it; and they have a definite, sweet rhythm and tuneful "parts."

If you want the charm of singing to take deep hold of the children, do not let them sing in one "part" all the time. There is twice the benefit, charm, and refining influence brought out by singing "parts," by forming harmony. Sing Alto, as well as treble, if you want to have charming, sweet, beautiful music in the association. I understand that in some of the Sunday schools it is thought that it takes too much time to teach the children to sing "Alto." A greater mistake could hardly be made. The time taken in teaching the children to sing alto as well as treble is as valuable as any time you spend. It trains them and brings within their reach all the benefits of the charm of harmony. The way to do it? First take up the Alto as the tune. Teach the little folks to sing alto when you teach the words. Then add the treble when the alto is thoroughly learned as the tune. Then you will not have much trouble. Some of the little ones at first will fail to hold their "part;" but soon they will take pride in singing alto. Have them sing the words as distinctly as if they are speaking. But remember there is a difference between uttering words in singing and in speaking. In singing we dwell on the vowels—more than in speaking. In singing all beautiful songs the emotional expression of the thought of the word should be sought. The music is like the fragrance of the flower. You look at the flower—the word—but you smell the fragrance—the music. The words are beautiful; but if you want to get the fragrance, you will make the music equally beautiful or even more so, with the words. Music is not so definite as words, but it expresses the emotion more definitely. The song that has no emotion is not worth singing. It may do to recite, but it is not

worth singing. Of course, it is not often we have singing without some kind of emotion. Either the sublime, the sad, or the cheerful should be there.

Again, referring to your book, I wish that such a sale of them could be made that they could be sold cheaper. If only a few books are sold, they have to charge accordingly, because of the printing. Do not mistake me when I say this that I believe every child should sing from a book. I believe this is one of the greatest faults I have to combat with. When the idea ceases to flow into the house, or out to the audience, it ceases to be of use. You can close a beautiful spring of water by letting it fill up. Water must flow. So must ideas. If they have books at all, you must teach them it is to learn the song from, not to sing from afterwards. Standing between them and all outward delivery. Use the book while learning the song, and especially to study it at home. I would insist that the book be laid aside when you are ready to work with the class. The book is good in its place; but its place is not to be always before the singer. So I wish your little book could be sold so cheaply that there would be enough of them at least for every one to study from. There are sisters, I am sure, who think they cannot afford to get the book. Do not think so, for you will waste time enough to earn three times the price of the book in looking for songs to suit, and then not find one. It is a mistake to try to get along without books. Life is too short to do without anything that helps in our work. Time is more valuable than money, because if you have time, you can make more money.

In answer to questions—"Shall we teach the words first, and the music aferwards?" Teach the words of the song and the music at the same time. Teach, say, four lines of the words. You should always teach enough words to get the sense of what you are going to sing about. It is a mistake to quit at the end of certain stated lines—sense or no sense—and then start the music. It is also a great mistake to teach more than one verse before the music is given. It might be well at first to read over the entire song and know what it is about; then divide it into as small sections as possible to learn the music. If you sing the words plainly enough, the children might catch the tune and the words from the lips at the same time.

I have taken great interest, whenever I have had an opportunity, to hear the little folks illustrate what they do in the Primary Association, and I will tell you that the chief fault that always strikes me in the children's singing, is the tone quality. Whenever they sing, it is with the little open tone; colorless—or meaningless—they do not round their tones. It is worth working for to teach the children that in singing the tone should be as

beautiful as possible. Sing often to the vowel with the mouth in as natural a position as if speaking the word "Who?"

There is much good in "motion songs;" but there is danger of the little folks thinking of the "motions" and forgetting that they are singing. Sometimes the motions assist to express the meaning of the songs. I know there is good in them; they teach graceful action, a free poise of the head and limbs, all necessary to good singing. And teach rhythm, but do not make the motions in the song of so much importance that you forget the song itself. Remember they are still singing, having singing first, motion second. It is well to do the motions to the music of the instrument and not to the singing.

Should boys be taught to sing alto?

Boys should be taught to sing alto by all means; but teach them to sing treble also. Let every child learn to sing treble and alto at will; so that when they grow up they can sing anything. It is some hundreds of years since people stopped singing in one part. It is time that we let our children stop it. You will have to go to China, or some other country that has a different civilization to ours, to find one part singing. Even in China they are learning to sing in two parts. The boys will make the best altos, but do not impose upon them; because, if you keep them singing alto all the time, you will develop harder voices. The alto does not go high enough to develop the top notes. Let the boys sing both parts.

It is best to look to the interest of the singer first and of the listener next. Remember, when a boy sings treble, he sings like a little girl, and he should do so. His correct tones are like a girl's. Teach them all to sing alto and all to sing treble, and then change around often.

Do not be afraid to draw into your association any help that you can have. Do not be afraid to send your members into other places where they can pick up things of benefit to them. Do not be too exclusive. Each organization is too eager to keep its own. I do not believe that you do all that you might do in having singing classes in your towns. Do not feel that everything should be done in your organization. Singing class teachers will be glad to come to see you sometimes, if invited. There is one thing that keeps music teachers away, and that is because if they are sensitive, they are afraid that if they visit the associations, the parents and teachers will think they are hunting for students.

Be sure that the person taking your children to teach knows something about singing. They need not be professional musicians, and even musicians are not fit for everything musical. A musician may be only a good violin player or a piano player and know nothing whatever about the voice; but when you have any-

body who can teach singing, use your organizations towards furthering that, for the sake of the same work. To advance the children is your aim. Advance the individuals and the organization will take care of itself.

Does singing alto hurt the voice?

If the children sing alto, and alto only, it will certainly injure their voices, because there is no practice on the upper range of the voice. It does not develop over half way up. To repeat: Let the children sing treble and alto so constantly that the little voice grows to its fullest extent.

Shouting is not singing. Do not think that because they sing very loud they are singing very well.

ELDER HYRUM M. SMITH.

I do not know why I was selected or invited to address you this morning; because I cannot say that I am more interested in the Primary Association than I am in the other organizations of the Church; being a representative of the whole people, one engaged in preaching the Gospel to all of them, I quite understand I must have in my heart the fullest welfare of every organization in the Church, from the first to the last. I will say to you, however, that there is no other organization in the Church that I am more partial to than I am to the Primary Association. I am in full sympathy with the movement and with every effort that has been and is being brought forth in the Primary Association for the instruction of the little ones in the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in the ways of virtue, truth, rectitude, and honor.

I appreciate the privilege of being associated with you in the same great cause of the Gospel. I have had no experience in teaching a primary class, or any other class, for that matter. I am not versed in the theory of teaching; however, if I trespass a little upon the subject that Brother McKay has been discussing, I trust it will be pardonable.

As I looked over your countenances this morning, and I have been doing so with a great deal of thanksgiving—I felt in my heart to say, God bless these sisters who are engaged in performing such a good work among His children.

I will repeat a verse of the song we have just sung, and which was alluded to by Brother McKay:

"Next to the blessed parents,
Who gave these children birth,
We are their foremost helpers,
Their dearest friends on earth.

We seek no worldly wealth,
Our hopes are far above;
We are rich in heavenly treasures,
For we have the children's love."

In the whole theory of teaching, I believe that love is the most essential. I care not what one's ability is, or what one's education is; I do not care how proficient they are in the theories of teaching; or how many years of experience, in actual practice in teaching a man or a woman may have had, without that qualification, which comes from God alone, Love, not only for the children, but the quality which shall inspire in children a love for them, they will never, worlds without end, be successful teachers. For me to stand before a man who hates me, and attempt to teach him the things I love and revere, would be folly and an utter waste of time. For a woman to attempt to instruct children in whose little hearts she has inspired a feeling of aversion or hatred, why, it is useless; it is an injury to the children rather than a blessing to them. I remember in my own experience a short time ago, two little girls who had just come home from day school. One came in and threw her books down in impatience, and said: I just hate my teacher. She is the meanest old thing on earth. I don't like her school; I don't like her class, and I wish I didn't have to go to school at all." The other said: "Well, I have the lovliest teacher in the world. I just love her. She is so kind and thoughtful. I like to be in her class." The one you would find picking flowers to take to the teacher she loved, working hard to prepare her lessons, in order to show her respect and love for her. The other, neglected by the teacher she could not endure, never prepared a lesson with pleasure. She never thought of taking a flower, or of speaking kindly; and I presume, on account of her own conduct, never received a kind word in return. It was altogether useless to continue sending that girl to that class. When the law compels the individual to go to school and attend a class under such circumstances as these, the law becomes an injustice to the student. And so in the Primary Association. It is unjust to a child to be sent to a primary class if the teacher does not love him. There, however, love abounds, if this hymn is true, and I believe it is. "Next to the blessed parents who gave these children birth, you are their very best friends on earth." You love them, and you are engaged in teaching them, not because you hope for worldly wealth or remuneration; but because you want to help along the children of God; because you have a testimony that they are His children, and you desire that they shall have a like testimony.

Parents may not always have the time or the inclination to

properly instruct their children. Some parents, like some teachers, are not prepared or qualified to teach, consequently they should look upon you as women who are sacrificing much for the parents of the children of the Church of Jesus Christ. They should greatly appreciate your labors and lend you all the support and encouragement they can. And no matter who the child is or what his environment, whether he be born under the covenant or not, he should receive from you, primary workers, unbounded, unselfish, inspiring love; and when you have succeeded in thus loving him, you have made the first and most essential step in teaching. That love will inspire patience, and patience must always be exercised in teaching little children and in getting their attention.

Brother McKay spoke of the eyes of the soul—You must get at the eyes of the soul, of course, but from my own observation, I conclude, that before you succeed in reaching the "eyes of the soul," you must succeed in getting the eyes of their physical bodies. You must get their eyes rivited upon you and thereby secure their attention before you can get to the soul. If you cannot get their eyes, you cannot get their attention, and without their attention you will find it very difficult, if, in fact, you do not find it absolutely impossible to make an impression upon them through the eyes of the soul.

After one is filled with the proper love, and has cultivated the proper patience; after one has studied thoroughly and thoughtfully the subject until she is perfectly acquainted with it, and has viewed it in every light possible, and has imagined in her mind every question that might possibly arise in the minds of the children and how she will answer them; still there is something more needed than her moral and intellectual qualifications; there must also be a personal and a physical qualification and preparation. I know that in to a certain neighborhood a woman moved, and one day she visited the Primary Association. She found the class in progress. The young lady in charge evidently had left her work in her home, just as she found herself at the time of the meeting. She picked up her books and she had gone over to the meeting house to attend to her duty as a teacher in the Primary Association. She showed preparation of the lesson, but she had her wrapper on, which was of indifferent cleanliness; her hair likewise had been indifferently done up, and her presence was not the presence that would naturally inspire the children or create within them a desire to look upon her. Well, the result was that the children were more or less restless, and their eyes wandered to other things that might engage their attention. The visiting sister was by and by induced to take part in the Primary Association, and requested to conduct the class. The first thing she

did, was to prepare the lesson, and become acquainted with all there was in it; and then, before she went to the Primary Association, she clothed herself in the most attractive and beautiful way she could. Her best clothes were none too good, her very best effort was given to the cause. The result was that like something pleasant to look upon she stood before the children, and they from choice would gaze upon her. Then with thorough preparation she presented the lesson. The result was there was no shuffling of feet, no whispering, their faces were lifted to the instructor, their little eyes, their mouths, and their hearts were open to receive all that she had to give them. They went away glad, absolutely won by the first lesson, inspired with a devotion for the teacher, and anxious for the next time to come.

Now, how many of you think of this qualification in the preparation and giving of a lesson? We all should think of it.

We cannot place a value, my sisters, upon the child. We can not place a value on the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is nothing in the world too good nor too grand to give freely in our efforts in instructing the old or the young members of the Church. The man who stands as instructor in the Gospel ought to give the very best there is in him, for the cause is worthy of it. So with the woman.

Now, if possible, we ought to have an acquaintance with the parents as well as the children. I believe we would have better success in teaching, if we had a better acquaintance with the parents, for the reason that the education of the children began long before they were born. They have inherited tendencies which must be taken into consideration. Therefore, an acquaintance with the father and mother will often show us where the boys and girls get their dispositions, their brightness or dullness, their restlessness or indifference. Here we will find the key, very likely, and in using it we can reach their hearts and direct their feet and their minds along proper channels and proper lines, not seeking to overcome or crush out of them that which has been born in them, but seeking to develop it aright and to direct their powers in proper ways. There are traits of character which the child inherits from his parents which will go with him from his birth to his death. You cannot prevent it. It is almost as impossible to eradicate the moral and mental qualities he has inherited as it would be to change the physical characteristics and likeness he received from his parents. Therefore, if the child has inherited from his parents energy, force, stubbornness, impatience, quick temper, or the opposite of these, their source must be recognized and then our object must be to train, build upon, tone down, restrain and carefully and lovingly and properly develop these traits, and direct them in good channels, into the ways of peace and truth

and away from influences of vice and sin. Teach him to use his talents, which he may be unconscious of possessing, in such a way that he will develop an individuality and a character that will be noble and valuable in any community.

Make the lessons and instructions attractive, and as little like lessons or work as possible. Make the children feel that you are going to tell them something worth while, something interesting, noble and glorious, rather than to engage them in lessons. In order to do this you must be animated and interested yourselves. You cannot create interest in a child in that which you are indifferent about.

And when you have reached and won their little hearts, teach them the truth; for the whole object of your teaching is that the children may grow up to know the truth, and to be boys and girls who shall love instruction who are taught to love father and mother, chastity, virtue and justice, and become men and women of God, Latter-day Saints in very deed.

There is no grander work to be engaged in. The man or woman who through their efforts succeed in training up little children in the ways of truth and virtue and in keeping them from sin, are nothing short of saviors among mankind. And if they keep themselves unspotted, they will in the end stand by Jesus Christ, the Savior of all, and be recognized as saviors of the souls of the children of God.

May God bless the woman, young or old, who is sincerely striving to teach the children the Gospel. May He qualify her, bless her, fill her with the spirit of her calling, make up to her what she lacks in experience and reveal to her what she cannot see of herself. I am one who believes that all things are possible unto the Lord; that nothing is impossible that is right and good. Therefore whatsoever ye desire in righteousness, ask of the Lord, and ye shall receive, for so he has promised. The Holy Spirit stands ever ready to take of the things of the Father and reveal them to the children of men who seek knowledge, and nothing doubting.

Now, go forward and save the little children. There is no work more joyous and gratifying than this work. I heard one sister say yesterday, after having successfully completed a lesson before a body of officers and teachers, that she felt as if she could take all the children to her bosom and hug them; she felt that her love was boundless for every one of them. They were not her own children, but they were the children of God. She loved them. She possessed the spirit of love. The Lord bless you all with the same spirit.

Yesterday as we met one or two of our young men, and we have met hundreds of them who have come up from all parts of

the Church to attend the conference, young men, of fine presence and intelligent faces, the thought was impelled that there is nothing in the world so beautiful, so noble so pure, and clean as the sons of Zion; and there is nothing so glorious, so beautiful, so awe-inspiring as the intelligence, virtue and chastity that beams from the faces of the daughters of Zion. The world can not equal them; the world does not understand them; the world can not conceive of them, as they are. A standard of morality has been raised in this day and generation by the grace of God which the world cannot understand, cannot receive and will not receive until, of course, through repentance, humility, and faith in God, they, like these sons and daughters of Zion, are filled with the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, which will show them the truth, show them the value of virtue, the value of chastity, of obedience to parents, veneration of the aged, and honor to the Priesthood; and until they shall receive this Spirit, they never will understand, as we do, they cannot. Why, say they, it is ridiculous, it is absurd, it is a physical impossibility. While they despise us for the very standard we have raised, nevertheless we should rally round it and uphold it and lead them to it if we can. In our own hearts, deep down in our souls, what a thanksgiving there is to God to know that, having reached manhood and womanhood, we stand before the world, and the Lord, with heads up, willing to be looked clear through by the eyes of the Lord, for we know we will be found pure, virtuous, and chaste. That is what we try to be; that is what we are seeking to help the children to be. That is our aim in life. What a noble life! You understand it, because you are engaged in it. You only know, each one of you, as you kneel before the Lord in humility, how thankful you are, and how desirous you are of rewarding in some way, the Lord, for His goodness to you. We have the assurance of the favor of God; if we know we have done right; and are doing right; we know we seek to do right; and we know that within ourselves there is a desire to save the children in purity. That is our desire, and we know the Lord knows it is our desire. We bare our bosoms and say to the Lord, "Look, before Thee I am clean and pure, and Thou hast made me so; Thou hast given me a desire to be so." And being thus and having this desire we must become a power for good in the world.

If these few remarks are of any value to you as teachers, impart them to the little ones who come under your care. Let every woman seek to be the purest and best woman on earth, living near to the Lord, and then in her heart seek to make every other woman as good as she. Men should desire to excel all others in the world, and when they excel, never content themselves until all others are equally excellent. That is the spirit that should per-

meate the hearts of all those engaged in the work of Christ. We do not want to ascend higher than the rest of mankind, that we may look down in contempt upon them and say, "How much higher I have risen than you." No, that is not the spirit of the Gospel; that is not the spirit of truth; that is not the spirit of a Latter-day Saint; but reaching down to us we recognize the hand of God, and we receive it and He is lifting us up. Therefore, in our turn will we extend our hand to all who wish to receive it and lift them up also.

May the Lord bless you all; bless you for your self-sacrificing lives. It is a work of love. It is a desire in our hearts to repay in some little way, if we can, our Heavenly Father for the many blessings he has bestowed upon us. How wonderfully, how abundantly has God poured out intelligence and the spirit of love, truth, and knowledge upon the children of the Latter-day Saints! O, how thankful, how full of gratitude we should be for all this, and how willing we should be in blessing others who, through force of circumstances, have been less favored in life than ourselves. May this self-sacrificing, this imparting spirit rest upon you forever and forever, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

My dear sisters: I regret to intrude upon the valuable time that is allottedto you. I rejoice very much in listening to your testimonies, and many points that have been made have touched a very tender spot in my heart. I can scarcely refrain from shedding tears of joy when I listen to your expressions of devotion and then, when I look into your faces, lighted up by the Spirit of the Lord, I remember what you represent; the sacrifices, if I may be allowed to use the term, that many of you have made in traveling hundreds of miles to be present on this occasion. No wonder that the Lord pours out His Spirit upon you and that you rejoice in your labors.

I well remember having had the pleasure a year ago of meeting with you in another room in this building, and at that time how I enjoyed listening to the testimonies that were borne by you. Some of them are quite fresh in my memory today, and I often think of them.

I love my sisters, who are laboring in this cause, seeking to train the little children in the ways of the Lord. I do not know that I have in my mind any organization in the Church that performs a greater duty than you perform, in taking the babes and commencing to teach them the principles of life and salvation. What an aid and assistance you are to the mothers of these little children! I have heard it mentioned that some of the mothers

are a little careless and indifferent about sending their children. I am surprised at this when I feel the good spirit here that prompts you in laboring to aid and assist them, no matter whether they are your own children or belong to some one else. As I look upon your faces and remember your faithfulness, my heart is filled with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, and I say in my heart, "God bless these sisters in their labors; may they be abundantly rewarded for all of their efforts." And the Lord will reward you for your labors. He will reward you in this life, as well as in the life to come, this is sure and certain. Not only this, but He will comfort and sustain you in your labors day by day, and, as one of the sisters has testified, when you are sick and afflicted, the little children will gather around you, and the Lord, who hears and answers the prayers of the pure and innocent, will restore you to health.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," the Savior said. Will He not hear and answer the prayers of His little children? Certainly He will. He will never turn a deaf ear to their supplications in time of need.

It has been mentioned once or twice this morning that you are aiding and assisting our Lord and Master in establishing His work here upon the earth. It came to my mind in this way: The Lord commenced His work by calling a young boy, the Prophet Joseph Smith; and the Father and Son appeared to him. They gave him instructions, and in this way this great work was established on the earth. And then the Prophet began to gather around him aids and assistants, and so the work increased. And when we come down through all the organizations of the Church to the Primary Associations, we find here the same order and purpose that is manifest throughout. We have the president, and counselors, and their aids and assistants; and so the Lord's work is being carried on and established. We are all of us, inasmuch as we perform our duties as we ought to do, aiding and assisting our Master in establishing His work upon the earth. His work cannot be established without aid and assistance.

In speaking about your friends, my sisters, I want to tell you that you have no better friend on earth than President Joseph F. Smith. He stands ready and willing at all times, and will do all he possibly can to aid and assist you in your labors in the Primary Associations. And President Lund feels the same way; we are united in this.

One thing came to my mind this morning, as I was looking over this program. When it was intimated that some of the sisters who are strangers in the city, had doubtless lost their way this morning, I glanced over the program; and I see that, in consequence of the existing conditions, you have been meeting in several

different places. I do not wonder that some who are strangers have missed their way. I find that on Friday morning you met in the Fourteenth ward; and in the afternoon, in the Twenty-first ward. Afterwards you met in Waterloo ward, and then in the Twentieth ward. Then Saturday morning, again, in the Fourteenth ward; in the afternoon, in the Sixteenth ward; and, in the evening, you had your reception at Saltair. I regret that I was not there with you, but I have no doubt you enjoyed this event very much. Today you meet in Barratt Hall.

I will tell you what was in my mind. You meet once a year in Conference, and I hope that something can be done that when you meet again, a year from now, you will find at least one place in this city where you can meet together; so that you can advertise where your meetings will be held and understand it correctly. If there is anything I can do to assist you to have one place where you can meet, I am going to do it. I do not know that it can be accomplished. There are so many duties and responsibilities devolving upon the Trustee-in-Trust. We have many calls in every direction, and of course, we are trying to do the best we can; but if there is one society that I should love to see have a suitable place where they can meet and hold conference, it is this society; and I hope something will bring about the condition that when you come again next year, you will not have to wander all over the city to find a place to meet in. I do not know, as I said, that it can be accomplished; but "sometime, somewhere," something may happen.

Now, my sisters, when you go home to your people, carry one suggestion from me home with you, and impress it upon the minds of your children, that this is the Lord's work. He has established it. The Lord is at the head of it. He called His servant, the Prophet Joseph Smith, to establish this work upon the earth; and He has called others to His aid and assistance all the way down to the present time. Now, remembering always that this is the Lord's work and that he stands at the head of it, do not entertain the idea that He is going to allow this work to fail on account of some opposition that is brought to bear against it. This work is not going to fail; it is going to triumph over all its foes; it is going to be established upon the earth. Now, try never to let the children get the idea that it is possible that the work of the Lord is going to fail, for it certainly will not. He is at the head of it. It may pass through trials and difficulties and changes,but this work will finally triumph over all obstacles. As in the first hymn that was sung:

"When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us,
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling brightly before us,
And we know that deliverance is nigh;
We doubt not the Lord, nor His goodness,
We've proved him in days that are past;
The wicked who fight against Zion
Will surely be smitten at last."

Bear this in mind; it is all true. We have passed through such experiences time and time again. Just cast your eyes back to the time when the people were driven from their homes in Jackson County, Missouri, and from different places; and when they were driven from their homes and came to these valleys of the mountains, and the trials and difficulties they passed through when they arrived here. Why, you can scarcely imagine what they endured to establish this work here; and when we have the blessings of life so abundantly poured out upon us, I hope we appreciate them; I hope we do not forget that the Lord is at the helm. I hope we will never be ungrateful for the blessings and favors He has bestowed upon us. My dear sisters, inspire your little children with this one thought: that this work cannot fail; that the Lord stands at the head of it; and, inasmuch as His people are willing to do His will and keep His commandments, it is sure to triumph.

One more verse of this hymn:

"We'll sing of His goodness and mercy,
We'll praise Him by day and by night,
Rejoice in His glorious gospel,
And bask in His life-giving light.
Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go,
While they who reject this glad message
Shall never such happiness know."

Read this over to your little children, if there is any doubt arising in their minds as to the final outcome. Go home, my dear sisters, with this in your minds, that this work can never fail, inasmuch as we are discharging faithfully the duties devolving upon us.

God bless you all; bless this Board, their aids and assistants; and when they go out to visit you, uphold and sustain them, and when you come back to visit them, you will find them kind, cheerful, and willing to extend the hand of fellowship to you;

and I know it would be very gratifying to them if they could do even more than they are able to do today.

I feel to encourage the thought once more, that by the time you meet here in a year from now, you shall have one place to meet in. I hope that the way may be opened up so that something of this kind may be accomplished. It is a new idea to me. I do not know what may take place in a year from now.

The Lord has been very kind and gracious to me. I thought of this when I met Sister Rogers this morning. Her father was the first man I ever heard utter the truths of Mormonism. It was in the town of Liverpool, almost sixty years ago, that I first heard Brother Orson Spencer bear his testimony to the truth of this work; and it brought many pleasant reflections to my mind, when I met Sister Rogers here today. What a wonderful change has taken place since that time!

My dear sisters, go on, be encouraged, never say "fail." Go on assisting in the Lord's work, and the Lord will sustain and support you, and that He may do so, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLARA W. BEEBE.

My dear brethren and sisters: I feel this afternoon very weak in standing before you in the position that I do; but I also feel proud to represent the cause I am standing before you to represent—the cause of our children. I think there is not a father or mother under the sound of my voice but will say they need the help of the children. We are helping on one of the greatest causes that is upon the earth. I believe that every father and mother will agree with me that their greatest blessings are their children. We also feel that when children are given to us there is placed upon us a great responsibility in raising them, in providing them with clothes and food and many other things. But I often wonder how many of us feel the responsibility in another way—the responsibility of giving our children the blessings of our religion. We are told that when children are given to us we have a duty to discharge, and that we will be held responsible for it.

As Primary workers we are trying to help you as fathers and mothers, to help you in our weak way, and we feel that in working with the Primary children, we are aiding you in laying the foundation of what they will become in future life. We feel that with your co-operation we can do a great work in this line.

We have sisters here from the north and the south, from the east and the west, and I believe they are women who are willing to make sacrifices, women who are willing to do anything they

are called upon to do; they are women who are willing to put forth their best efforts in the cause. They are told by their president that when they are called upon as teachers, there rests upon them a responsibility, and they must call upon the Lord for help; and we know that when we do that, the Lord will give us better qualifications and will give us more of His Spirit, which is the greatest gift that can be given to us. We are trying to help the children that when they choose which church they wish to follow, and in what walks of life they wish to go, when that time comes, they shall not hesitate; but they will follow the example of their parents and teachers. This is the impression we want to make—to make a perfect and sure foundation for this. We think that in doing this we are helping in every way we can. We feel that it is to this end we are trying to work day by day. We want our teachings with our organizations to be far-reaching in a religious way, in a social way, a business way. In a religious way we want their testimony to be such that they will never waver; that they can go out to the nations of the earth and never waver; that they will never be found wanting; and for the foundation of that testimony we want them to be able to look back to the Primary Associations.

In a social way, we know there are different environments—we know that they come in contact with terrible temptations. We want the foundation of their religion to be of such a nature that when these temptations come, they will not waver, that they will not be tempted; we want their foundation to be of such a nature that they will be upright in dealing with their fellow-men; we want untruthfulness not to enter their thoughts; but in all the walks of life to be held up as examples. We want to be a help in every way we can in teaching the children of Zion; we want to be a help to the M. I. A. We want to teach our children in such a way as to be a help to these organizations, that the teachers and workers there cannot help but know that they are Primary children. We want to feel that we are one family; to feel that we have loving brothers and sisters to take the children out of our hands and teach them things to launch them into life. The M. I. A. will put them into the Priesthood; into the different walks of life.

We feel a great responsibility in the teachings we are giving our children, and we want at all times that the work we give them shall be true. We feel that our workers should be those who set examples before our children worthy for them to follow. We believe that our sisters are that kind of women. We know that we can do more by example than by all other teachings we can give. We know, as Primary workers, we have a good example at our head, we have a good example in Sister Louie B. Felt,

and as Primary Associations we are trying to do the best we can. We want all of our officers and teachers to work in perfect harmony with the President of the Church, with those placed over them, in such a way that the Bishops will feel that we are necessary to them, that the Presidents of Stakes will feel that we are necessary to them, and the President of the Church will feel that we are necessary to them. We want the impression of our work to extend to the nations of the earth; for at the present time our people are showing to the nations of the earth what we are. We want the foundation to be so firm and strong that there will never come a time in the lives of our children when they will waver.

We canot hope to do our work in a successful way until we have sympathy and love. Our watchword is Love. The spirit of love is a great power. We want to bring our work into a better system, always in the spirit of love; try to make this our watchword.

I feel to thank all of the workers of the Primary Association, wherever they are, for the interest shown in this convention. We have had a lovely time during the last three days, and we hope it has done good. We know it has, and we feel to thank them for the love and kindness and the good feelings they have bestowed upon us.

I do not think it would be wise to occupy much of your time. We each and every one of us have something in our minds of the exaltation beyond; and we are told in the beautiful story that this exaltation, when we go beyond, is made of the different material we give to our Heavenly Father to make it of. May we accomplish our work and the material we send to the other side may be of the very finest character; that we may always be in harmony with those placed over us—never do or say anything that will not be in perfect harmony with the Priesthood. We know we love President Joseph F. Smith, and we feel to plant in the hearts of the little children a love and reverence for him, and for all those placed over them, and for our Heavenly Father; that everything that is done in their lives may be done under the influence of His Spirit.

I thank you very much for your attention, and ask the Lord to bless our organization and every organization of this Church that is intended for the benefit of the youth of Zion, and every organization that is organized under the hands of the Priesthood for the advancement of the young, and ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ISABELLE S. ROSS.

I hope and sincerely desire that the prayer that was offered up by Brother Morris will be realized this evening, that the few words I may speak to you may be directed by our Heavenly Father, and that we may receive mutual benefit.

During this conference I have been much impressed with the great amount of good that systematic organization can accomplish. We have had here at our conference brethren and sisters from all over this state, from adjoining states, and, in fact, from almost all the remote places of our Church; and they have all assembled here for one object—that of improvement.

I sometimes think we do not estimate the great good that can be accomplished by systematic organization, systematic work. We often hear the complaint made that we have too much system and not enough of the Spirit of God. I am thoroughly convinced and converted to the fact that if we have perfect order and perfect system, we can have more of the Spirit of God in these organizations, and I think that through organization we have accomplished more good. There are social and political organizations; they are man-made organizations, and their object is for the benefit of our temporal welfare; they reach only so far as this side is concerned, but they do great good. You can call to mind what they are. Then, in comparison to these man-made organizations, we have the complete organization of the Church. Even strangers are impressed with its beauties, because it is given to us by our Heavenly Father. If we can carry out its workings, our work will be so much better; therefore, I am converted to systematic organization.

I believe if the sisters in our Primary Associations would be more systematic in starting meetings, in having programmes prepared, and having lessons prepared, they could accomplish more work and I believe it is true in other organizations.

These auxiliary organizations all have one object in view, and that is that the children of Zion may obtain a testimony of the truth of this Gospel, and that they may receive eternal life, the greatest prize I believe that any one—in fact, I know, that anyone can work for. The Primary Associations are for the purpose of laying the foundation work, so that they can advance into the higher grades of Mutual Improvement work. In the Primary Association we have only sisters: we have none of the brethren working in the organizations. Most of the teachers are mothers with young families, and they sometimes have to make quite an effort to carry out the work they so much desire to do. But we are all working for that one grand end, a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and, as I said before, to gain eternal life.

Christ when He was in the Garden of Gethsemane, prayed that we might all gain eternal life; and He said that eternal life

is to know the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent to us. You remember at one time, when Jesus had blessed the little ones, and he had just left the house, a young man came running in, and prostrated himself before Him, and said, "O, Master, what good can I do to obtain eternal life?" This man was a rich young man; he had been in the synagogues and knew the law, and had received a religious education. He had more of wordly goods than most people; and yet, with all these advantages, he realized there was something greater that he had not yet obtained. And there was a hunger and thirst in his soul for something better. He was a good, moral young man. You remember how Jesus rebuked him, telling him that there was no God but God, His object being to place a higher standard of ideas for that young man, that he might measure his standing by that, and see how far short he fell; and He said, "Keep my commandments," and mentioned some of them: The young man said, "These have I kept from my youth up." I believe he was a moral young man; I believe he tried to obey the law, at least the outward form. He did not have the spiritual insight, he did not have the love of God and man that he should have had in his heart. Jesus said to him, "Sell all that thou hast and give unto the poor, and thou shalt have eternal reward in Heaven." He gave the test that that young man so much needed. He had kept the commandments; but Jesus gave him the test he so much needed; He gave a test that applied directly to him, the same test that was given to Abraham when he was asked to offer up Isaac.

Now, that same principle underlies and applies to us all. If we would have eternal life, we must dedicate all that we have to our Heavenly Father. We may not be called upon to give up life; but, brethren and sisters, we are called upon to give up our time, our talents, and sometimes it is a difficult matter. I know by personal experience that when we are called upon, for instance, to occupy a position of this kind, we feel it is utterly impossible to do so. I know that almost every sister feels it is almost more than she can do; but I believe, too, if we carry that responsibility, our Heavenly Father will bless us; He will bless the one talent we have and give us more; and although we do not do well the first time, He will endow us with the gifts we so much need. I am a firm believer that our Heavenly Father never forces a burden upon us that He does not give us strength to carry, if we put forth an effort.

This morning when our sisters were bearing testimony, they did not think it was a sacrifice, but it was a blessing; and they told of many things. One of the sisters said that she was called to work in the Primary Association, and for a while she was not able to magnify her calling on account of ill health, and a number of things kept her from fulfilling her duty. One day she

resolved that she would attend her meeting. She had four miles to go; she was ill, but she made up her mind to go. When she got to the meeting she had to lie down on one of the benches, and one of the little girls said, "Sister, I want to bless you;" and that little child laid her hands on the sister, and she came home well. She testified that at another time when her baby was ill and she was called upon to perform a duty, she said to herself, "Shall I put my child before God?" She wrapped the baby up, took it with her, and brought it home well.

If we live and make our lives so pure that those children will want to be what we are, we can accomplish that great good we are striving for. I know we are filled with imperfections; but, with the help of our Heavenly Father, we will overcome them and make our lives better, make the lives of the children better and all who come under our control. It takes a great deal to do these things; my dear sisters; but I know that if we place our trust in our Heavenly Father, He will bless us, and we will be able to magnify our calling.

I am reminded of our beloved Prophet Joseph Smith. You know how pure a life he lived, and when he was called to lay it down, some of his brethren mistrusted him and accused him of cowardice. You remember his memorable words: "I go like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men."

I do not desire to occupy more of your time, but I wish to bear my testimony that this is the work of the Lord, and if we will magnify our callings, our Heavenly Father will bless us and we will be able to perform the work we so much desire to do, and that we will receive eternal life in His kingdom. Amen.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them, out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation, or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you could know, and see, and feel all of a sudden that "the time is short," how it would break the spell; how you would go instantly, and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

DO YO S'POSE?

Do you s'pose little flies, with their thousands of eyes,
When their mother is busy with tea,
Ever climb on the chairs and get in her way,
And cry, "Lemme see, lemme see?"

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mothers wish
To take a short nap—just a wink—
Ever pound on the door with their soft little fins,
And whimper, "Please gimme a d'ink?"

Do you s'pose little quails, as they creep through the rails,
And into the weeds where they stay,
Ever ask mother dear when her head aches so hard,
"But why can't I whistle today?"

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,
And find where the honey sweets lurk,
Ever ask of their father, who's busy near by,
"I know—but what for must I work?"

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that anyone knows
Of a small boy who might think awhile
Of all this and more? You do? So I thought—
And now let us see if he'll smile!

—Anonymous.

MY MOTHER.

"In memory she stands apart from all others, wiser, purer, doing more and living better than any other woman."—Alice Carey.

"If I had all the mothers I ever saw to choose from, I would have chosen you."—Carlyle in letter to his Mother.

"How much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures, and, above all, having taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought and ordinary conduct."—Ruskin.

"You have been the best mother—I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and for all I omitted to do well."—Dr. Johnson.

"What would I not give to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day to ask her pardon on my knees for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."—Charles Lamb.

"My mother was an angel on earth. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good. Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."—John Quincy Adams.

"I should have become an atheist but for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' "—John Randolph.

"All I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother —blessings on her memory! I remember my mother's prayers. They have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."—Lincoln.

"It is to my mother that I owe everything. If I am Thy child, O my God, it is because Thou gavest me such a mother. If I prefer the truth to all things it is the fruit of my mother's teachings. If I did not perish long ago in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful years which she pleaded for me. What comparisons is there between the honor I paid her and her slavery for me?"—St. Augustine.

"In after life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles, with a hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in an untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."—Macaulay.

A PRE-SCRIP-TION FOR MAMMA.

It was a very dreadful time
When my mamma lay ill,
The nurse went tiptoe through the halls,
The house was sad and still.

The doctor with his medicines
Came every single day;
He would not let me see mamma
To kiss her pain away!

But every time he looked so grave—
For dear mamma was worse;
I knew they could not make her well,
That doctor and that nurse.

I sat before the chamber door
And cried and cried and cried—
I knew that I could cure mamma
If I could be inside.

But once I had a splendid thought;
Behind the doctor's back,
To write my own Pre-scrip-tion out,
And tuck it through the crack!

I made upon a paper sheet
Round kisses in a shower,
And wrote—"A kiss for my mamma,
Please take one every hour."

And from that very time, of course,
My dear mamma grew well.
The doctor thinks it was his pills,
And I shall never tell!

—Congregationalist and Christian Work.

KEEP SWEET.

A bird whose song bids me rejoice
Sings all the livelong day
"Keep sweet! Keep sweet!" in soft low voice,
A blessed roundelay.

A modest little brown-clad bird
All day upon the wing,
Not knowing that his song is heard,
Yet failing not to sing.

Oft when some trifle hard to bear
Provokes a hasty word,
"Keep sweet!" comes floating on the air,
A chiding from the bird.

"Keep sweet! Keep sweet!" now here, now there,
This song that meets my need;
The blithe note wakes in me the prayer:
"May I keep sweet indeed."

—Annie A. Preston.

HE WAS THE OTHER FELLOW.

A shrewd worldly agnostic and a Christian clergyman dressed in a modest clerical suit, says Eli Perkins, sat at the same table in the Pullman dining-car. They were waiting for the first course at the dinner, a delicious Hudson River shad. Eyeing his companion coldly for a moment, the agnostic remarked:

"I judge you are a clergyman, sir!"

"Yes, sir; I am in my Master's service."

"Yes, You look it. Preach out of the Bible, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; of course."

"Find a good many things in the old Book that you don't understand—eh?"

"Oh, yes; some things."

"Well, what do you do then?"

"Why, my dear friend, I simply do just as we do while eating this delicious shad. If I come to a bone I quietly lay it on one side and go on enjoying the shad, and let some fool insist on chocking himself with the bones."

Then the agnostic wound up his watch and went into the smoker.

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JACK AND BILL.

Jack and Bill were chums. Jack lived a block north of Bill and Bill's home was a block south of Jack's. Jack wished he had a fine face and clear eyes like Bill's, and Bill wanted to jump as far and run as fast as Jack. Jack thought the front yard at Bill's home the finest spot in town, and Bill declared that Jack's big barn and old apple trees couldn't be beaten. So it was always "Jack and Bill and "Bill and Jack," except when their mothers called them. They said "Willie and Johnnie."

One day they had a quarrel. Jack said that Bill was a "booby and didn't dare do anything what a man would." That made Bill angry; the blood leaped up into his pale face and his eyes looked so snappy that Jack just muttered he was going to have a smoke every day if he wanted one, and Bill could just do as he pleased.

Then the boys weren't chums any more. Jack had a fine time with a lot of jolly fellows and said Bill was a regular old "poky." He didn't always have time to get the cows home and milk them in the evening, and often kept his mother worrying about him long after bed time. Just once in a while, he told her he had to stay after school when he didn't, and some times he said he'd done his chores when he hadn't. He said he'd just been scraping carrots when his mother asked, "Why, Johnnie, whatever makes your fingers so yellow?"

Bill didn't have any one to do things with now and felt pretty lonely. He had plenty of time to mow the lawn and weed the garden, and then hardly knew what to do. He used to wish his hair was straight and stiff like the other fellows', and went about bareheaded so the sun might burn him brown. He found all the birds' nests and the best places to fish, and once he helped an old hunter track a bear.

Not long after this he was strolling up to his favorite tree on the hillside, with his old straw hat in his hand, thinking of some fine trout in the brook near by. He was just going around a clump of brush when he looked up and saw Jack and two other boys sit-

ting in the place for which he started. He wanted to go and tell them about his fishing place and ask them to see the old bear's den. It wasn't nearly so much fun to know things all alone. Why wouldn't they be chums? But they were all three smoking. He had a notion to ask for a smoke, to be like Jack, and not care. His mother wouldn't know just for once. Then her great patient eyes seemed to open wide before him, and he darted back in the brush and passed along the opposite side.

It did seem good to have them so near, and so he sat down where he could hear them talking and laughing. Then two of the boys went down to the stream, and Jack said he was lazy and stretched out on the grass for a nap. Bill thought it a fine chance to talk with Jack, and was thinking what to say when he heard a rattling noise and saw a piece of rock come bounding down the mountain side straight for Jack. He was on his feet in an instant, calling Jack. The sleeping boy hardly moved; the rock was almost there. Bill made a leap forward, and just as the stone seemed falling on Jack, he caught it and went rolling down the hillside with it.

Bill was sick a long time. The boys used to gather at the gate and whisper and watch. Once they asked the doctor about their companion. He looked at them straight and told them the sick boy would get well. "But," he said, "if he were steeped in tobacco like that," and he pointed straight at Jack's yellow fingers, "he never would get strong. And if he tasted wine and drank things he ought not, and ran about so late at night, he couldn't stand it at all."

The boys looked at one another and went home without saying a word. Jack took his sack of tobacco and threw it away. He scrubbed and scrubbed his fingers to get the yellow off. When Bill grew stronger, he went to see him and they talked of the old apple tree, and swings in the barn and the little pony until Bill laughed so hard that the nurse sent Jack away. That very night he came again and with him half a dozen other boys. They didn't come inside, but they brought out French-harps, Jews-harps, mandolins and guitars. They said they were playing music, but Bill's father said it made him nervous. Bill leaned out of the window with a smile all over his face and waved his handkerchief. Then they marched off, shouting, "Good night, Bill." The pale boy settled contentedly in his bed, muttering that being sick wasn't so bad when they're all so good to a fellow.—Delta Cole.

THE PEA BLOSSOM.

Once there were five little peas that lived in a pod. They were green, the pod was green, and so they thought the whole world was green.

The pod grew and the peas grew; still they sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the pod; and the rain made it clear and transparent. As the peas sat there growing bigger and bigger each day, they also grew more thoughtful, and often wondered what there was for them to do out in the big world.

As the weeks passed by, the peas became hard and yellow and the pod became yellow. Then they said: "All the world is turning yellow, I suppose." Suddenly one day they felt a pull at the vine. The pod was torn off, and soon it was slipped into a boy's pocket in company with other pods.

"Now we shall soon be out in the big world," they said. And that was just what they wanted.

Not long after that "crack" went the pod, and as it burst the five peas rolled out into the sunshine. There they lay in the boy's hand. As he looked at them he said: "These are fine peas for my pea shooter, and immediately he put one in and shot it out It flew straight up toward the sun, then fell to the ground and rolled into a gutter, where it died.

The next two went up a little way and then fell on the grass and were eaten by pigeons.

The fourth one went up very high, and coming down upon the roof of a house, it rolled into the water-pipes, then into the sewer, and there it died. But the last one flew up against an old board under the attic window of an old, old house, and fell into a crack which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself around him, and there he lay a captive and unnoticed by all.

Within that attic lived a poor woman who went out every day to wash, scrub, clean stoves, and do any other hard work she could get, for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor.

At home, in the attic, lay her only daughter, a little girl who was not grown very tall, and who was delicate and weak. For a whole year she had been sick in bed, and her mamma feared she might not get well. The little sick girl would lie in her bed quietly and patiently all the long day, while her mamma was away at work.

One early morning in the spring, when the sun shone brightly in the attic window, the little sick girl looked long and stead-

ily at the lowest pane of the window, then exclaimed: "Mother, what can that little green thing be, that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind." The mother stepped to the window and half opened it.

"Oh!" said she, "that is a little pea which has taken root here. See, it is putting out its leaves. How could it get into the crack? Here is a little garden you can watch." The sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the window, so she could see the growing pea vine. When the mother came home in the evening, the sick child said, "Mother, I think I shall get well. The sun shone in today very warm. The little pea vine is growing beautifully. I shall get better and go out into the warm sunshine." The mother hoped this might be true, but she did not believe it would be so. She put a stick into the ground, so that the wind might not break the vine. Then she tied a piece of string to the window sill and the upper part of the window. This was to give the pea vine something around which it could twine. It seemed as if one could see it grow every day.

One day the mother said, "Here is a flower coming." This made her very happy. She remembered that for some days her sick child had seemed brighter and happier. She sat up in bed without her mother's help.

The child's eyes sparkled with delight when she saw the little flower. A week later the little girl sat up for a whole hour. She was very happy as she sat there in the warm sunshine. The window was opened and just outside was a lovely pea blossom.

The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the little flower. "The Heavenly Father has planted the pea and helped it to grow," said the happy mother. "It is a joy to you and to me."

But how about the other peas? The one that said, "Catch me if you can," as he flew out into the wild world, found a home in a pigeon's crop. The two lazy ones were also eaten by pigeons.

The fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink. It lay there for weeks and weeks and swelled until it was very large.

"I am growing beautifully fat," said the pea. "I shall burst at last, and I don't think any pea could do more than that. I am the most wonderful of all the peas that were in the shell."

But the girl stood at the garret window, with bright eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheek. She folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked heaven for it.—Adapted from Hans Anderson.

JOHNNY'S RAGGED SHOES AND THE TITHING.

"Ma, I can't go to Sunday school tomorrow, nor to meeting either," said little Johnny Gray one Saturday evening.

"Why do you say you cannot go to Sunday school, Johnny?" asked his mother. "You know your lesson all right, don't you?"

"Yes, I have learned my lesson; it isn't that," said Johnny, "but just look at my shoes, ma! They are too ragged to wear to Sunday school once more, and they will not do to mend again. I shall have to stay at home till something good happens for us, so that I can have some new shoes."

"Something good has happened for us, my son," answered the mother. "Sister Mack paid me five dollars that she was owing me altogether, when I finished her ironing this afternoon. It is too late to go to the store this evening, but next week you can have some new shoes, and Bessie's can be mended. And we can buy two sacks of flour. Only think how well off we shall be! Now brush and shine your old shoes, and make them do for this once more."

"Oh, I should think I will shine them up for this once more, ma!" said Johnny brightly. "I'll brush them, and brush them and make them look as well as ever I can. And next week when I go to Sunday school with my new shoes on, likely all the folks will forget about the old, ragged ones that I shall have to wear tomorrow."

Sister Gray was a widow and worked very hard to support herself and her children. She was anxious to fulfill all her duties and to have her children do the same. So she would not encourage her little boy to stay away from Sabbath school because his shoes were poor and old. And Johnny was so interested in the lessons the next morning in Sunday school, that he scarcely gave one thought to his ragged shoes.

It was the time of year when the Saints are reminded that the settling of their tithes is in order. And in the evening meeting that very Sabbath, the Bishop of the ward requested all who possibly could do so to call on him the next day and settle their tithing accounts.

This left a very serious question in Sister Gray's mind. She knew just what her work had brought her during the year, and that, with the price of a calf she was raising made the tithing due in her accounts exactly five dollars.

She had the five dollars in money that had been paid her Saturday evening, but nothing more. She might settle her tithing

"and Sir Breeze whispered to me that it was just the same among the earth-people. That no one could get along without the help of those beneath them; so the better the humble ones are treated th better they will treat us."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Daffodil, "what shall I do?"

"Tell Mr. Angle-worm you are sorry, and beg him to help you," said sensible little Hyacinth. "It is not pleasant, of course, but it will be pleasanter than starving."

"Do you suppose that he will forgive me?" asked Daffodil humbly.

"Try him and see," replied Hyacinth.

What Miss Daffodil said to Mr. Angle-worm I never knew, but the next morning I found any number of little angle-worms busily working loosening the earth around the roots of Miss Daffodil.

A RED MAN'S REVERENCE FOR THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

School had closed for the day, and a heavy, wet snow was falling.

As the larger boys rushed out, they began catching up handfuls of the wet snow, squeezing it into balls and throwing them at each other. They were laughing so merrily and having such fun that seven-year-old Georgie Morse wanted to join them. He picked up some snow and made a ball, as the other boys were doing. Then he looked about to see whom he should throw it at.

"Hit me, little boy; me no hurt you," said some one so close to Georgie that it made him jump; and looking around, he saw standing but a step or two from him a great, tall Indian "brave," with a large, heavy, red blanket over him. His face was painted red, with yellow stripes on it. He smiled at Georgie, and stepping back a short distance said good-naturedly, "Hit Powder-witch, little boy, Powder-witch no hurt you."

George felt so encouraged by the friendly way in which the red man introduced himself, that he drew up his little form, raised his arm and threw the snow-ball with all his force at the painted face. He struck it, too, which made the Indian wince and rub his cheek with his hand, and then shout with laughter, as he gathered up a handful of snow and scattered it over Georgie's cap. This Georgie thought was just fine sport; for it seemed the red man didn't know anything about playing snow-ball, and so he could easily hold his own with him, and more, too.

The Indian took care of his face after that first throw of

Georgie's, covering it with his blanket when the little boy would raise his arm to throw. And that pleased Georgie and made him laugh as much as it would have done to hit the red man's face.

Powder-witch still played very cautiously, that he might not hurt or even frighten his little play-fellow; and the two were having as jolly a time as any on the ground, when something very sad happened.

Great, clumsy Zim Starker came lumbering that way, with a very hard snow-ball, which he had been squeezing a long time; and instead of throwing it at some one his own size or age, as if to try to be smart by spoiling the sport between Powder-witch and his new friend, Zim struck an awful blow with the hard ball right on the side of poor little Georgie's head.

With a cry of pain, Georgie went tumbling head over heels into a pile of frozen snow and gravel, upon which his face was badly cut and bruised. He did not see what happened next, as he was picked up and carried home by some of his neighbor boys.

But the other boys heard a short, sharp war-whoop given, as Powder-witch first bounded into the air, and then commenced pelting Zim vigorously, not only with snow but with stones from the gravel pile.

Zim made no effort whatever to defend himself, but, running to the door of the school-house, either fell or was knocked down on the step by a stone or hard snow-ball from the Indian's strong swift hands.

If Georgie had seen Powder-witch then, he would no longer have thought the red man didn't know how to play; and, whatever his first feelings might have been toward Zim, when that great, big fellow had struck and hurt him so, he would have pitied him, and would have cried for Powder-witch to stop, had he seen how mercilessly the Indian pelted the boy.

The stones and snow-balls, piling up on Zim and on the step, bounded against the school-house door, and finally shook it open. Then the stones and snow went rolling and whizzing into the house.

Nannie Myers, a young woman who had stayed in the school-room to study for a while, now came to the door.

None of the boys had dared to interfere with the angry red man, or to try to assist Zim; or perhaps they felt as if Zim deserved a good thrashing and was getting it.

But when Nannie came to the door and saw what was going on, she shook her head at Powder-witch, and raised her hand for him to stop.

"Um pike! Um pike, squaw;" Powder-witch called to Nan-

please let Polly go down to the store today and spend her birthday money?"

Mrs. Jones could not refuse the request; so, after she had put the baby to sleep, Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away, but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back, and the boarders were lounging about waiting for the supperbell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary:

"Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No; it's too warm there," Miss Cary said. "Come into the parlor, where it's cool, and we can all see."

So they all went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for me," holding up an eggbeater, "'cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green-glass necktiepin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar like ma wants him to. Of course, he'll want to wear such an elegant pin, and then he'll have to wear a collar."

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

There was a blue tie for brother Dan, and a pink one for Tim; a yellow hair ribbon for sister Linda; some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it is for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of bright pink writing paper. "Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, but where is your present?" said Miss Cary.

"Why, these are all my presents. Presents are something you give away, ain't they?"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.—Mrs. S. J. Maxwell.

A BOY AND A WOODCHUCK.

Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come. Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next room.

"I can't persuade him to touch the milk," his mother was saying. "He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?"

Teddy listened eagerly for the answer. Dr. Huntington was such a kind, jolly man.

"Starve him to it!"

Teddy could hardly believe he heard aright. He trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked, smiling, up to the bedside.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, taking Teddy's wrist in his cool hand.

"I haven't had anything to eat," whined the little boy. "I can't drink milk."

"You'd better try," said the doctor.

"I can't! Mayn't I have a cookie?"

"No."

"Or some bread and butter?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because milk is better for you."

"But I can't drink it!"

The physician was preparing a powder, and did not reply.

Teddy wondered if he had heard.

Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?" Dr. Huntington looked up with merry eyes.

"No, sir," said Teddy. "What is it?"

"Well, it was this way," and the doctor settled himself comfortably in his chair: "There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine. At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck's mother said, 'Today you must learn to climb that tree! I cannot always be here to protect you, and if a dog should catch you away from home you'd be in a fine plight.'

"But the little woodchuck looked up the steep trunk, and said, 'Oh, I can't!' and ran away.

"The next morning his mother said to him again, 'Today you must certainly learn to climb that tree!' But once more the little woodchuck answered, 'I can't! I can't!'and ran off to play in the sunshine.

"It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when, all of a sudden, he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing towards him!

He looked longingly at his home, across the lot, but the dog was between—and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he couldn't run much farther, he came to the big tree. 'Dear me!' he gasped, 'I can't climb it!' And then, because the dog was almost upon him, and because there wasn't anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, up, till he was out of the dog's reach! You see, he had to, and so he did!

"I hope tomorrow morning I shall find you a great deal better," and the doctor smiled a kind good-bye.

Teddy lay thinking, after his mother and Dr. Huntington had gone out.

"I wonder if I could," he thought—"I'm awfully hungry!" and he reached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back, the glass was empty, and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.—Selected.

AN UNINVITED VISITOR.

Frank and Esther were going to have a tea party. They had planned all the morning how they would set their table in the tent that Brother Carl had put up in the yard. The table was a breakfast-food box, and two smaller boxes were their chairs. They coaxed Nora for a fresh white towel for a tablecloth, and mother had let them go to the strawberry patch and pick two big saucers of strawberries. Then they had brought out some slices of bread, and were just going back for milk when Dora Smith called them to come and see her new kitten.

They ran down through the yard and across the sidewalk. Just as they reached the edge of the walk, right there upon the dirt, Frank saw a nickel. My, but he picked it up quickly! Then as soon as he and Esther had stroked the kitten and looked at its four white feet, they sped away as fast as their feet could carry them to the grocery store round the corner.

There were a great many tempting things in the store, but they at last decided upon some of the cutest little cakes, which were frosted, some brown, and some white, and some pink. The grocer gave them two of each kind for their nickel, and then they sped away home again, for, oh, they were getting so hungry!

They ran straight to the tent and lifted up the flap. They stopped short, for there, perched upon one of the chairs, and taking pecks from the bread and the berries, was Susan, the funniest and the greediest old hen of all their father's flock.

Susan was always the first at every feast of grain or of worms or of curds, and now it seemed she intended to be the first at the tea party.

But what do you suppose the children did? Frank looked at Esther, and Esther looked at Frank, and then they both sat down on the grass and laughed. But Susan went right on eating. She looked so funny, and the children laughed so hard that mother came out to see what it was all about. She was so glad to see two such sensible little people, who could laugh even when their tea party was being eaten up by an uninvited guest, that she let them go to the strawberry patch and pick more berries, and she cut some more bread and brought out the milk. Susan did not have any of this party, though, for mother drove her out of the tent, and told her she was a greedy old hen.

"My!" exclaimed Esther, as she sat down at last to the table and looked at the six little cakes, all brown and white and pink, "I'm glad Susan didn't get those!"

JUNE'S LETTER.

June was too little to go to school with John and Elizabeth; she was only four years old and couldn't quite talk like grown-up people yet. But June knew her alphabet, and she just loved to sing it, especially when it came to "l-m-n-o-p." Better than the alphabet, better than anything or anybody, June loved her little mother, and for a long while she had been planning a birthday surprise for her. It was to be a birthday letter, a really, truly letter.

Every morning after breakfast June took her little table and chair down to the very end of the back yard, and there spread out her big alphabet book and copied, copied, copied! It was hard work, and sometimes June, the teacher, scolded June, the pupil, or sighed over her crooked letters. But at the thought of mother, and how pleased she would be, the litle girl went happily on with her task.

"How do you spell love?" June asked one morning at the breakfast table, about three days before mother's birthday.

"Abcxyz," answered John teasingly. "Is this a conundrum, June bug?" Brother John was eleven, and knew so much!

"I know," said Elizabeth, "l-o-v-e." For Elizabeth was only seven, and still in the first grade.

"L-o-v-e, l-o-v-e," June kept repeating. After breakfast she went out to her school-room and finding the letters, wrote them over and over again. At last the great day came, and June's

letter was all written. She had just read it over for the "forty-'leventh" time as Elizabeth would have said, and was folding it carefully, when a voice came from the doorway.

"June! Where's June?"

It was mother's voice.

"Here I am."

"Come see the pretty flowers, dear, with a lovely letter from Aunt Elizabeth. I just love to get birthday letters."

June was hiding her birthday tribute in the folds of her pinafore. She held it out shyly. "Mother, here's another, from—somebody," she said.

Mother opened the letter and read the great cramped letters. "I—love—you—June."

And on the other side of the paper, where little June had not noticed, was written over and over again, in letters sometimes large, and sometimes small, "L-o-v-e, love."

There were tears in mother's eyes. It just looked as if she were sorry and not glad at all, but we know she wasn't sorry, don't we?

So did June. She knew she had made her mother very happy, by writing that letter, and now she must show her love in other ways.—Cecil Whitier Trout.

GOOD MANNERS.

John's Father was a rich man, and John lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. John was very proud of all the very fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was very cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled, and John was afraid to kick him again.

One day when John was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go way from here," said John, running to the gate. "We are rich, and we don't want ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said John. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said John to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries. There he saw some large ones, growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very soft and thick, and John sank in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed loudly for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired, and began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch. Suddenly he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said John, crying; "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying down flat on the grass. Holding out both hands he drew him out of the ditch.

John was covered with mud, his hat gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor John; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you from the gate."

"The next time I come perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said John.

The next day when John saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits and the little ducks, and then gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners, now," said the boy.

"Yes," exclaimed John; "I found them in a ditch."—Selected.

BUILD WELL.

"Build well whate'er you do;
Build straight and strong and true;
Build clean and bright and broad;
Build for the eye of God."

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NOTICE TO WARD PRESIDENTS.

All Ward Presidents are requested to send, at once, the names and correct postal addresses of each Primary worker in their associations to the office of The Children's Friend, 205 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MAKE A GOOD BEGINNING.

The old motto, "A stitch in time saves nine," is just as valuable in its results in Primary Association work as it is in any other kind of labor. The officers of each association should get together now and plan how to carry on their work for the winter. Consider carefully all the requirements and how they may be most successfully accomplished. Here are a few of the most important which should receive immediate attention. Have the organization complete—plenty of help—unity of effort and enough enthusiasm and energy aroused to make your Primary the very best association in the Church. See to the visiting of every home to get the assistance of parents and to urge the attendance of all children of Primary age. Start your preparation meetings. Have the program for the first meeting prepared—lessons ready—singing, etc., all provided for so that there will be no hitches or delays

that the children may enjoy the meeting and rejoice that the Primary is once again in session.

Be sure you have The Children's Friend for every officer and as many as possible in the third grade for the lesson work there. Make your plans now for the collection of the Nickel Fund, for next year's magazines, for your Stake and Local Funds. Now is a good time to get up a rousing entertainment and have the means to procure all the materials necessary to make your work a success. Do not be discouraged, permit nothing to affect your determination to overcome all obstacles and make this the motto of your association:

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION—ITS AIM AND OBJECT.

By Bishop McMillan, Twenty-eighth Ward, Salt Lake City.

The Primary association, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was organized by authority of the Church, August 29th, 1878. Its aim and object are to teach and inculcate the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the children of the Latter-day Saints from the age of 4 to 14 years, and thus lay a foundation in the mind, soul and very being of the litle ones for the development of an abiding faith and knowledge in the principles of Eternal Life.

It is during the period of childhood that the mind is tender and plastic, and the child is most susceptible to that which it may be taught, whether it be good or bad, true or false, so that an everlasting impression is made upon the child in its early years, which may not be made in later years under other influences. The Roman Catholic Church has made the statement that if it can have the religious training of a child, from about the age of 6 to 16 years in the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, that they would have no fear of the child forsaking that faith at any time thereafter. Therefore, when you consider the gross errors, false doctrine and idolatry which is taught and inculcated by the Church of Rome, how important it is, my brethren and sisters, who are in possession of revealed truth, that we shirk not our duty in teaching and

having our children taught the great saving principles of Eternal Life. Not only should we earnestly expound the truth by precept, but our lives should by all means comport with our profession. Example is better than precept is a truism that has come down the ages.

To the officers and teachers of the Primary Association of the Twenty-eighth Ward, I would say, Upon you rests a great responsibility, an obligation, the faithful performance of which we will have to answer for to our Heavenly Father. Upon you devolves the labor of religiously "teaching the young idea how to shoot," an expression used frequently by President John Taylor. I believe, consciously, that it is the aim of the sisters of the Primary Association to teach the children committed to their charge the principles of truth, honesty, belief in God and purity of life that the object may be attained for which this association was formed.

I desire to strongly emphasize this fact, in order that it may be impressed upon the souls of all present tonight, that the home-life of a child has a great deal to do with the successful efforts of the Primary teacher. If assistance is afforded the pupil in a helpful way to memorize the lesson assigned it by the teacher, by the parents of the child in the home circle, the results achieved would be manyfold more satisfactory and beneficial. And in this connection I would ask: How can we as parents expect our children to obtain the best results from the tuition given by this great organization unless we give them the advantages of home training? Permit me to quote from the revelations of the Lord in this dispensation, which you will find recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 28, verses 25th to 28th, inclusive:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes, which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents;

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes, which are organized;

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands,

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

Thus you will perceive that it is the duty of parents in Israel to supplement the teachings of the Primary Association in the home circle; indeed, were we as diligent in training and cul-

tivating the minds of our children in the things of God as we are in seeing that they acquire a secular, musical or artistic education, how very different would the result be. Especially would this be so among our boys in their reverence for sacred things and sacred places. But I fear this so much to be desired end will never be attained until we ourselves become exemplars of that which we so much desire to see exemplified in the conduct and deportment of our children.

In conclusion, permit me to add that the Primary Association calls for our full support and co-operation, that the aim and object sought, namely, the spiritual betterment of the condition of our children, who are an heritage from the Lord, may eventually be obtained; and that the fruits of the Gospel may be found growing in the hearts and lives of the children of Zion to the glory of our Heavenly father and His Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain it will blend again
With the major tone you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Though your voice may have lost its thrill,
Though the tremulous notes should die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue,
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Sel.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the month, to be repeated after the teacher:

A SONG OF PRAISE.

"For the days and for the nights,
For our homes and their delights,
For Thy guidance all the way,
Lord, we give Thee thanks today!"—Amen.

Song for the month: "Little Lispers," Primary Song Book, No. 80.

Memory Gem for the month:

"Be kind and gentle to those who are old,
For kindness is dearer and better than gold."

Lesson 25.

Aim: Obedience.

Story: A Boy and a Woodchuck, page 333.

Incident: Baptism of Jesus.

When Jesus was old enough to go into the world and preach to the people, the Lord sent a messenger ahead of Him. This man was called John the Baptist, and he had been living in the wilderness. None but a brave, good man like John the Baptist could have lived in the wilderness all alone, for there were wild beasts and serpents and all kinds of dreadful creatures there; and all John had to eat was locusts and wild honey, and his clothes were made from the skins of wild animals.

When the people heard that a man was living all alone in the wilderness, they went in great crowds to see him; and then John the Baptist would tell them not to be wicked any more, and that now they must be very good; for Jesus, the Son of God, was coming and they must prepare to receive Him. He told them that if they were really sorry for being wicked, he would baptize them in the river Jordan.

One day when John was baptizing some of these people, he looked up and saw a man coming towards him—a man with such

a kind and gentle face, that John knew it was Jesus; so he called out in a loud voice:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

"Who is this?" said the people. "Why does John call this poor man—a man just like ourselves—the Lamb of God? How can He take away our sins?"

Then they heard Jesus asking John to baptize him. But John did not like to baptize One who was so good and pure; he felt that Jesus was better than any one there. But Jesus said that it was right for everybody to be baptized; and so He went down into the river and John put Him right down under the water until He was all covered with it. Jesus came out of the water and the Spirit of God rested down upon Him like a white dove and a voice said: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Lesson 26.

Aim: It Is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive.
Story: Polly's Birthday, page 331.
Incident: Feeding the Five Thousand.

"Come," said Jesus one day to His disciples, "come into some desert place and rest awhile!"

So they went down to the shore and stepped into their little boat and sailed away.

"Look," cried those He had been teaching on the shore. "Look," they said, pointing to the little boat, "Jesus is gone, we must not let Him go, come, let us follow Him."

So they ran along the shore with their eyes fixed on the little boat, on, and on, and on, faster than the little boat could sail.

Crowds and crowds of people! Men and women and children, people from towns and cities and villages, and they ran so fast that by the time the little boat reached the desert place, the great crowd was already there waiting to see Jesus land.

Jesus could not drive these poor people away—these thousands and thousands who had come so far to see Him.

So He taught them all day long, and healed and comforted them, and the people forgot everything else. How tired they were, how hungry and thirsty, and how far from their own homes, how could they stop to think of these things while Jesus was speaking so sweetly!

But when evening came, the disciples went quietly up to their Master and whispered:

"Send these people away that they may go and buy themselves bread, for they have nothing to eat."

"Give ye them to eat," said Jesus to the disciples.

"Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?" said Philip, one of his disciples.

The disciples did not know; but they ran in and out among the people, asking if any of them had brought anything to eat. Presently they came back to Jesus and sail, "There is a young lad here with five loaves and two small fishes, but what is that among so many?"

"Bring them hither to me," said Jesus.

Then he bade the disciples make the people sit down upon the grass.

And when they were all seated, Jesus took the five loaves and two small fishes and blessed them and broke them into pieces, and gave the pieces to the disciples to give to the people, till everybody in that great multitude had had enough to eat.

When they had finished, Jesus said to the disciples:

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost!"

And the disciples did so, and filled twelve baskets with the pieces of bread and scraps of fish that were lying about on the grass.

The people were so astonished at this wonderful miracle, that they cried out:

"This is indeed the prophet that should come into the world!"

And they would have crowned Jesus, and made Him a king, but He would not let them, but sent them away.

Lesson 27.

Aim: Humility.
Story: The Silly Little Daffy-down-Dilly. page 326.
Incilent: Washing the Disciples' Feet.

Once Jesus went into a house to eat the Passover, but before the feast began, Jesus knelt down and washed the feet of His beloved disciples, and as he knelt before Peter, Peter drew back and said:

"Thou shalt never wash my feet."

He could not bear to see his Master kneeling before them, doing the work of a servant.

"If I wash them not, thou hast no part with me," said Jesus gently.

Then Peter cried out, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

When Jesus had washed the feet of all the disciples, He sat down to the feast; and as He sat and looked upon the twelve, He said:

"You call me Master and Lord, and you say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you should be willing to wash each other's feet and feel that no one is any better than another.

Lesson 28.

Aim: Kindness
Story: The Pea Blossom, page 323.
Incident: Blessed Are the Merciful.

One night Jesus went to the top of a high mountain to pray. No one knows what He said to His Father through the long, dark night, for none were near to listen, not even the beloved disciples. But in the morning, as soon as it was light, the people came crowding into Capernaum, as they did every day, asking for Jesus.

"Where is Jesus?" they cried. "Where is He? Tell us that we may go to Him."

When they heard that He had gone up the night before into the mountain, they hurried after Him. The sun was shining, and the dew sparkling on the grass and flowers, and the little boats rocked on the Lake of Galilee. But the people did not notice this.

And what a strange crowd of people it was! Mothers with little white-faced babies, strong men leading the blind, or carrying the sick in their arms, lame men limping on crutches, mad people with their chains rattling behind them; and every face had an eager, longing look upon it, and every voice was talking of Jesus.

Jesus saw them, and came part of the way down the mountain to meet them, and smiled pityingly, and made them better with a touch, or a word, or just one kind, gentle look.

And when they were all made well and happy, He bade them sit upon the grass, and listen while He taught them.

Many lovely and beautiful things Jesus taught those people as they sat upon the mountain. Among other things He said, "Blessed are the merciful."

Here is a story that tells us how to be merciful and kind:

A company of people were going together to a beautiful city. They were told that it was the home of a great and glorious king, and that he called them to come and be with him. So they started. The journey was long, and they came from many different places and by many different ways.

As they journeyed they saw a little child who had had no breakfast nor supper; and the little one was very hungry, and they said, "We must give some of our food to that little one;" and so

the child was fed. By and by they came to an old man—a stranger, toiling all alone up the long road. "Let us help him," they said; "it will be nicer for him to be with us;" and the stranger was made happy. Another day, as these people went on their journey, they found a mother with her little children, all of them cold and in rags, for they had no warm clothes nor money to buy any. "Oh, we have more clothes than they have! We must stop awhile and give them some;" and once more the people stopped. While they were staying they found many sick ones, too, and some who were kept in a large house and could never go out. So they waited to visit them, and tried to make them happy.

At last the journey was ended, and they came near the palace of the king. The light from the palace was more beautiful than any they had ever seen. The king met them as they entered, and he said: "Come, ye blessed ones, come and share this home with me; for when I was hungry ye fed me; and when I was thirsty ye gave me drink; when I was a stranger ye took me in; when I was sick ye visited me." And the people said, "What does this mean? We never saw the king hungry or sick." And the king said, "No; but as you did these things for all whom you did see, it was just as good as if you did them for me."

Second Grade.

Lesson 27.

Subject: Reverence for Houses of Worship.

Review story of Woman of Samaria.

Bible story: "Jesus Cleanses the Temple." John 2: 13—25.

Moral story: "A Red Man's Reverence for the Lord's House," page 328.

JESUS CLEANSES THE TEMPLE.

When Jesus was a little child He went to Jerusalem to attend the Passover.

(Let the children tell what happened at that time.)

When He was a man He again visited the Temple. And there He saw a lot of sheep and oxen, and doves and sparrows, and men called money-changers sitting at little tables heaped up with money, screaming and shouting to the people as though they were buying and selling in a big market place instead of the Holy Temple.

This made Jesus very angry; He had never been so angry before, so He made a little whip of cord and ran in and out among the people, and drove them away.

First He drove away the men with the sheep and oxen, and afterwards those who had the doves and sparrows in cages, and next He went up to the money-changers sitting at their little tables, and upset the tables so that the money rolled about in all directions.

"Make not my Father's House a house of merchandise!" He said. And the money-changers rushed down the steps of the Temple. They did not even stop to pick up their money. All they wanted was to get away from Jesus, not from the little whip of cords; they could bear that, but they could not bear to feel those pure and holy eyes gazing down to the very bottom of their hearts.

Suggestive application of lesson: What did Jesus do to the people selling in the Temple? What did He say? Whose house was it? Why was Jesus angry?

We have not a temple in every town, but we have a house where we meet to sing and pray to the Lord and learn of the blessings He has given us, and praise Him. What is it called?

If some great person should call to see you, how would you like to have your house look? What would you do to it before he came? How would you act when he was there? When we go to meeting, we ask the Lord to let His Spirit be with us, and His angels be with us. How would we wish our meeting house to look when His angels come even though we cannot see them? What can we do to help make it look that way? How should we always act in a building where the angels of the Lord come, and where we worship God?

We all like beautiful things, and we can help in so many ways to make our meeting houses pretty. We can help keep them clean, see that no windows are broken, and that no lead pencil or chalk marks are on them; and when flowers are in bloom, we can take them to meeting and ask our teachers to put them in water to make the room beautiful. Then the big weeds that sometimes grow around the meeting house can be pulled up, and we can help our fathers and mothers plant trees around it.

In one ward the Primary children dug the ground and planted flowers and cared for them; and they were all proud of their work when they saw the flowers blooming, because they all felt that they had helped to make beautiful the house where they went to worship God. Can we not all do something to help in this way, and by being very, very quiet and orderly when we are in the building?

Memory Gem:

"Ye shall reverence my house, saith the Lord."

Lesson 28.

Subject: Tithing.
Review story of Jesus Cleansing the Temple.
Bible story: "Jacob's Ladder." Gen. 28: 10—22.
Moral story: Johnny's Ragged Shoes, page 325.

JACOB'S LADDER.

There are many things which our Heavenly Father has given us to do. He has shown His people in different ways what He wants done. When Jesus was on the earth, He showed by example many things we should do. At other times the Lord has given us commandments. He gave many of these to the children of Israel.

Once, many, many years ago, there lived a man named Jacob. The people did not live in houses, as we do now, but lived in tents, and traveled a great deal. Jacob was going on a long journey. There were no trains in those days, and it took a long time to go from one place to another. He had been traveling all the day, and when night came, he was very tired and sleepy. He took a stone for a pillow and lay down on the ground to sleep.

While he was asleep, he had a wonderful dream. He fancied he saw a great ladder extending from heaven to earth; and on this ladder were angels of God, coming down and going up, and above it stood the Lord, who said He was the God of Abraham and Isaac. Then God promised that He would give the land to Jacob and his children and his children's children, and that He would go with Jacob and take care of him wherever he went.

When Jacob awoke he was very much afraid. "Surely the Lord is in this place," he said, "and I knew it not. This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

He got up early in the morning and took the stone that he had used for a pillow and poured oil over it, and called the place Bethel, which means the house of God.

Then Jacob made a promise to God that if He would go with him and watch over him and take him back to his father's home in safety, he would give one-tenth of all that he had to the Lord.

Suggestive application of lesson: What part of all that was given him, his flocks and herds and everything else, did Jacob promise to give to the Lord? He could not give it directly, but he could take it to the Lord's servants, to be used in helping the poor and all who needed help, and in other ways that the Lord might wish.

Jacob's grandfather, Abraham, gave one-tenth of what he had to the Lord. Once God told some of the people they had robbed Him. They wondered how they could rob the Lord, and He said

they had robbed Him because they had not given Him one-tenth of what they had received. What do we call one-tenth? The Lord has told the Prophet Joseph Smith that He wanted all of His people to pay tithing. This does not mean just the big men and women—it means the children also. Sometimes boys and girls earn a penny or a nickel or even more. What part of that belongs to the Lord? One penny out of every ten pennies and one nickel out of every ten nickels belongs to the Lord, and should be paid as tithing.

But we do not pay tithing only on money. Jacob paid tithing on his flocks and his herds. Our fathers and mothers pay one-tenth of what they earn and what they raise on their farms. Some of the children have gardens, and they can take one-tenth of what they raise, as tithing. We cannot take our fruit, money, or vegetables to the Lord; but we can take them to those who have charge of the tithing. There is a place for it. In almost every town there is an office, called the "Tithing Office." Some one will be there to receive whatever is taken as tithing.

Just think what a privilge it is to be able to give one-tenth of what we receive to the Lord. How happy we are to give a present to father and mother, to show them how much we love them, and how grateful we are for what they do for us. But the Lord gives us all our blessings, our comfortable homes, our food, and our clothing, and all the good things we receive; and what can we give Him in return? (Let children suggest.)

Memory Gem:

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Lesson 29.

Subject: Keeping the Sabbath Day Holy.
Review lesson on Tithing.
Bible story: "Israelites Fed with Manna." Exodus 16.

ISRAELITES FED WITH MANNA.

Jacob had many children, one of them. Joseph, was sold into Egypt. (Let the children suggest some of the incidents of the story of Joseph.) After awhile, there were a great many of the children of Israel, and the kings of Egypt became jealous of them, and made them slaves. They had such a hard time of it for many years, but the Lord was caring for them. At last a baby was born who was to help them. (Let the children tell the story of the finding of Moses. Several of them can tell parts of it, the teacher connecting the story by means of questions.)

When Moses grew up to be a man, the Lord told him to go to the king and ask him to let the children of Israel go out of

who were still trying to serve God. The Lord at last allowed them to be taken into bondage.

When the people of Judah were carried away captive into Babylon, there were with them some princes whom the king of Babylon decided he should like to have educated. Among these princes were Daniel, Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego. Although they were far away from their home and cut off from their own people and friends, they did not forget they belonged to God's people.

The king ordered that they should be well taken care of, and fed with rich food and wine the same as he had on his own table. Daniel was good and kind, and had won the heart of the officer who had charge of them. One day he went to the officer and asked if he and his companions might have only vegetable food to eat and water to drink, and not the rich food and wine that was given them. It was not because they did not care for the good food that they asked this, but they cared most of all to please God, and did not want to eat nor drink anything that the Lord had forbidden.

The officer was surprised when Daniel asked him. "The king has ordered this kind of food," he said, "and I am afraid to displease him. If he should find you looking worse than the others, that would put my life in danger."

"Let us try it just ten days," pleaded Daniel. "Give us only vegetable food to eat and water to drink for ten days, and then if we do not look as well as those who eat the food sent for them, we will eat the other."

The officer could see no harm in that, and he consented, and at the end of ten days he found the four boys looking better than the others, so he took away the meat and wine and gave them the food they wished. God blessed these boys and gave them wisdom and skill.

The time soon came for all the princes to go before the king. He watched them and talked with them all, but he found none of them like Daniel and his companions. The king thought they were ten times better than his wise men, and he made them rulers over part of his kingdom.

Some time after this the king was greatly worried about a dream which came every night, but when he awoke he could never remember it. He called his wise men to him and asked them to tell the dream to him, as he could not think of it. The wise men thought and thought, but they could not help him, for they could not tell a dream he had forgotten; and the king, who was used to having his own way, said that if the wise men could not

tell him his dream, they should all be put to death. Daniel came to him and said:

"Do not have the wise men put to death, O king, and I will tell the dream and explain it."

After a short prayer, in which he asked the Lord to help him, Daniel went back to the king, and with the help of the Lord he told the dream which was forgotten, and also the meaning of it.

The king was astonished at the wisdom of the young man, and wondered how he could tell the dream when all the wise men had failed, although he knew that Daniel asked the Lord to help him. Daniel was made ruler over a large province, and he and his companions were great men in the kingdom.

Suggestive application of lesson: Several years ago the Lord gave a commandment that the Saints should keep the Word of Wisdom. He meant that they should not use tobacco, strong drinks, nor tea nor coffee, nor eat much meat. Most of you have heard the Word of Wisdom read, and if not, your mother or father will read it to you. It is found in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. The Lord has said that if we will keep the Word of Wisdom, we shall be able to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint, and that we shall not have so much sickness and death among us.

If a man had a fine machine that will do all kinds of work for him, if it is cared for properly, what kind of care would he take of it? He would certainly use only the best oil and keep it clean and bright. What would we think of a man if he used oil that he knew was not good for it and would ruin it? Our bodies are the finest kind of machines. How can we take care of them? What shall we do to have them do their best work and last a long time? What can we take into our bodies that would be like bad oil to a machine, and ruin them?

Memory Gem:

"We must all keep the Word of Wisdom,
And we will shun all evil ways;
Then will our lives be true and noble,
And the Lord will lengthen our days."

Third Grade.

Lesson 25.

For the Teacher:

It is suggested that for this lesson instead of the regular work that the teacher give a review of the Acts of the Apostles up to the point where the last lesson was given in the June number of

to himself, the angel of the Lord came to him and punished him by afflicting him with a terrible disease; very soon he was all covered with worms and was so very miserable that he soon died. After this there were many people who joined the Church.

Barnabas and Saul were called to go upon missions. They had hands laid upon them and were set apart, after which they started upon their journey, preaching as they went along. They came to a place called Paphos, and here they found a Jew who claimed to be a prophet, and when Barnabas and Saul would make converts, this man would try to turn them away from the truth. Saul met this false prophet, and being filled with the Holy Ghost he looked the man right in the eye and said, O full of all mischief, thou, child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to interfere with the right way of the Lord? And now, behold, the Lord has sent a punishment upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a time. And immediately his sight was taken from him, and he groped about like a person in the dark, seeking some one to lead him by the hand.

Lesson 27.

Review previous lesson.

Aim: The Blessings of the Gospel Are For All Peoples.

Topics for Class:

1. Paul Teaches the People.

Reference: The Acts 13: 12—41.

After this, Barnabas and Paul sailed away from Paphos, and came to the city of Perga, in the country called Asia Minor. There Mark left them, and went back to Jerusalem. He did this because he was unwilling to go with them and help them any further on their journey. But Barnabas and Paul went on to the city of Antioch; not that Antioch from which they first set out, but another city of the same name in Asia Minor. And they came into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down. After the scriptures had been read, the rulers of the synagogue sent word to them, saying, Brethren, if you have any words to say to the people, speak on.

Then Paul stood up and said, Men of Israel and all you who fear God, listen to me. The God of the children of Israel chose our fathers to be His people, and by His mighty power, set them free, when they were living as strangers in the land of Egypt. Afterward He took care of them for about forty years while they wandered in the wilderness; and when he had destroyed the wicked nations of Canaan, He divided that land among them by lot. Then He gave them rulers to judge over them, for about four hundred

and fifty years, until the time when Samuel the prophet lived. Then the people asked for a king, and God gave them Saul; and when He had taken Saul away, He gave them David.

And now, Paul said, according to His promise, He has sent you Jesus, who was descended from David. But the people of Jerusalem and their rulers, because they did not know him, put him to death. Yet God raised Him up from the dead, and He was seen for many days after He was risen, by His apostles, who are sent to preach to the people about Him. And we have come to tell you the good news, that this Jesus is the Savior who was promised, and that you will be forgiven all your sins if you will believe in him, and do the things which He taught us to do. Be careful, therefore, lest after you have been told of Him, you do not believe and at last perish.

2. The Gentiles Rejoice in the Gospel.

Reference: The Acts 13: 42—52.

When the Jews had gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles who were there, begged Paul and Barnabas that those words might be preached to them again. And on the next Sabbath, almost the whole city came to hear them. But when the Jews saw such multitudes coming they were displeased, and spoke against the things that Paul said, contradicting and blaspheming. Then Paul and Barnabas spoke boldly to the Jews, saying, It was right for us to preach the Gospel to you first, but seeing you will not hear it, and do not care to be saved, we will now preach it to the Gentiles. Because so God has commanded us; for He said that Jesus should be a Savior, not to the Jews only, but to all the nations upon earth. When the Gentiles heard this, they were glad. But the Jews stirred up the chief man and the rulers, and raised a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, until they were driven out of Antioch; and they came to the city of Iconium.

3. God Only to be Worshiped.

Reference: The Acts 14: 1—18.

At Iconium they went together into the synagogue and taught the people, and God gave them power to do miracles so that great numbers, both of the Jews and the Gentiles, believed. But in this city also, the Jews, who would not believe, stirred up the people until they were about to stone the apostles. Then Paul and Barnabas fled to another city, called Lystra, and preached there. And a man who had been lame ever since he was born, and had never walked, sat near the place where Paul preached and heard him. And Paul, seeing that the man had faith, and believed that he could make him well, said, with a loud voice, Stand up on thy feet. And he leaped up and walked.

When the people of Lystra saw the miracle which Paul did, they cried out in the language of that country, These are gods who have come down to us from heaven looking like men. And they called Paul Mercury, and Barnabas Jupiter, which were the names of their idols. Then the priests from the idol's temple brought oxen covered with wreaths of flowers, intending to sacrifice them to the apostles, in the same way that they sacrificed them to their idols. But when Barnabas and Paul saw it, they rent their clothes, to show their displeasure, and ran in among the people, crying out, Sirs, why do you these things? For we also are men like yourselves, and have come to preach to you, and persuade you to turn from worshiping idols, and to worship only the true God, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them are. Yet the apostles could hardly keep the people from offering up sacrifices to them.

4. Return of Paul and Barnabas.

Reference: The Acts 14: 19—28.

But after this, some of the Jews who had driven them from Antioch and Iconium, came to Lystra, and said that Barnabas and Paul were wicked men, and were trying to deceive the people. Then immediately the people of Lystra, who before had wanted to worship them, tried to kill them. And they stoned Paul and dragged him out of the city, thinking he was dead. But while the disciples were standing around him, he rose up and came into the city again.

The next day he went with Barnabas to another city, called Derbe. When they had preached there they went again through all the cities where the pople had persecuted them, and they spoke to the disciples who lived in those cities, persuading them still to believe in the Lord Jesus, and telling them that we must bear trouble, and sorrow, if we will serve God, and be among those who enter into His kingdom. And after they had set men apart as elders over the churches in the cities they passed through, the apostles came back to that Antioch from which they first started out on their journey. There they called all the church together, and told how they had preached the Gospel to the Gentiles, as well as to the Jews, in the places where they had been. And they stayed a long while with the disciples in Antioch.

Lesson 28.

Review of previous lesson.

Aim: The Kind of Sacrifice Required Now.

Topic for Class:

1. The Sacrifices required in the Days of Moses.

Reference: The Acts 15: 1—24.

Some men came from Jerusalem to Antioch who told the disciples there that they could not be saved, unless they obeyed the law of Moses, which commanded the children of Israel to offer up sacrifices. Now we have read that for many hundred years before Jesus came to earth, sacrifices were offered up to show that he was coming. But when he had come, there was no more need of sacrifices; for we do not need anything to remind us that a person is coming, after he is here and we have seen him for ourselves. Therefore Paul and Barnabas talked with these men, and tried to make them understand that sacrifices were needed no longer. When they could not do this, they agreed to go with them up to Jerusalem, to inquire about the matter. So they went with them, and after they had come there, the apostles and elders met together to decide this question. Then the Holy Spirit told them that now, since the Savior had been offered up, it was not necessary to offer up any more sacrifices.

2. The Sacrifices We Should Make.

Reference: The Acts 15: 25—35.

And the apostles and Elders chose two men, named Judas and Silas to go back with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch. And they wrote a letter for these men to carry with them, and give to the Christians in Antioch, and other cities, telling them that they need no longer offer up lambs, or oxen, or goats, to the Lord. For the time was past when the Lord cared that the people should worship him in that way. What he wanted them to do now was, to obey the words of the gospel, which said, that they should believe in Jesus Christ, repent of their sins, be baptized, have hands laid upon them, for the gift of the Holy Ghost, love Him with all their hearts and their neighbors as themselves.

So Paul and Barnabas, Judas and Silas, left Jerusalem and came to Antioch; and they called all the disciples together and gave them the letter which the apostles and elders had sent. And the disciples were glad when they read it, and learned that now they could worship God as well in the places where they lived, as if they should go to Jerusalem and offer up sacrifices at the temple.

3. Paul and Barnabas Disagree.

Reference: The Acts 15: 36—41; 16: 1—5.

After these things Paul said to Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in all the cities where we have preached the gospel, and see how they do. And Barnabas was willing to go, and wanted to take Mark with them; but Paul thought it not best to

take Mark, who, when they took him before, left them, and was unwilling to stay with them to the end of their journey. So they disagreed about this matter, and their disagreement was so great that they parted from one another. Then Barnabas took Mark and sailed to the island of Cyprus, but Paul chose Silas and went into Syria, visiting the churches in that land.

And he came to Lystra, the city where he had healed the lame man. There he found a young man named Timothy, whose mother was a Jewess, and a disciple of Jesus, but his father was a Gentile. And Timothy was well spoken of by the Christians at Lystra, for from the time he was a little child, he had been taught to know what was in the scriptures, and to obey the Lord. When Paul saw how wise and good a young man he was, he chose him to go with himself and Silas, so that Timothy might learn to preach the gospel and be a missionary.

4. Paul's Vision.

Reference: The Acts 16: 8—15.

And they came to Troas, a city near the sea; there in the night Paul had a vision. He saw a man standing before him, who said, Come over to Macedonia and help us. Macedonia was a country on the other side of the sea; so Paul, and those who were with him, sailed in a ship from Troas and came to a city of Macedonia called Phillippi.

On the Sabbath day they went a little way out of the city, to a place by the side of the river, where the Jews used to meet together to pray; and they sat down and talked with the women who came there. And a woman named Lydia, who was a seller of purple cloth, heard them. Then the Lord sent His Spirit into her heart so that she attended to what Paul said and believed in Jesus. When she and her family had been baptized, she begged Paul and his friends, saying, if you think me a Christian, come and stay at my house. And she persuaded them until they went.

WHAT MATTER?

What if your coat be patched and old?
The worth of a coat is easily told.
A handful of gold will quickly bring
A coat that is fit for prince or king;
But an honest heart or willing hand
Can never be bought in the whole wide land.
Remember that patches may cover a boy
Who some day will be the great world's joy.
If your soul be pure and your heart be true,
What can an old coat matter to you?

The Children's Friend

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MR. GILMORE'S TEST.

The call bell in the richly furnished office of Gilmore & Sons rang sharply.

"Yes, sir," responded Phil Ambrose, as he approached the desk where the senior member of the firm, Thomas Gilmore, sat writing.

"Please send my son Wilson to me as soon as he comes in from the annex." Mr. Gilmore turned again to his correspondence.

"I will, sir," and the boy quietly withdrew.

"I am sorry Donald has to leave us," and Mr. Gilmore laid down his pen a moment. "He's one of the most promising boys we've had in our employment since the business was started. It will be a difficult matter to find his equal."

In a few moments the office door opened, and Wilson Gilmore entered.

"I wish," said his father, as the younger man stood before him, "you'd send Rawlings over to the shipping department, and charge him to be especially careful about the consignment to Higgins & Baker. Through some unexplained oversight their last order was lacking two cases."

Then turning to his desk, "I wish you'd have this notice inserted in this evening's Chronicle. I regard it a little short of a misfortune to lose a trustworthy hand from our business, and Donald was such a reliable fellow."

The notice Mr. Gilmore handed to his son was concise and clear:

"Position with Gilmore & Sons open to the right fellow. Applicant must be over fifteen. Call at 423 Downing Street, Tuesday morning, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock."

"Just a moment," as Wilson Gilmore was about to leave the room. "I wish you'd select the three most promising candidates who respond to the advertisement, and tell them to call here at the office, Wednesday afternoon. You'd better set the time at 1:30."

"The very place I've wanted," cried Carl Stephenson enthusiastically, that evening, on looking over the Daily Chronicle. "Do

you suppose I stand any chance—the least bit, mother?"

"If I knew to what you refer, I might be better able to answer your question," smiled Mrs. Stephenson, setting a plate of steaming potatoes on the table.

"See," and Carl handed his mother the paper, pointing to the "Want Ad." columns. "If I could only get such a place, wouldn't it be—great!"

"No harm to try, dear," and Mrs. Stephenson handed Carl back the paper. "And I am sure my boy would succeed."

"It's between ten and twelve o'clock we're to call—I mean the boys who want the place. I'll be there, mother, and if I succeed ——"

There was a prophecy of an easier life for the little mother in Carl's uncompleted sentence.

From the candidates for the vacant position, Carl was one of the three chosen by young Mr. Gilmore to meet the head of the firm on Wednesday afternoon.

"Please be prompt," they were charged, as the message was given them. "That's one of the essentials in our house."

"Hurrah, mother!" cried Carl, rushing into the kitchen of their little home. "I'm one of the three lucky ones from whom the choice will be made. Hope I'll be the luckiest one!"

"I trust you may be, dear; if it's for the best," replied Mrs. Stephenson, encouragingly.

"There's only one boy I fear, mother. Do you know Harold Thornton wants the place! He was one of us selected to meet Mr. Gilmore, and he's such a smooth sort of fellow—the other two of us may not stand much of a show."

"But Harold's not always to be relied upon, I fear," replied Mrs. Stephenson meaningly.

On Wednesday afternoon, promptly at 1:30 o'clock, the three expectant boys were ushered into Mr. Gilmore's private office. The elderly gentleman immediately laid aside the business he was engaged upon.

"I never keep one waiting," he said shortly, wheeling about in his deep office chair.

After a few brief questions, the keen business man remarked, "You may, each one, go down to the West Street drawbridge, this afternoon, and report to me tomorrow morning, at 9 o'clock, the time the Indianola boat goes through. Good day," and Mr. Gilmore resumed his work.

"A great idea!" excalimed Willis Newcomb. "To see what time a boat goes through a drawbridge! I'm due somewhere else at that time. It's just as well. For my part, I don't care to work for a crank!"

Promptly, half an hour before the Indianola boat was due,

both Carl Stephenson and Harold Thornton were at the West Street drawbridge. They had waited less than a dozen minutes, when a jaunty little dogcart drove up.

"Why, hallo!" called the driver, a boy of about Harold's age. "What are you doing here! Jump in and go over to Morganville with me; it's a dandy afternoon for a drive!"

"I—I can't," replied Harold reluctantly. "I'm here to see what time the Indianola boat goes through—and I musn't leave."

"Just to see what time?" pressed his friend. "O, that's a cinch," looking at his watch. "It's due here in exactly fifteen minutes—and it's never late. Come on—we'll have a cracking time!"

And without more persuasion Harold Thornton took the vacant seat beside his friend, and they drove off.

"If it's always on time, I can tell Gilmore that; he'll never know the difference. 'Twas a fool thing to send us here anyway!"

At the schedule time for the arrival of the boat there was nothing to be seen of her.

"Guess I'll have to wait a little longer," thought Carl, looking at his watch. " 'Twill make me late to do mother's errands, but she'll understand."

Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, thirty minutes passed, and still there was no sign of the Indianola.

"It's awfully late!" exclaimed Carl anxiously. "But I'm going to wait; Mr. Gilmore didn't send us here for nothing!"

It was two hours before the boat arrived. When she slowly swung under the bridge Carl carefully noted the time. It was exactly 6:45.

"There was a man on the forward upper deck who looked precisely like Mr. Gilmore," thought Carl, as he left the end of the bridge. "I almost believe it was he."

The next morning, at the appointed time, Carl Stephenson and Harold Thornton were ushered into Mr. Gilmore's office.

"I thought there were three of you?" half questioned the man at the desk.

"I think one isn't coming, sir," said Carl quietly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Gilmore, shortly. "Some fellows fail in an undertaking before they even begin. They sadly lack the 'I'll-succeed-anyhow' principle."

Mr. Gilmore now turned to Harold. "Well, your report?"

Harold looked painfully confused as he answered, "4:45, sir."

"Did you consult your watch to make sure?"

"No, sir; but that's the Indianola's scheduled time to reach the West Street bridge, and she's never late."

"That's all," and Mr. Gilmore nodded toward the door.

"Your report?" turning to Carl.

"The boat reached the West Street bridge at exactly 6:45. She was two hours late," declared Carl. "I timed her as she went through."

"Correct! I was on the boat. How happened you to wait when she was so long overdue?" and Mr. Gilmore looked searchingly through his gold-bowed glasses.

"Because I was told to see at what time the boat went through the drawbridge, sir. It seemed a little odd to be sent on such an errand, but I knew you must have had a reason for it—and 'twas my business to obey."

"Good!" And this from Mr. Gilmore, so undemonstrative usually, meant much. "I hope you will like your new position," and the head of the well-known business house gave Carl a cordial handshake.

"You may report for work tomorrow. And remember, my boy, that what's for the firm's interest, is, in the end, for the interest of each man in our employment."

"It pays to be reliable, doesn't it, mother!" exclaimed Carl, on relating to Mrs. Stephenson his good news.

"Always, my dear. It's one of the requisites to success!"—Selected.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

If it hadn't been for several things this story would never have been written; perhaps the most important was the baby. But then, you know, babies are always important, especially when you want very much to run over to spend the afternoon with Milly, and baby has to be taken care of.

This afternoon the sun shone brightly, and, of course, just when Bess was about to ask if she might run over to see Milly for a teenty little while, mother said:

"Bessie, dear, don't you want to take the baby out in the carriage for a little while? Hannah is ill this afternoon."

"Yes, mother," answered Bess brightly, swallowing a sigh, and then that dear bunch of sweetness, Baby Benny, was fastened in the carriage and Bess walked slowly down the street, a little more sober than usual.

"I wish—I wish," began Bess, "that you'd grow up, baby, and take care of me, instead of my taking care of you. It's very provoking to wheel you around when Milly asked me specially to come over and make doll's clothes—the girls will all be there under the

trees—and me off here on the street wheeling this tiresome carriage.

"No, I don't wish you would grow up, either, baby," declared Bess a moment after, shaking her curls and leaning over the side of the carriage to kiss Benny's red lips, and then his bright blue eyes which laughed so merrily at her. "But I do wish you'd go to sleep in the afternoon once in a while, sir.

"What did you say? Bow-wow? Well, I declare there is a lovely bow-wow, isn't it? See him run for the ball, baby!" and Bess stopped to turn around to watch a beautiful St. Bernard dog playing ball with his master. The ball would be rolled down the hill, and the big dog, capering after, would stop its flight and bring it back in his mouth. It was an interesting game, and Bess had to clap her hands delightedly as the dog dashed after the ball. The street sloped down quite abruptly to the water's edge, and thus the ball made quite a headway in its flight, each time taking the dog nearer the water.

Bess was fascinated with the game, so that for a moment she forgot all about her charge, and the carriage, freed from the restraining hand, and its motion helped by the baby's bounces of joy at the sight of the big dog, started slowly down the hill on its own responsibility, gaining in speed, however, with every revolution of the wheels. When Bess put her hand out to touch the carriage there was nothing there,and to her amazement she saw it and its precious small occupant far ahead of her fairly racing down the hill!

The baby was laughing and jumping up and down, delighted at traveling without anyone tagging on behind, and the carriage apparently dancing in delight at having run away.

In an instant Bess was flying after them, her curls streaming out behind, and a frightened feeling about her heart. There was the river straight ahead. The carriage going faster and faster, and no one within sight to call upon. What should she do?

One of two things would happen—either the carriage would strike some uneven place in the pavement and her dear baby brother be thrown forcibly from the carriage against the hard stone or else—the river.

Why was not some one near to help rescue the baby? The only person she had seen had been the owner of the dog, and he was now out of sight over the brow of the hill. She did not dare to wait for him to hear her screams, but sprinted her best after the fast-flying carriage. But Benny and the carriage had quite a start, and the incline increased their speed every minute.

Bess's thoughts worked like lightning, but her feet failed her though she was a fast runner. The carriage kept on in a straight course, the baby delightedly clapping his hands and enjoying his ride.

No one in sight except at windows, and those who saw the flying carriage and the little girl in chase ran swiftly out to help, but too late.

With a gasp and a sob Bess saw the carriage with her precious baby brother only a few yards in front of her, bound from the walk into the water. She was at the water's edge in an instant to see the baby still clapping his hands and crowing with delight, high and dry and unhurt! The tide was strong, and the wooden carriage was floating down the river with the precious passenger still safe and enjoying the boat ride as much as he had his horseless ride down the hill.

Bess breathed a half sigh of relief. "Oh, what shall I do!" she cried to herself."I can swim a little——" and without further hesitation she started in the water after the baby. A heavy hand on her arm drew her back.

"Stop, little one," said a man's voice, "you could do no good; the water is deep and the tide strong. See! my good friend Bruno is at the baby's side already, and will bring the carriage safe to shore."

Sure enough, the great dog that had been bounding down the hill after the ball, distracting at first the young nurse's attention, was swimming bravely beside the carriage; he caught the front with his teeth, but the carriage was heavy, so with wonderful instinct he changed his course and swam to the other end, then pushing against the carriage, brought it slowly and safely toward the bank, which was swarmed now with excited people. A boat had also been launched, and as brave Bruno, tired with his burden, neared the shore, willing hands relieved him.

"You darling!" sobbed Bess, as she clasped the baby tight with one arm and patted Bruno with the other. "To think that I almost drowned you—and this brave doggie saved you! I deserve to be drowned myself."

Bruno wagged his tail delightedly, but the ungrateful baby put both fists in his eyes and cried to go back in his carriage boat in the water.

LYDIA EMMA'S TEMPTATION.

Lydia Emma stood by the kitchen table patiently paring apples, while Mrs. Hammond, kneeding bread opposite, covertly watched the child.

"I do believe I'm out of citron!" she ejaculated in dismay.

"When I want to make Dutch cake, too, and need some for

the mincemeat. Here, Lydia Emma, I tell you what you do. Put on your things, and run down to Hawkins, the grocer, and get half a pound of citron, and you may as well get more currants while you're there—I like my cakes to be fruity—and oranges; now let's see—there will be brother James and Minnie, and their three children—five—and Aunt Hannah—six—and Eliza and her two boys—that's nine" (counting on her fingers), "and you and I —eleven—and Aunt Hannah's boy—if he comes—twelve. Just a dozen. Here, I'll write things down and then you can't come back and say you've forgotten anything."

She wrote a few words at the bottom of the note, and folded it over and gave it into Lydia Emma's hand.

"Now you don't need to open it on the way. Just give it to Mr. Hawkins like this, all folded up, so it will be clean. Have you got the basket? Now hurry, and tell Mr. Hawkins to charge everything to Mrs. Hammond's bill."

"Yes'm." Lydia Emma closed the door carefully behind her, and went skipping down the road, while Mrs. Hammond watched her from the window.

"Seems like she'd be a good lot of help around, if only she is honest," she said to herself. "She is smart enough, if she is quiet. Maby it's the 'Home' makes them so quiet and old-fashioned like."

Meanwhile Lydia Emma, trudging toward the village store, was pursuing the same trend of thought.

"Seems like she would be nice and kind to live with if she don't say much. She leaves such a lot to eat lying round, I can't hardly keep my hands off of things. I guess she don't know what it is like to be hungry for twelve years, and never get any more than just so many slices of bread, or just so much soup, at each meal time, and nothing between."

Genial Mr. Hawkins looked over his counter, and beamed on his diminutive customer.

"So you've gone over to live with Mrs. Hammond, have you?" he said, pleasantly, "when did you go?"

"Yesterday," very shyly, with her eyes hungrily on the fat slices of citron he was putting in the package. He counted out the oranges, twelve—then deliberately took one from another case—a great, big fellow—larger than the others—and placed it on top, looking at her quizzically as he did so.

Lydia Emma took the basket and started. When she got as far as Deacon Stone's new barn she walked over to a pile of stones and sat down. Surely she had made a mistake. She counted again. "No," there were thirteen. All alike but one, and he looked out of place among the others. He was so much larger, surely he must have grown since she started. With a sigh, she

got up and walked on again. It was about three-quarters of a mile from the store to Mrs. Hammond's, and there were three places where little girls so disposed could linger. The second was under a big sycamore tree—a lovely place in summer, but a tempting place even in winter when one has half made up her mind to do something wrong.

From the sycamore tree to the toll gate, Lydia Emma carried the odd orange in her hand. If any thing was to happen it must happen right here, for around the corner of the road and you were in plain view from the house.

The temptation was too great. The skin seemed to fairly fly off the orange. Surely no orange before was ever peeled so quickly.

"Mrs. Hammond said, 'get a dozen,' and that's what I am taking her. If Mr. Hawkins knew he put in thirteen he meant one for me, 'cause he kinder smiled, and if he didn't, why then no one need ever know."

The basket seemed much lighter when she picked it up, and, turning the corner, she fairly raced down the road to the house.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Hammond, as the little figure burst in the door with cheeks as red as fire.

"You need not have run so. Surely you did not run that way all the way home, did you?"

"No'm, not all the way"—taking off her hat and coat—and watching the lady narrowly out of the corner of her eye.

Mrs. Hammond counted the oranges twice. "Twelve," she said, slowly.

"Yes'm—twelve—that was what you said—didn't you—you said get a dozen"—boldly.

"Yes, I said get a dozen." Mrs. Hammond was putting them in the cupboard as she spoke, and did not look around. When she came out she had a plate of raisins in her hand.

"Here, stone these," putting them in front of her on the table, "and don't eat any." She was preparing to go down the cellar with a kettle of lard, but on the top step she turned back.

"There, I need not have said that. Of course you wouldn't eat any without leave. You look like a child that could be trusted."

The guilty little soul blushed crimson, and tingled down to her very toes. She hastily stole a glance at herself in the cracked glass which hung behind the roller towel, to see if she was not branded like Cain. Had she not only stole, but told a lie as well to cover it up?

She pressed her lips tightly together, and stoned the raisins industriously.

Mrs. Hammond returned and went on with her pie baking.

"Three apple—three mince—three pumpkin, and two raisin," she said, reflectively. "They ought to last the week out, even if the folks do decide to stay. This piece of pie dough that's left over I'll just make into a little tart for you to have all to yourself this afternoon. Which kind of filling will you have? Mince?" Holding the small pie pan aloft as she spoke. The child dropped her work, and stared at her in dismay.

"I don't want none," she said, with determination, while an odd little look crept around her mouth.

"O, nonsense," briskly, "I suppose that's a polite way of telling me not to go to the bother, but I don't like such ways. Speak the truth right out, and tell me which kind of filling you like best. Where's the child living who don't like pie? Come now, which shall it be?"

Lydia Emma could not speak, but she pointed bravely to the mince-meat, and Mrs. Hammond pretended not to see the big tears that chased themselves down her cheeks.

She scurried around the kitchen washing up the pots and pans, running down the cellar with the things that were not needed, and putting articles away with a deftness that caused Mrs. Hammond to watch her admiringly.

When she went out in the shed to the pump for a bucket of water, that lady met her at the kitchen door, and forcibly took the pail out of her hand.

"There," she said. "A full bucket is a grown person's load. I only expect half a load from a little girl. You must not think you can do as much now as you will when you are twenty. After this, when you go for water, only bring the bucket half full. Now the pies are all done, and, just as soon as we wash up, we will be through. There is your little pie. Eat it whenever you feel hungry. Don't wait for meals."

The child made no response, steadily wiping away at the dishes, and putting them in their places. At last, when the kitchen was restored to order, and everything—brightly polished—shone till the sun's rays were reflected from dresser and cupboard, she gave a little sigh, and asked:

"Now—are we all through?"

"Yes, now we are all through, and you can cut out scrap pictures, or dress a doll, or play on the organ and sing—whatever you want to do."

"I want to tell you something," with great directness.

"Tell me something? Well, go ahead, I can listen and sew carpet-rags, too, I guess," seating herself with a big pile of woolens before her.

"Well"—standing very straight, with her hands tightly clasped behind her, and crimson cheeks—"the grocer—he gave you an-

other orange. There was thirteen, but coming home—I ate the other. It was the biggest and the nicest. I thought you wouldn't know it."

"Then why do you tell me?" looking at her curiously.

"Well"—nervously, "at the 'Home' of course we always sneaked things off when we could, and nobody was watching, and we said it was all right, because we was always hungry, but I always knew it was stealing, only I didn't care, but here, you trusted me, and it was deceiving you, but if you will only keep me, and not send me back, I have five cents that a lady gave me once. It has a hole in it, but surely it is worth something, and when I get big enough to earn some money I will pay you first of all for the orange. Do say I can stay," pleadingly.

Mrs. Hammond wiped her eyes. "Yes—you may stay"—reaching up and taking her pocketbook from the mantelpiece. "You may give me the five cents with the hole in and we will call it square. And here——" taking a bright new quarter from her purse, and placing it in the little girl's hand—"this is for you to spend. Not to hold on to, but spend when you go to the store, or to a picnic. Buy candy, or popcorn, or any other thing that little girls like—and when that is gone perhaps we can find another quarter around somewhere. And now come here," letting the carpet-rags fall to the floor, and taking the sobbing child in her arms.

"When I wrote the note to Mr. Hawkins, I told him to put in an extra orange, larger and nicer than the others, and that was for you, for going. So I knew all the time there was one missing, and I was pretty sure you would tell me all about it. You see, I know something about little girls, although folks always have said I didn't understand children, and I guess you and I will get along all right. There, now, dry your eyes and eat the little tart, while I look through the Farm Journal and see what the lady said who wrote about making rugs with three stars for a pattern."
—Sunday School Advocate.

THE DISCONTENTED PUMPKIN.

Jack Frost visited Farmer Crane's field one night, and the next morning the gold of the pumpkins shone more brilliantly than ever through their silver coverings.

"It is of no use," said one large pumpkin to another lying beside it. "It is of no use. I was never made to be cut up for pumpkin pies. I feel sure I was put here for something higher."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the other. "You never seemed dissatisfied before. You quite take my breath away."

"Well, to tell the truth, I do not like the thought of being cut up and served on a table like an ordinary pumpkin. See how large I am, and what a glorious color. Tell me, did you ever see a pumpkin more beautiful?"

"You are beautiful, indeed, but I never thought of being made for anything but pies. Do tell me of what other use can one be?"

"Well, I have always thought that I am not like the other pumpkins in this field, and when Farmer Crane pointed me out the other day as the finest one he had, I heard him say, 'A fine one it would be for a fair.' It was not till then that I really knew for what I was intended."

"I do remember," answered the other. "Yes, I do remember hearing about some pumpkins being taken to a country fair once, but I never heard how they liked it. As for myself, I should be proud to be made into delicious pies and served on a beautiful plate."

"Why, how can you be satisfied with that thought? But there is Farmer Crane now. He is gathering some of the smaller pumpkins to make pies with, I think."

"Perhaps he knows best what we were made for," answered the other.

Farmer Crane was soon at their side, and was looking from one to the other.

"What fine pies they will make. I had better take them now, I think," and they were quickly added to the golden heap already in the wagon.

How happy they all were—all but one that lay on the top of the large pile.

"How hard it is to be thrown in with these ordinary pumpkins. If I could only slip off by myself. Perhaps there is a place at the bottom of the wagon where I can be alone."

It was a long way from the top of the pile to the bed of the wagon, but it was very little trouble to slip away from the rest. It would only take a second, and then it would be away from the others. But alas! our discontented pumpkin slipped a little too far, and, I'm sorry to say, soon lay on the frozen ground, a shattered heap.

"Dear me!" said the pumpkins in one breath, "see, that fine fellow has slipped off and is broken to pieces. What a feast the cows and pigs will have."

"It is too bad," said one, "he was so anxious to be taken to a fair. It is always better to be contented." A. M. S.

THE HOLE IN THE CANNA BED.

One evening in May, Chuckie Wuckie's papa finished setting out the plants in the front yard. Into one large bed he put a dozen fine cannas. They looked like fresh young shoots of corn. He told Chuckie Wuckie that when summer came they would grow tall, with great spreading leaves and beautiful red-and-yellow blossoms.

"Taller than me, papa?" asked the little girl, trying to imagine what they would look like.

"Much taller; as tall as I am."

Chuckie Wuckie listened gravely while papa told her she must be very careful about the canna-bed. She must not throw her ball into it, or dig there, or set a foot into the black, smooth earth. She nodded her head solemnly, and made a faithful promise. Then she gathered up her tiny rake and hoe and spade, and carried them to the vine-covered shed to put beside her father's garden-tools.

Next morning, when papa went to look at the canna-bed, he discovered, close beside one of the largest plants, a snug, round hole. It looked like a little nest. He found Chuckie Wuckie digging with an iron spoon in the ground beside the fence.

"Dearie," he said, "do you remember I told you last night that you must not dig in the canna-bed?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Come and see the hole I found there."

So Chuckie Wuckie trotted along at her father's heels. She stood watching him as he filled in the hole and smoothed the earth over it.

"I did not dig it," said Chuckie Wuckie, "I just came and looked to see if the cannas had grown any through the night, but I did not dig."

"Really?" asked papa, very gravely.

"Really and truly, I did not put my foot on there," said Chuckie Wuckie.

Papa did not say another word. But he could not help thinking that the hole looked as if the iron spoon had neatly scooped it out.

Next morning he found a hole dug there again, and Chuckie Wuckie was still busy in her corner by the fence. He did not speak of it, however. There were prints of small feet on the edge. He only smoothed down the earth and raked the bed. He did this for three mornings; then he led Chuckie Wuckie again to the canna-bed.

"Papa," she said earnestly. "I did not dig there. Truly I didn't. The hole is there every morning. I found it today before

you came out, but I did not dig it." There were tears in her brown eyes.

"I believe you, Chuckie Wuckie dear," said her father earnestly.

That night the little girl stood at the gate, watching for father to jump off the car. She could hardly wait for him to kiss her. She took his hand and led him to the canna-bed.

"Look!" she cried eagerly.

She was pointing excitedly to a hole beside the roots of a fresh green canna-plant.

"That hole again!" said her father. "There is a stone in it now, isn't there?"

"No, that's what I thought; stoop down and look close, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie.

It was the head of a fat hop-toad, but all that could be seen was its mouth and bright eyes. It was staring at them. Papa poked it with the point of his umbrella. It scrambled deeper into the hole, until there was nothing to be seen but the dirt. It was slowly changing to the color of the black earth.

"I watched him," cried Chuckie Wuckie excitedly—"oh, for an hour! When I found him he was just hopping on the canna-bed. He was looking for his house. He acted as if the door had been shut in his face. Then he began to open it. He crawled and scrambled round and round, and threw up the dirt, and poked and pushed. At last he had the hole made, just as it is every morning, and he crawled in. Then he lay and blinked at me."

"Clever fellow," said papa. "Well, we won't grudge him a home, and we won't shut the door again in his face, will we, Chuckie Wuckie?"

The cannas have grown very tall now, and so thick that you cannot see where the roots are; but a fat, brown hop-toad has a snug, cool, safe little nest there, and he gratefully crawls into it when the sun grows very hot.—Selected.

AUNT ANN'S HOTBED.

Noah's Ark stood ready on a little mound of earth. The wicked people, who looked strangely like clothespins, lay flat on their faces, awaiting their fate. A mighty deluge was about to descend upon them from the rainwater barrel.

"You mustn't push it, Bess," directed Roy. "Just help me tip it a little. Now be careful."

Crash! The heavy barrel slipped and fell right onto Aunt

Ann's new hotbed. The water, rushing in a broad stream, washed the seeds out of the ground and turned the whole bed to a sea of mud. Broken glass, splintered frames and overturned barrel made a wreck that the children could only look upon in speechless dismay.

At the noise Cook came running out of the house, and in another minute Peter appeared from the barn.

"It's never a day that your aunt can leave this place without you children getting into mischief," cried Cook.

Peter stared at the ruins, too angry to speak. He had finished making that hot-bed, under the most careful directions from his mistress, only the day before.

"We didn't mean to, Peter," said Bess timidly.

"Do you think you could help us clear it up a little, so it won't look so bad for Aunt Ann to see?" asked Roy.

"I've got as much work to do 'fore she comes back, as I can 'tend to. No, sir; I'll let that be just as it is," and Peter stalked back to the barn.

"Don't you children dare to touch a bit of that glass," Cook warned them as she returned to the kitchen.

The children withdrew to their favorite seat under the apple trees to talk over the situation.

"I wish mamma was at home," began Roy. "Now if Aunt Ann was only like mamma, we could say we were sorry and she'd believe us."

"But she's so cross, I s'pose we've got to think of something to do to make up for it," sighed Bess. "If we had some money we could buy her some more seeds."

"Nannie's got lots of pennies," said Roy. I could take them and put my silver dollar with a hole in it into her bank. It's worth more than all the pennies she's got, I'm sure."

"You couldn't make her understand," objected Bess. "She's too little."

"We won't have to tell her," returned Roy. "I'm going straight to do it now while she's taking her nap," and he was off on the run.

Back he came in a few minutes with the pennies carefully tied up in his handkerchief. "There's enough to buy lots of seeds," he said excitedly. "And, Bess, I've thought of something else. While you're gone to the store, I'll go over to the farm and get Thad Hunter to help us make a new hotbed. There are ever so many more frames in the barn."

Half an hour later Bess came slowly back to the seat under the trees with a very dejected face. Roy was sitting there alone, head down, and hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Oh, dear, couldn't Thad come?" asked Bess.

"He's gone fishing."

"How mean! Then we can't do anything. Mr. Thibbet wouldn't sell me any seed, just because I didn't know exactly what sort of lettuce was wanted. He said he'd known Miss Parker too long to send her anything on a venture. I wish everybody didn't know how fussy Aunt Ann is."

The children sat in silence for some minutes. There seemed to be no way out of their trouble, no one to help them. Aunt Ann would return in two or three hours. She would see her broken hotbed as she drove up to the barn.

"Roy," asked Bess suddenly; "aren't we what is called 'sore perplexed?'" And as Roy nodded she cried eagerly, "Then I know exactly what to do. Aunt Ann said the other day, 'I'm sore perplexed. I must have a talk with Brother Hildreth.' And don't you remember how pleasant she was when she came back?"

"But we couldn't go and talk to the Bishop!" exclaimed Roy, aghast at the idea.

"Yes, we could. We'll explain to him that we were playing something out of the Bible when it happened. Then he'll be in'trested. Now you must wash your hands, and I'll put on my best hat. Come on."

Together they ran into the house to get ready, and were soon on their way to the Bishop's house. As they approached it they began to walk more and more slowly. The Bishop had spoken to them pleasantly every time they had gone with their aunt to church; but they had never been obliged to make any conversation with him. The nearer they came to the house the more timid they felt.

"You tell him what we want," said Bess. "You're the oldest."

"No, you tell him. You thought of coming."

They were passing along by the fence as they spoke. Some one on the other side who had been stooping at work suddenly stood up and said, "Hello, children." It was the Bishop. He had on an old coat and a broad-brimmed hat, and their fear left them.

"We're sore perplexed," Bess announced.

"We meant to drown the wicked people, and we smashed Aunt Ann's hotbed," explained Roy.

Mr. Hildreth opened the gate and invited them in. They sat down on the doorstep and told him the whole story. He kept rubbing his chin while they talked, and they thought at first that he was laughing. But when they had finished he looked very solemn, and they wondered if he was going to scold. Soon he began to smile brightly, and, holding out a hand to each, said, "Come and look at my hotbed."

He led them around to the sunny side of the house and showed them his garden, where tender green shoots of corn were already coming up, and funny top-heavy looking beans. He had a large hotbed for cucumbers, and while the children were admiring it, he asked them if they thought his hired man could make as good a one as Peter. They were sure of it.

"Then," said the Bishop, "suppose I let him make a new one for Aunt Ann, since Peter is so busy. I could send him to do it this afternoon, if you like." The children would "like," and squeezed each other's arms delightedly.

"Now I'll make you a bargain," continued Mr. Hildreth. "By and by there will be lots of weeds come to crowd out my corn. Do you think you would want to work in my garden when there is weeding to do, as long a time as my man is working for your aunt?"

"Oh, yes, we'd like to," cried both children eagerly.

"It's a bargain, then," said the Bishop. He walked back to the gate with them, smiling at their happy faces. But when he said good-bye he was looking sober again.

"You often wish, don't you," he said, "when you get into trouble, that Aunt Ann was as sweet and pleasant as your mamma? Well, now, just try to remember that she had no kind mamma to be pleasant to her when she was a little girl, so perhaps she never learned how herself."

This was something to think about. The children found themselves feeling more truly sorry for what they had done than at any time since the accident. All the way home they were thinking about how careful they meant to be not to provoke Aunt Ann in the future. It was not until they reached the house that Bess suddenly remembered the pennies, which she still carried knotted tightly in the handkerchief.

"Let's put them back now," said Roy. "I'm glad we didn't have to spend them; Nannie does so love to rattle her bank. She wouldn't like that dollar. I hope she hasn't waked up yet."

As they entered the nursery they saw they had come too late. Little Nan was standing in the middle of the room shaking her bank, with a puzzled expression on her chubby face. All at once she smiled and began jumping up and down.

"Hark!" she said to her brother and sister. The pennies are all hoppin' on one foot.—Selected.

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Some Ward Presidents have not yet sent in the lists of workers with postoffice addresses. Please do so at once.

The usual meeting for Primary workers will be held in Salt Lake City, Utah, during the October session of the General Conference. All interested are cordially invited. An interesting program will be prepared. Notice of time and place will be announced in the Deseret News.

The office of "The Children's Friend," 205 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, is the headquarters for Primary workers, and all who desire information or supplies for Primary associations will be welcome.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF AN IDEAL LESSON.

In the ideal lesson the teacher and the children are happy, and their happiness has the same source—the lesson. I hold very strongly that happiness is the best atmosphere in which to teach, and also in which to learn. The more I consider the processes of teaching and of learning, the more I study teacher nature and child nature, the more convinced I am that it is quite possible

to have this atmosphere in our classes in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and I am not sure about the hundredth. But, say some, we cannot make all learning easy; there are some things the child must learn that must be difficult, and only to be gained by a hard struggle. I rejoice to think it is so, or life would soon be dull, and happiness not very plentiful in our class-rooms. There is not one of us who has ever climbed a steep mountain who cannot testify to the keen enjoyment we had during the whole of the ascent, and yet, undoubtedly, it was a struggle, and there were hardships to be borne.

I would lay stress on the fact that both parties concerned—teacher and taught—should be happy. I occasionally see a class in which the teacher is very happy, but the taught are not. The teacher, quite aware of the fact that she is speaking above the heads of the children, or at too rapid a rate, may pour forth her learning, and find considerable pleasure in pouring it forth, while the children, troubled and worried, vainly try to understand. It is comforting to remember that child nature is such that their trouble is not likely to last long. The teacher will soon cease to be an important person in their world. They will turn to their desks, their pencils, their companions; anything, rather than their teacher; but she will have missed—nay, she will have thrown away—a glorious opportunity.

Sometimes, again, the children are thoroughly happy, while the poor, worried, and unhappy teacher tries to catch their attention. It is not only necessary that teacher and pupil should be happy, but that their happiness shall have the same source, viz., the lesson. I remember once seeing a teacher making a diagram on the blackboard; making it admirably, and thoroughly enjoying it, and one of the pupils was amusing the rest of the class by clever sketches, which were held up for their amusement, while the teacher was attending to the diagram. Here we had both parties thoroughly enjoying themselves, but obviously this was no lesson, but rather two entertainments, fairly successful, going on at the same time and place.

I have assumed that, in the ideal lesson, the children are educated during the process. I will now make a further assumption; that in the ideal lesson the teacher is also educated. Alas! We all know teachers who degenerate intellectually as the years go by; they get more stupid, more dogmatic, more dull, and more stereotyped; they lose, as we all must, the enthusiastic freshness of youth, they do not gain, as we all may gain, that enthusiastic freshness which arises from deeper knowledge, wider sympathies, and greater skill. Teaching ought to produce different results. A teacher gains obviously in knowledge by giving an ideal lesson. She has had to look at the subject from many standpoints, and

every difficulty seen by the class is really a cause of enlightenment to her. She has been in contact with many fresh young minds, differing in a great many points, and the more freedom that she has given them the more has this difference been shown. She has obviously gained much in knowledge of human nature. She has had practice in expressing what she knows, and expressing it in language and ways of expression which suit the children, and therefore not the most natural to her; therefore this mental exercise is the more difficult and the more educative. She has also had to understand the expression of others. Above all, she had had to govern human beings, one of the most educative of all kinds of work, requiring great knowledge, wide sympathy, and infinite tact. If a lesson does not educate the teacher as well as the pupils, the lesson is not ideal.—Selected.

BREAKING THE PRISON WALLS.

I once heard, from the lips of a beloved pastor, a beautiful illustration. A naturalist one day was studying a cocoon, in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature. Taking a tiny lancet he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he expected to see. It lay struggling upon the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless, unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously colored wings that he had expected to see, were weak, shriveled members.

What was the matter with this creature that should have been so fair? The prison gates had been opened too soon, the obstacle had been removed before the struggler had developed sufficiently through struggling to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers.

O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonize to be free when Thou dost not cut away the barriers, is it not because, in Thine infinite wisdom, Thou dost see that we are weak and dost want us to become strong? Then at last, when the struggle is finished, like the butterfly, we may come forth, not, perhaps, in glorious robes of splendid colors as it does, but in the everlasting robes of righteousness.—Selected.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the Month:

"In our meeting here today,
We must not forget to pray,
To God who keeps us through the night,
And brings us to the morning light.
Help us, Lord, to love Thee more,
Than we ever loved before,
In our work and in our play,
Be Thou with us, Lord, today.
Amen."

Song for the Month:
Autumn, Primary Song Book No. 46.

Memory Gem for the month:

A SIMPLE RULE.

"Little children must not tease,
But each other try to please,
And obey this simple rule
In the nursery or the school:
"Be to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you."

Lesson 29.

Aim: Helpfulness.
Story: Aunt Ann's Hotbed, page 373.
Incident: The First Miracle.

Once Jesus went into the city of Cana, He was going to a wedding, and there was to be a feast. The mother of Jesus was there, and some of the disciples. Food was prepared for them to eat and wine to drink; the wine was made by squeezing the juice from grapes and was very good. But before everybody had had enough, the wine was all gone. The people who gave the feast did not know what to do, and the mother of Jesus saw that they

were feeling badly about it and she went to Jesus and told Him. He must have told His mother that He would help, for she went to the servants and said to them, Whatever Jesus tells you to do, do it.

Now there were in this house six large jars that were used to keep water in, and Jesus said, Fill these water-pots with water. And the servants filled them full. Then he said, Take some out now and give to the chief man or ruler of the feast. And when they did so, the water was changed into wine. But the chief man did not know that Jesus had changed the water into wine, and when he tasted, he said, This is the best wine that we have had. And then the people knew that Jesus was the Son of God and that he was a very kind man to help them when they did not know how to help themselves.

Lesson 30.

Aim: Obedience.
Story: The Hole in the Canna Bed, page 372.
Incident: The Draught of Fish.

One day Jesus went down to the seashore to preach. At every step He took, the crowd grew thicker and thicker. Some of the people who were ill, and wanted to be made well, reached out their hands to touch Him. All of them wanted to hear the sweet words that came from His lips, and drew nearer and nearer to listen, so that Jesus could scarcely move for the crowd that was about Him. A little way out at sea in a fishing boat, busily mending his net, sat Simon Peter, one of the Lord's disciples. Jesus beckoned to him to bring his boat to shore; then making His way through the crowd, He stepped into the boat and went on talking to the people.

Jesus knew that Simon, Andrew, James and John, the poor fishermen on the shore mending their nets, had been out in their boats all night, but had caught nothing. He knew, too, how poor they were, and how badly they need the fish to sell in the village for money. So when He had finished talking to the people, He bade them push their boats out to sea once more and throw in their nets.

Simon Peter and Andrew, who were in the boat with Jesus, told Him they had been toiling all night but had caught nothing. "But at thy word," said Peter, "we will let down the nets."

So they pushed out the boats and let down the nets, and immediately they were full of fish, so full that they could scarcely drag them into the boats.

Lesson 31.

Aim: Contentment.
Story: The Discontented Pumpkin, page 370.
Incident: The Prodigal Son.

There was once a father who had two sons—one was good and industrious, the other idle and wicked. And the idle son said to his father, "Give me all the money that belongs to me, and let me go away and do as I like, I do not want to stay here with you and my brother."

So his father gave him the money that belonged to him, and the son went away.

But the son soon spent all the money, and became poor and hungry and ragged. Then he saw how wicked and ungrateful he had been to leave his happy home and his good, kind father.

At last he had not even a bit of bread to eat, and was glad to ask a man to give him some work to do. And the man let him feed his swine. And the son was so hungry that he longed to eat the food that he gave to the swine.

"I will leave this place," he said, "and go back to my father. I dare not ask to be his son again, but perhaps he will let me work for him as one of his hired servants." And he went back; but long before he reached the house his father saw him, and ran out to meet him and kissed and forgave him, and bade the servants bring out rich clothing, and a ring for his finger, and make a great feast to welcome him.

But the other son was busy in the fields when his brother returned, and did not see his father run out to meet him. But when his work was over and he went back to his father's house, and saw it all lit up, and heard music and singing, he asked one of the servants what it meant.

"Thy brother is come," said the servant, "and your father is so glad that he has made a feast to welcome him." But the son was angry and jealous, and would not go into the house. Then the father came out, and begged him to come in. "I have always been a good son to you," the brother said, "but you have never made a feast for me."

"I have had you always with me," said the father, "but your brother has been lost and is found." It is right that we should be glad and make a feast to welcome him."

Lesson 32.

Aim: Love.
Story: A Friend in Need, page 364.
Incident: The Daughter of Jairus.

"Jesus! Jesus! Where shall I find Jesus?" cried a rich man named Jairus, running from house to house. "Tell me where I may find Jesus, that He may heal my dear little daughter."

"Have you not heard of the great feast at Matthew's house?" the people said. "Jesus is there with His disciples."

Jairus did not wait to hear any more, but ran off to Matthew's house, and threw himself at Jesus' feet.

"My daughter!—my dear little daughter!—she is dying! Come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live!"

Jesus did not say, "I cannot come now; I will come by-and-by;" but rose up directly from the table and went with Jairus.

And as He went great crowds followed Him.

And a woman in the crowd, who had been ill a long time and had been to a great many doctors, but none of them could cure her, said, "Oh, if I may only touch a little bit of his dress, I know I shall be made quite well." Then she reached out her hand and touched Jesus very gently.

But Jesus knew someone had touched Him, and turned round and said:

"Who touched me?"

Then the woman was afraid and ran round and threw herself before Him, and told why she had touched Him. But, instead of scolding her or driving her away, He said, kindly:

"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

While He was speaking these words to the woman, some people came out of a house near by, and said to Jairus:

"Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. It is of no use for Him to come now.

"Be not afraid," said Jesus to the rich man, Jairus. "Only believe, and I will make the little maid alive again."

So He went into the house, and into a room where the rich man's little daughter was lying.

"Weep not," He cried to the people standing about the room. "She is not dead but sleepeth."

"Not dead!" they cried out all together. "Not dead! Then why is she so white and cold and still?"

And they laughed and mocked at Jesus.

But when Jesus had sent all these people away, and none but the father and the mother, and two of the disciples, were left with

Him in the room, Jesus went up to the bed, and took the little cold hand in His own and said:

"Maid, arise!"

The little maid heard Jesus, and arose and went to her father and mother; and Jesus told them to give her something to eat, and went quietly away.

Second Grade.

Lesson 29.

Subject: Obedience.
Bible Story: "The Three Hebrew Children." Dan. 3.
Supplementary Story: "Mr. Gilmore's Test." page 361.

THE THREE HEBREW CHILDREN.

The great King Nebuchadnezzar had seen the power of God shown when Daniel told his dream, and in other ways; but still he was not willing to serve the only true God, nor did he wish others to do so. He made a great golden image, and set it up in a plain, and sent for all the great men in the kingdom to come and bow down and worship it. When they had all come together, one of the king's men stood up and called to the people:

"O, all ye people, the king commands that when you shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, and other musical instruments, you shall bow down and worship the great golden image he has set up, and whoever does not worship it, shall be cast into a burning, fiery furnace."

When he had finished, a great silence fell on the people; it was broken in a few minutes by the sounding of music, and the people fell down and worshiped the golden image; only three men remained standing, Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego. They had heard the king's orders, they knew what would happen to those who refused to worship the golden image; but they also knew that the Lord had said that they should not bow down to any images nor serve them, and they meant to obey the Lord, no matter what the cost might be. He was their God, the only true God and they would serve Him.

Some of the people noticed that these three did not fall down and bow to the image, and they hurried to the king with the news.

"O, King," they said; "it has been said that every man who shall hear the music sounded shall fall down and worship the image that has been placed there, and those who will not do so, shall be cast in a fiery furnace."

"It has been said," replied the king.

"And yet," they continued, "there are certain Jews, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who have been made rulers over some of the provinces, who will not serve our gods nor worship the golden image."

"Can this be so?" said the king. "Send the men to me."

Soon the Jews stood before him, and in angry tones, he asked:

"Is it true that you will not serve my gods nor worship the image I have set up?"

The men made no reply.

"You shall have one more chance," he said. "If you are ready, when you hear the music sounded, to fall down and worship this image, all shall be well; if you do not, then you shall be cast in the fiery furnace, and who is the God who shall deliver you from it?"

"O, king," the Jews answered, "the God whom we serve and obey is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace, and He will take us out of your hands. But if not, you must know, O, king, that we will not serve your gods nor worship the golden image."

Then the king was more angry than ever. He ordered that the furnace be heated seven times hotter than ever before, and that the three men should be thrown in. The furnace was heated as the king commanded, and the men bound and thrown into the midst of the fire. While the king was looking at it, he saw something that terrified him.

"Did we not have only three men bound and thrown in the furnace?" he asked his counselors.

"True, O, king," they answered.

"But now I see four men," said the king, "loose, and walking in the midst of the fire unharmed, and the form of one of them is like the Son of God."

Then the king called to the three Jews to come out of the fire. As they did so, the people gathered around them and found that not even a hair of their heads was singed, nor did their clothes smell of smoke. Then King Nebuchadnezzar gave orders that all his people should worship the God of Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego.

Lesson 30.

Subject: Courage.

Bible Story: "Daniel Delivered from the Lions." Dan. 6.

DANIEL DELIVERD FROM THE LIONS.

Daniel was with other kings of Babylon besides Nebuchad-

nezzar, and he was a favorite with all of them, and was made one of the chief rulers in the land. Many of the court officers, the princes, and noblemen, felt offended at having to be ruled by a Jew, and became so jealous of him that they began to think how they could get rid of him. They met together and discussed what they had better do.

"Well," said one of them, "it is no use to wait for Daniel to do anything wrong; he will not do that. The only thing we can do is to find something against him concerning his religion."

"Yes, that's so," said another, "but what can we find."

After a great deal of discussion, they at last decided what they would do. The presidents and princes went to the king and asked him to make a decree that no one should make any prayer or ask anything of God or man, except the king, for thirty days; and if anyone should do so, he should be thrown in the lions' den. They knew that Daniel prayed to God three times a day, and they knew also that he was such a brave man he would do whatever he thought was right, even if he had to suffer for it.

The king, not thinking that any harm would come of such a decree, and liking to have all the people ask him for everything, signed it, and all the people were told what the king had done.

Daniel heard of this order, but he did not let it hinder him. The windows of his room faced Jerusalem, the place he remembered with such love, the place where the Temple was, and three times each day he opened his window, and turning his face toward Jerusalem, prayed to his Heavenly Father.

The officers of the court were watching, and as soon as they found Daniel at his prayers, they hurried to the king with the news.

"O, king," they said, "have you not made a decree that no man shall ask for anything of anybody but you for thirty days; and if anyone shall do so, he shall be cast in a den of lions?"

"The thing is true," said the king, "and, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, it cannot be changed."

"But," they continued, "Daniel, who was brought captive out of Judah, does not heed the command you have made; three times every day he prayes to his God, just as he has always done."

Then the king was very sorry that he had made such a decree, and all day he tried to save Daniel; but he was forced to keep his own law, and ordered that the prophet be cast into the lions' den. He must have believed that God had power to help Daniel; for he said to him: "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

As soon as Daniel was put in the den, a large stone was placed over the opening, and the king put his seal upon it, so that it could not be moved without his knowing it. Then he went to

his palace, but he could neither eat nor sleep; he could do nothing but think of Daniel. Hour after hour passed by, and as soon as morning came, the king hurried to the den and called out anxiously:

"O, Daniel, servant of the living God, whom thou servest continually, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?"

From the depths of the awful den came the calm reply, "My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

This made the king very happy, and he had Daniel set free, and then he publicly declared that the God of Daniel should be honored throughout the land.

What decree did the king make? How could this affect Daniel? Why did he not obey the orders of the king? How did he show that he was brave? What happened to him? We have chances to be brave also. If some one dares us to do something which we should not do, what will we do if we are brave? Sometimes things are broken by us, and we are afraid of being punished. How shall we show that we are brave then?

Lesson 31.

Subject: Prayer.

Review the story of The Brave Apostle, (February number).

Bible Story: "Peter Released from Prison." Acts 12.

PETER RELEASED FROM PRISON.

Peter, the brave apostle, still went around preaching the gospel and performing miracles, and doing much good.

King Herod began persecuting those who believed in Jesus; he killed James, one of the apostles, with the sword, and because he saw it pleased the people, he took Peter, and put him in prison, setting soldiers to watch over him by night and by day, that he should not get away. After the Feast of the Passover, he intended to bring Peter out of prison and put him to death.

The people in the church at Jerusalem fasted and prayed that Peter's life might be spared and that he might be with them again.

One night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers. He was bound with two chains that were fastened to the soldiers' hands, so that if he moved they would know it. All at once a light shone in the prison, and an angel touched Peter's side and wakened him.

"Rise up, quickly," said the angel.

The soldiers did not waken; the chains fell off from Peter's hands.

"Dress yourself, put on your sandals, and follow me," said the angel.

Peter followed him, but he thought it was only a dream, or a vision. He did not think he was really going out of prison. When they passed the guard of soldiers they came to the iron gate that led into the city. It opened to them of its own accord, and they went out and walked on through the first street, and then the angel left him.

Peter now had time to think of what had been done, and he said to himself:

"Now I surely know that the Lord has sent His angel to save me from Herod and from the Jews, who expected to kill me."

He hurried to the house of his friends, where they had gathered together praying for him. As Peter knocked at the gate, a young woman came to see who it was. When she heard his voice, she was so glad that she forgot to open the gate for him, but ran back and told those in the house that Peter was there.

"You must be mad," they said; "Peter is in prison."

But she still said it was surely Peter.

"It must be his spirit," they said.

Peter kept knocking; and when they opened the door and saw him, they were astonished. But he motioned with his hand that they should be still, and he told them how the Lord had brought him out of prison. And he said, "Go and tell these things to the other apostles," and he left them and went to another place.

As soon as it was morning, the soldiers wondered where Peter had gone, for they had been in a sleep so deep that they had seen nothing of what had been done. When Peter could not be found, the king had the guards punished.

Why was Peter put in prison? Why did his friends fast and pray? How was Peter released from prison? We have a day on which we fast and pray? What is the name of that day? Why do we fast and pray? What else is done on Fast Day? When we desire a blessing of the Lord, we ask Him for it. This is called prayer; but in our prayer we should not only ask for blessings. What else should we do? In what ways can we show the Lord we are grateful for His blessings.

(Tell some instances of answer to prayer that has come within your own knowledge, and let the children also tell of having their prayers answered.)

Lesson 32.

Subject: Repentance.
Review the story of "Conversion of Saul."
Bible Story: "Paul and Silas in Prison." Acts 16: 19—24.
Supplementary Story: "Lydia Emma's Temptation." page 366

PAUL AND SILAS IN PRISON.

Day after day Saul (who is also called Paul) went around preaching, telling the people that Jesus was the Son of God. He was so sorry for having been cruel to those who believed in Jesus that he could not do enough to show them he was truly repentant.

The Jews did not like to have him preach for Jesus after he had been helping them persecute the Christians, as they called those who believed in Jesus, and they tried to kill him. They knew where he was staying, and day and night they watched for him, to take him when he should go through the gates of the city. But his friends heard of it and one night let him down in a basket from the window that was over the wall, so that he escaped out of Damascus and afterwards went to Jerusalem.

When he came to Jerusalem, he went to the Apostles who were there, because, instead of hating them, as he used to do, he loved them and wanted to be with them; but they were all afraid of him, and would not believe that he was himself one of the disciples. Was he not the same man who had done so much harm? At last one of his friends brought him to the apostles, and told them how Saul had seen Jesus on his journey, and had afterwards preached the gospel boldly in Damascus. Then they took Saul, and he preached with them. But some of the Jews here, like those at Damascus, made up their minds to kill him; so the apostles sent him to another place.

Then Paul and his companions, whom the Lord had called, went from place to place preaching the gospel and doing much good.

While he was preaching one day, the people became angry and took them before the rulers.

"These Jews are making great trouble in our city," they said, "teaching things to the people which it is not right for them to do." Then the rulers ordered that they should be beaten. After they had been beaten with many stripes, they were put in prison, and the jailer was told to keep them safely. So he took them into an inner prison, and made their feet fast in heavy pieces of wood, so that they could not get away.

Paul and Silas sat there, without complaining. In the middle of the night, they prayed and sang praises to God, and the other prisoners heard them. Suddenly there was a great earthquake, which shook the whole prison, and immediately all the doors opened, and the chains which bound the prisoners fell from them. The jailer, waking out of his sleep, and seeing the doors of the prison open, was afraid that he would be put to death for letting his prisoners get away, and would have killed himself. But Paul cried to him, "Do not harm yourself, for we are all here."

Then the jailer called for a light, and came trembling into the

dungeon where Paul and Silas were, and kneeling down before them, cried:

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

Then Paul told him about Jesus and what was right for him to do; and he preached to the jailer and his family, who all believed what they were told.

Paul and Silas were taken to the house of the jailer, who bathed their wounds and brought them food, and did all he could for their comfort, and that night he and his family were all baptized.

In the morning the rulers sent some officers to the prison to tell the jailer to let Paul and Silas go. The jailer told Paul. The Jews were servants of the Romans, but Paul's father had been made a free Roman, and Paul also was one. So he said:

"They have taken us, who are Romans, and although no harm has been proved against us, have beaten us before all the people. If they want to let us go, let the rulers themslves come and take us out, that the people may know we were unjustly put in prison and beaten."

The rulers were afraid when they heard that Paul was a Roman, and came and begged him earnestly to go out of the city. After they had met the disciples in the city, and had talked with them and comforted them, Paul and Silas went on their journey.

Why was Saul so sorry for what he had done? How did he show that he was truly sorry? How did the jailer show that he repented? How should we feel when we have been unkind or have done any wrong? What is the best way to show we are sorry? What must we do besides being sorry?

Third Grade.

Lesson 29.

Review of Previous Lesson.

Aim: Power of God Made Manifest.

Topics for Class:

1. The Woman With the Evil Spirit.

Reference: The Acts 16: 16—24.

And a young woman who had an evil spirit, and who earned much money for her masters by pretending to tell persons what would happen to them in the future, followed Paul and his companions, and cried out, saying, These men are the servants of

God, who show us the way to be saved. This she did for many days. But Paul, being troubled that she followed them, turned and said to the evil spirit, I commend thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of her. And the spirit came out that same hour.

When the masters of the young woman saw that she was made well and could no longer earn money for them by repeating what the evil spirit said, they were angry, and caught Paul and Silas, and brought them before the rulers, saying, These men, who are Jews, do greatly trouble our city, and teach the people things which is not right for them to do. Then the people of Philippi rose up against them, and the rulers commanded that they should be scourged. And after they had beaten them with many stripes they put them in prison, telling the jailer to keep them safely. He therefore took them into the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks, or heavy pieces of wood, so they might not escape.

2. The Conversion of the Jailor.

Reference: The Acts 16: 25—34.

In the middle of the night Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises to God, and the other prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, which shook the whole prison, and immediately all the doors opened, of their own accord, and the chains that bound the prisoners fell from them. And the keeper of the prison, waking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, and fearing that he would be put to death for allowing the prisoners to escape, drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing they had fled. But Paul cried to him, with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.

Then the jailor called for a light and came trembling into the dungeon where Paul and Silas were, and kneeling down before them, cried, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? They answered him, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Then they told him and all who were in his house about the Savior, and preached the gospel to them. And they believed, and were all of them baptized. That same hour of the night the jailor took Paul and Silas, and washed the wounds that had been made when they were beaten. He brought food also, and set it before them, that they might eat. And the jailor was filled with joy, because he and his family were made Christians, and had their sins forgiven them.

3. Paul a Free Roman.

Reference: The Acts 16: 35—40.

In the morning the rulers sent some officers to the prison who

said to the jailor, Let those men go. Then the jailor told Paul, saying, The rulers have sent to let you go. Now, the Jews, as we have read, were servants to the Romans. Yet Paul's father, although he was a Jew, had been made free. We are not told whether he bought his freedom for money, or receivd it as a reward from the Emperor, for doing something that pleased him. But because his father was made a free Roman, Paul also was one. And it was against the law to scourge a free Roman. So when the rulers sent officers to say he might go, Paul answered, They have taken us who are Romans, and although no harm has been proved against us, have beaten us, before all the people. If then, they want us to go, let the rulers come themselves and take us out, so that the people may know we were unjustly scourged and cast into prison.

When the rulers heard that Paul was a Roman they were afraid lest they might by punished for what they had done to him; and they came and begged him earnestly to go out of the city. Then he and Silas left the prison and came into the house of Lydia; after they had met with the disciples there, and talked with them, to comfort them, they departed from Philippi and went on their journey.

4. Continued Persecution.

Reference: The Acts 17: 1—9.

And they came to another city of Macedonia called Thessalonica, where was a synagogue. And Paul, for three Sabbath days, went into it and preached to the Jews, as he used to do in every city; explaining the Scriptures to them and showing, from what the prophets had written, that Jesus was the Savior. And some of them believed, and many of the Gentiles also.

But the Jews, who would not believe, being angry because they saw others believe, took wicked men with them and made an uproar in the city, and went to the house where Paul and Silas stayed, to bring them out to the people. When they could not find them, they caught the man to whom the house belonged, whose name was Jason, and brought him before the rulers, saying, The men called Christians, who have made such trouble and confusion in other cities, have come here also. They disobey the decrees of Ceasar, and they say there is another king named Jesus. Yet Jason had taken them into his house. Then the rulers made Jason promise that Paul and Silas should cause no more disturbance among the people, and afterward they let him go. But the brethren, that is, the men who were Chritsians in Thessalonica, sent Paul and Silas away by night to another city called Berea.

Lesson 30.

Review of Previous Lesson.
Aim: Humility.
Topics for Class:

1. The Jews in Berea.
Reference: The Acts 17: 10—14.

When Paul and Silas came to Berea they went into the synagogue to preach to the Jews. Now, the Jews in Berea were more willing to learn than those in Thessalonica, for they listened to the gospel, and after hearing it, they read every day, in the Scriptures, to see whether the things that Paul and Silas told them out of prophets were true. Therefore many of them believed, and of the Gentiles also, both men and women, not a few. But when the Jews who had driven Paul away from Thessalonica, heard that he was preaching in Berea, they came there to stir up the people against him. Then the brethren sent him away from Berea, but Silas and Timothy stayed there still.

2. Paul in Athens.
Reference: The Acts 17: 15—21.

And the men who went with Paul brought him to Athens, which was the chief city of a country called Greece. The people of Athens were considered the wisest people living at that time, and were known all over the world for their learning; yet they worshiped false gods. They made beautiful statues of these, and built splendid temples and altars to them in different parts of their city. But among the altars was one with these words on it, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. For though they had many gods, the people felt there was one God whom they had never learned about. Therefore they built this altar to Him.

And as Paul passed through the streets of Athens he saw that the city was full of idols. This grieved him at his heart; and he preached not only to the Jews in their synagogues, but he went every day to the market-place, where the people of the city met, and explained the gospel to them. When the philosophers, or wise men of Athens, heard him, some of them asked, What is it that this fellow says? Others answered, He seems to be telling about some new and strange god. They said this, because he preached about Jesus and the resurrection. Then they took him and brought him to a place where the chief court of Athens met, on a hill called Mars' Hill, in the center of the city; and they said to him, Tell us now what this gospel is which thou art preaching; for thou dost speak strange words, and we would like to know what

they mean. For the people of Athens spent all their time in doing nothing else but either in telling, or hearing, some new thing.

3. Paul Praches Against the Worship of Idols.

Reference: Acts 17: 23—34.

Then Paul stood up, and said, Ye men of Athens, I see that you think a great deal about the gods which you worship; for as I walked through your city, looking at your temples, your altars, and your images, I saw an altar with these words written on it: TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. That God, therefore, whom you worship without knowing Him, I now want to tell you of.

Then Paul told them that God, who made the world, and made them, did not live in temples such as they built, neither was He like the idols of gold, and silver, and stone, which were made by men's hands. While the people knew no better than to worship such idols, Paul said, God had not destroyed them for doing it, but had allowed them to live, and had given them food and clothing and everything they needed. But now he told all men to worship idols no more, commanding them to repent of their sins and believe in Jesus, because he had appointed a day when He would send him to judge them; and God had given them a proof that He would do this, by raising Jesus up from the dead.

When the men of Athens heard Paul speak of the resurrection, or the rising up from the dead, some of them would not listen to his words, and mocked him, but others said, We will hear thee speak again of this matter. Yet a number of those who had heard him believed, among whom was Dionysius, one of the members of the chief court of Athens, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

4. Paul Works at Tent Making.

Reference: Acts 18: 1—6.

After these things, Paul left Athens and came to the city of Corinth. And he found there a Jew named Aquila, with his wife Priscilla. The Jews used always to teach their sons some business or trade, while they were young, so that they would be able when they grew older, to support themselves. Paul had been taught, while young, to be a tent-maker; and though now he was an apostle, whenever he was in want, he made tents for his living. And because Aquila was also a tent-maker, Paul went to stay and work with him. But every Sabbath day he came into the synagogue, and taught the people, persuading both the Jews and the Gentiles to believe in the Savior. When the Jews contradicted him, and spoke wickedly of Jesus, he said to them, I have done my duty in telling you of him. If you will not be saved, the fault is your own. From this time I will go and preach to the Gentiles.

Lesson 31.

Aim: Blessings Always Follow Obedience to the Gospel.

Topics for Class:

1. Protection Promised.

Reference: The Acts 18: 7—17.

Now, Corinth, like Athens, was a great city, but the people who lived there were wicked. Yet the Lord spoke to Paul in the night, in a vision, and told him that many of them would become Christians; and he commanded Paul to speak boldly and without fear. For, the Lord said, I am with thee to take care of thee, and no man shall hurt thee. Paul stayed in Corinth a year and six months, preaching to the people. But the Jews of that city who would not believe, rose up against him and brought him before the governor, saying, This fellow teaches men to worship God in a way that is wrong.

When Paul was going to answer them, the governor said to those who brought him, If this man had done something that was really wicked, it would be right that I should hear what you have to say against him. But if it be only a question about your religion, you may attend to it yourselves, for I will not be a judge between you in such matters. And he drove them away. Then the Gentiles, being angry at the Jews for persecuting Paul, took the chief ruler of the synagogue and beat him, even before the governor. Yet the governor did not stop them, for he cared about none of those things.

2. Proper Order of Baptism.

Reference: The Acts 19: 1—6.

Paul went to Ephesus where he found some disciples and he talked to them about their belief in the Savior and then asked if they had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, since they had been baptized. But they answered, We have not heard that there be any Holy Ghost. Then Paul asked them how they were baptized, and they told him, according to John's baptism. This was the John who baptized people before Jesus began to preach and who told them that he could baptize with water, but there would one come after him who would baptize with water and with fire. He meant Jesus who would bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost. Paul explained this to the disciples at Ephesus, and they were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. And when Paul had laid his hands upon their heads, the Holy Ghost came upon them; and they spake in tongues and prophesied.

3. Power of God.

Reference: The Acts 19: 8—12.

Paul stayed in Ephesus for three years, preaching the gospel, until all the people in that part of Asia, both Jews and Gentiles, heard it. And when any of the people would speak evil of Paul and his religion, he would leave them and, keeping his disciples together, would preach to them the principles of the gospel. And God gave him power to do wonderful miracles, so that handkerchiefs, or aprons, which he had touched, when taken to persons who were sick, or had evil spirits, made them well.

4. Incident in Life of Prophet Joseph.

Reference: Leaves from My Journal—Wilford Woodruff.

While I was living in a cabin in the old barracks, we experienced a day of God's power with the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was a very sickly time, and Joseph had given up his home in Commerce to the sick, and had a tent pitched in his door-yard and was living in that himself. The large number of Saints who had been driven out of Missouri, were flocking into Commerce; but had no homes to go into, and were living in wagons, in tents and on the ground. Many, therefore, were sick through the exposure they were subjected to. Brother Joseph had waited on the sick, until he was worn out and nearly sick himself.

On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, he arose, reflecting upon the situation of the Saints of God in their persecutions and afflictions, and he called upon the Lord in prayer, and the power of God rested upon him mightily, and as Jesus healed all the sick around him in his day, so Joseph, the Prophet of God, healed all around on this occasion. He healed all in his house and door-yard, then in company with Sidney Rigdon and several of the Twelve, he went among the sick lying on the bank of the river, and he commanded them in a loud voice in the name of Jesus Christ, to come up and be made whole, and they were all healed. When he healed all who were sick on the east side of the river, they crossed the Mississippi river in a ferry-boat to the west side, to Montrose, where we were. The first house they went into was President Brigham Young's. He was sick on his bed at the time. The Prophet went into his house and healed him,and they all came out together. As they were passing by my door, Brother Joseph said: "Brother Woodruff, follow me." These were the only words spoken by the company from the time they left Brother Brigham's house till we crossed the public square, and entered Brother Fordham's house. Brother Fordham had been dying for an hour, and we expected each minute would be his last.

I felt the power of God that was overwhelming His Prophet. When we entered the house, Brother Joseph walked up to Brother Fordham and took him by the right hand; in his left hand he held

his hat. He saw that Brother Fordham's eyes were glazed, and that he was speechless and unconscious.

After taking hold of his hand, he looked down into the dying man's face and said: "Brother Fordham, do you not know me?" At first he made no reply; but we could all see the effect of the Spirit of God resting upon him. He again said: "Elijah, do you not know me?"

With a low whisper, Brother Fordham answered, "Yes."

The Prophet then said, "Have you not faith to be healed?" The answer, which was a little plainer than before, was: "I am afraid it is too late. If you had come sooner, I think it might have been." He had the appearance of a man waking from sleep. It was the sleep of death.

Joseph then said: "Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?"

"I do, Brother Joseph," was the response.

Then the Prophet of God spoke with a loud voice, as in the majesty of the Godhead: "Elijah, I command you, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, to arise and be made whole!"

The words of the Prophet were not like the words of man, but like the voice of God. It seemed to me that the house shook from its foundation.

Elijah Fordham leaped from his bed like a man raised from the dead. A healthy color came to his face, and life was manifested in every act.

His feet were done up in Indian meal poultices. He kicked them off his feet, scattered the contents, and then calld for his clothes and put them on. He asked for a bowl of bread and milk and ate; then put on his hat and followed us into the street, to visit others who were sick. * * *

As soon as we left Brother Fordham's house, we went into the house of Joseph B. Noble, who was very low and dangerously sick. When we entered the house, Brother Joseph took him by the hand and commanded him, in the name of Jesus Christ, to arise and be made whole. He did arise and was immediately healed. * * *

When we left Brother Noble, the Prophet Joseph went, with those who accompanied him from the other side, to the banks of the river, to return home.

While waiting for the ferry-boat, a man of the world, knowing of the miracles which had been performed, came to him and asked him if he would not go and heal two twin children of his, about five months old, who were both lying sick nigh unto death. They were some two miles from Montrose.

The Prophet said he could not go; but, after pausing some time, he said he would send someone to heal them; and he turned to me and said: "You go with the man and heal his children."

He took a red silk handkerchief out of his pocket and gave it to me, and told me to wipe their faces with the handkerchief when I administered to them, and they should be healed. He also said unto me: "As long as you will keep that handkerchief, it shall remain a league between you and me."

I went with the man, and did as the Prophet commanded me, and the children were healed.

I have possession of the handkerchief unto this day—Wilford Woodruff, in "Leaves From My Journal."

Lesson 32.

Aim: That Preaching the True Gospel Produces the Same Results in Latter Days.

Topics for Class:

1. Pretended Power.

Reference: The Acts 9: 13—20.

Some idle Jews who spent their time in wandering about from one place to another, pretended that they could cast out evil spirits also, and they spoke to them as Paul did, saying, We command you in Jesus' name to come out. There were seven brothers who did this; but the evil spirit answered them, and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the men in whom the evil spirit was, leaped on them and beat them, so that they fled out of the house wounded and with their clothes torn from them. And all the people heard of it, and many who had been wicked, believed, and came to Paul confessing the evil they had done. Others who before that time had deceived the people, pretending they could work by magic, brought the books which taught about such things, and burned them where all the people could see it. And when they had counted up the cost of the books, they found it to be fifty thousand pieces of silver. Yet the men to whom they belonged were willing to destroy them, rather than to continue to use them in doing what they knew would offend God.

2. The Worship of Diana.

Reference: The Acts 19: 24—27.

Now, the people of Ephesus worshiped an idol which they pretended had fallen down from heaven. Its name was Diana; and they had in their city a very splendid temple where this idol was kept. The temple was built of cedar and cypress-wood, and of marble and gold. The people were two hundred and twenty years in building it. It was known among all nations, and per-

sons from every land came to visit it; for it was thought to be one of the most beautiful and wonderful things in the world.

There were men at Ephesus who made little copies of this temple out of silver, with an image of Diana inside. These were called shrines. The men who made them sold them to the people, and in this way earned much money. One of the men was named Demetrius. When he heard Paul telling the people that they should not worship idols, and saw that many were obeying what Paul said, Demetrius called together all the men who made silver shrines for Diana, and said to them, Sirs, you know that it is by making these that we get our wealth. Now, you have heard that both here in Ephesus, and in almost every other city of Asia, this Paul has persuaded many persons, telling them that those are false gods which are made with men's hands. So there is danger, not only that we cannot sell our shrines, but also that the great goddess Diana shall not be worshiped any longer, and that the people will come to her beautiful temple no more.

3. Excitement in Ephesus.

Reference: The Acts 19: 28—34.

When the workmen heard what Demetrius said, they were filled with rage, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! And the whole city was soon in confusion. Then the workmen, having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, two men who had come with Paul to Ephesus, rushed altogether into the theater. When Paul wanted to go in and speak with them, the disciples would not let him, fearing that harm might be done to him. Some of the chief men of the city also, who were his friends, sent him word not to go. For the people were in a great uproar, some of them crying one thing and some another; yet many who had followed the workmen into the theater did not know why they had come. The Jews also came there to speak against Paul; and one of them, named Alexander, stood up and motioned with his hand for the people to be still and listen to what he said; yet they would not, but all the multitude cried out together, for about two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

4. The Town-clerk Speaks for Order.

Reference: The Acts 19: 34—40.

Then one of the chief officers of the city, called the town clerk, came in among them and, as soon as they were quiet, spoke to them, saying, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there among you who does not know that the people of our city are worshipers of the great goddess Diana, and of her image that fell down from heaven? Now, as no one denies this, you ought to be careful, and do nothing in anger. For you have brought here the men called

Christians, who have not robbed your temple nor spoke evil of your goddess. Therefore if Demetrius, and the workmen who are with him, have any complaint to make against them, let him go before the court and prove what evil they have done. For we are in danger of being blamed by our rulers for this day's disturbance, because we can give no reason why it should have been made. When the town-clerk had spoken these words, he sent the people away.

A haze on the far horizon—
The infinite, tender sky—
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

OCTOBER.

Sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

BE GLAD.

"Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee.
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

"Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

—Selected.

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BOBBY JENNER'S PETITION TO THE GOVERNOR.

It was the slack time at the postoffice—the hour just before noon, when the morning mail had all been distributed, and the clerks were chatting sociably or reading the morning papers.

The girl at the general delivery window was startled by the sudden inquiry: "Say, is they anything for the Jenners?"

Looking through the window she saw a boy, with big, brown eyes, just on a level with the shelf outside.

She took down the package of letters remaining in the general delivery box, looked all through them, then shook her head, and the boy turned away with a disappointed look.

In the afternoon, after the crowd had left the office, he came again and called up the girl: "Is they anything for the Jenners yet?"

The girl shook her head, but he was not convinced. "Look for Bobby Jenner," he said. "Maybe you didn't look for that name."

She knew there was no such name in the package of letters, but to humor the little fellow she looked carefully through them and answered, kindly: "Not yet; perhaps it will come tomorrow."

In the days that followed the boy came twice a day, and the question: "Is there anything for the Jenners?" came to be a familiar sound in the postoffice, and the clerks listened for it with much amusement, but the girl at the window came to dread it.

She was haunted by the mournful look that came into his eyes every time she shook her head, and tried to console him one day by saying: "Your letter will surely come soon; you have been expecting it so long."

"Letter," he said, scornfully, "I never said I wanted a letter; I want a bundle, and I want it pretty soon, too. I've been 'specting it a long time ,and—and—I'm just tired of you shaking your head, I am." The defiant little voice ended with something very like a sob.

The girl at the office window was accustomed to hearing

complaints from people larger than Bobby, who wanted their mail and wanted it pretty soon, too; but none of them ever affected her as this one did.

She came through the door into the outer office, and taking Bobby's hand asked kindly: "Had you written to some one to send you something?"

Seeing the look of sympathy on her face, he told her all about it. "You see, it's this way: Mamma used to let me write to Santa Claus and tell him what I wanted at Christmas time, and I always got something—that was when I was a little feller" (straightening back his shoulders). "My teacher has been telling me about the man that runs Thanksgiving, and she read a letter he had in the papers telling the people when to Thanksgiving and all that, and I asked her was he a real sure-enough man. She just laughed, and then she showed me his picture in the paper, and he was a man 'thout no white beard like Santa's, and she said they call him Gov'nor. He looked so kind and good out of his eyes, I just thought maybe he would help us a little if he knew how hard up we was this fall. Mamma can't wash as much as she used to, and I can't help much yet, so I wrote a letter to the Guv'nor one day when mamma had gone to the judge's to help clean house. I made my en-vl'up out of paper like I wrote my letter on; the teacher in the first room showed me how, but it didn't stick good, and I'm afraid it lost my letter out and the Guv'nor didn't get it, and it's only one more week till Thanksgiving."

His voice trembled, and the girl turned her head for a moment to give him a chance to choke back his tears.

"Where did you mail your letter?" she asked.

He pointed to a tiny crack under the shelf of the general delivery window. "Right here," he said. "I couldn't reach the holes where the big folks put their letters."

The girl told him to run along home and be patient, and pulling out the stamp drawer reached in behind it and found a crumpled paper. It was Bobby's letter to the Guv'nor.

It dropped out of the envelope into her lap, and she read the pitiful appeal; then taking a sheet of paper she wrote:

Dear Sir: This important letter has been mislaid in our office, but I hope it is not too late for you to answer it before Thanksgiving. Yours very truly,

"THE GIRL AT THE OFFICE WINDOW."

She folded this inside Bobby's letter, fastened the corners of the brown envelope with mucilage, addressed it properly, and

taking a stamp from her stamp book put it on the corner. She took out her purse and counted her scanty savings; then she put a dime in the stamp drawer and put a special delivery stamp on the brown envelope, too.

The Governor's mail was brought to him at breakfast time. In the package was the queer brown envelope, and the Governor opened it first out of curiosity. He read it through once and smiled. He read it again and whistled softly; then the children called for an explanation, and he read aloud:

"Dear Guv'nor: I am a boy, but I am not afrade of you, for you look good out of yore eyes. The teacher told me about you bein' the man that run Thanksgivin' and I tho't you w'u'd want all yore pe'ple to have a good time and we an't got enny turkey or enny thing like the teacher read about the pe'ple hav'n'. I don't ker much for them things if you an't got enuff to go 'round, but mamma needs a new dress offel bad, and a shall, she an't got enny to keep her warm when we carry the close home; and I an't got no over cote or mitt'ns; but if you an't got enny my sise it's all rite. I am just past 8, but I am tolabul big to my age. I w'u'dn't ask for so much, but I an't got no papa like the other boys, and I tho't you w'u'd see that we w'u'd need more help than boys that's got papas. I ast mamma onct why I ain't got no papa and she cried and sed he went away when I was a baby, and an't got back. Ple'se send these things if you got plenty, so we can thanksgive, to,

"Yore fr'end, BOBBY JENNER.

P. S.—I like candy, but I don't ever have enny."

When the Governor had finished reading the letter he was besieged by the children: "You will, won't you, papa? You won't disappoint the little fellow; just think, he knew you were so good just from seeing your picture. Say, let us get the things; we can fit the overcoat and mittens on our Robby, he's just past eight, and big for his age; and, oh, papa, won't you let us send some things he didn't ask for?"

The children were all talking at once.

"Hold on," said the Governor. "I haven't said that I would send the things that he did ask for yet."

His own Robby looked up into his face and said, gravely: "I think you won't be good like your picture looks if you don't."

This speech settled the question, and fourteen-year-old Winifred was appointed chairman of the purchasing committee by the Governor, who gave her a bill that sent them all flying at him, until he fled down the steps to keep from being smothered by their rapturous embraces.

Bobby Jenner and his Thanksgiving became the topic at breakfast, dinner and supper, until the Governor and his wife became almost as interested as the children.

Oh, the bargains the purchasing committee found in the hours after school! There was a soft, warm shawl, two patterns of percale for wrappers, nice mittens and overcoat that fitted plump Robby perfectly, so, of course, they would fit Bobby Jenner.

At the end of the week the committee agreed that they had never had so good a time in their lives before.

The Governor came home with an important air one night, and, calling the children around him, told them the good news that Bobby's father was going home for Thanksgiving.

"Going home; where has he been?" were the eager questions, and the Governor answered, sadly: "Jenner made a mistake one time, and they sent him away from home for a long time, to make him sorry for it."

"Oh, papa, has he been in prison?" asked Winifred, in an awed tone.

The Governor nodded; then he told them how very sorry Jenner had been for the wrong he had done, and they were letting him out before his sentence was out, on account of his good behavior. He had been to see Jenner and had shown Bobby's letter to him, and Jenner had cried like a baby over it.

When the children showed the Governor the huge bundle they had ready to send, he said it would never go through the mail. Their faces clouded, for they had talked so much of Bobby's surprise, when he asked for his mail, and the girl at the window gave him the bundle.

All at once quick-witted Winifred thought of a plan to overcome the difficulty.

"We will have Bobby's father come here for the bundle when he starts home; he can go to the postoffice and wait for Bobby and carry the bundle home, and won't Bobby's mamma be surprised?"

This plan met the approval of the committee and it was settled.

In the meantime Bobby trudged to the office every day, morning and evening and asked: "Ain't they anything for Jenners yet?" His tone grew discouraged, and the girl at the window found it hard work to comfort him. She felt a bitter resentment toward the Governor, who had paid no heed to the little fellow's appeal.

Thanksgiving morning came; Jenner called early at the Governor's home, feeling awkward and ill at ease in his new suit and his freedom.

The children had fastened a basket to the huge bundle, in it was a turkey; plump and yellow, packed in with oranges, nuts and candies.

The committee shook hands with Jenner, wishing him a glad Thanksgiving; they sent messages to Bobby, and sent Jenner out into the world with a brave heart.

Jenner took the early train for home, and when he reached the town he went straight to the postoffice. Going to the general delivery window, he asked the girl if she was the person who had forwarded a letter to the Governor. She answered "Yes," in a surprised tone; then he showed her the bundle and told her that he was Bobby's father.

The girl was delighted with the good news, and asked Jenner to wait outside the office.

Bobby was later than usual; he came with a lagging step and a sad little face. Jenner caught his breath hard as he saw his baby, grown so large. Bobby did not ask the usual question, but looking up into the girl's kind face said: "I guess it ain't no use to ask; it's too late now, and I guess they ain't ever going to be anything for the Jenners."

The girl came out of the office, followed by Jenner with the bundle. She showed Bobby the address in big letters and said: "You see the Governor sent you such a big Thanksgiving, he had to send a man to carry it home for you. Will you show him the way?" She laughed through her tears at the boy's glad surprise.

Bobby reached up and took the big man's hand confidingly; not knowing who it was, he led the way home, and there was glad Thanksgiving for "The Jenners."—Ladies' World.

LITTLE-THUNDER'S THANKSGIVING.

Some two hundred and fifty years ago, little Submit Eliot and brave young father and gentle mother had come to New England. At her old home in London the child had been carefully guarded and kept from the outer world, and Submit's vigorous character, having no space in which to branch out, had grown straight up, up, up.

Deep in the forest, many miles from the white men, Submit's kinsman, Apostle Eliot, taught and prayed with the Indians. And since the Indians had become friendly, the wild beasts had been driven back, and Submit was allowed to play where she would, after her daily tasks were done. At first she

was frightened at the tall pine trees, but soon she thought of them as her friends, and played and danced along with the laughing brook as it came dashing down over the moss-grown rocks.

She never could have told how long she had been frolicking in it, laughing at it, singing with it, when, suddenly, the bushes parted, and a young Indian boy, a few years older than herself, stood before her, arrayed in the queer moccasins, leggings reaching to his belt, and deer-skin robe which the Indians had learned to wear when visiting their white neighbors. The small savage was the most astonishing object, but Submit did not run away. The forest brook was not afraid, and the little girl waited.

"Welcome, Englis'," softly murmured the boy, trying to catch her mood before it should change, and to make her understand he was friendly.

Holding out a beautifully carved bow and a bundle of toy arrows, he added, gently: "Englis' shoot; Little-Thunder shoot."

Submit understood that he wanted to play with her, but not by a single movement did she show it. Even when Little-Thunder came two steps nearer and laid the playthings at her feet, Submit did not run, although she stood ready to do so.

"Little-Thunder, Little-Thunder," said the boy, pointing to himself. "Englis', name?" inquiringly.

"Submit," answered the little statue before him; then, as if her own voice had broken the spell, she backed slowly away from him down the path.

"Little-Thunder give Submit," cried the boy in despair, pointing to the bow and arrows; then, seeing that she would not take them, the little Indian left them there and walked proudly away.

When he had gone, Submit ran wildly back to the cabin. She was a silent child, and said nothing about her small adventure, but all night long the little brook sang in her dreams; and the playmates she had known in London came back to her, dressed like Little-Thunder and talked to her in their dream games in the broken English the Indian boy had learned. When she awoke she remembered the bow and arrows, and began to wish with all her heart she had tried them. Soon she was creeping past the tall pines, and when she reached the brook side, the bow and arrows still lay where Little-Thunder had haughtily left them. Submit picked them up eagerly. New toys were rare in her simple life. Carefully fitting an arrow, as Little-Thunder had done, she let it fly, then finding it and replacing it in the bundle, she danced home to perform her morning tasks.

Submit had tried to leave the bow and arrows exactly as she

had found them, but Little-Thunder, studying them an hour later, as he had already learned to study the tracks of wild things, danced and capered for joy to see that they had been used. He even found the broad leaf which the arrow had pierced when it flew into the bushes. Placing the handsomest feather from his store across the arrows, Little-Thunder lay down in the thicket to watch. When Submit returned, and, shyly accepting the gift, left the half of a cake she was eating in return, and then shot once, twice, thrice, with his bow and arrow, Little-Thunder could scarcely restrain his joy.

After that the friendship between the two children grew steadily stronger. Day after day, near Submit's cabin, at the door of the Indian's wigwam, or at the brook side, the city-bred child and the child of the forest played together. When they had learned to understand each other better, the boy told Submit many of the mysterious legends of the forest that he had learned from his grandmother at the camp-fire; and she, at her mother's suggestion, began to teach him the Bible stories and texts she knew so well.

One day, late in the fall, there came to Submit's home an old man with sharp, red-brown eyes and a soldierly bearing.

"'Tis the brave, wise captain, Miles Standish," murmured the mother, as she hurried to greet him. Even Little-Thunder knew Miles Standish, for many times the boy had been with his father to talk with Hobomok, the Indian who lived with the captain at his Duxbury home.

"Hast heard our excellent governor's proclamation for a Thanksgiving this day week?" asked Captain Standish abruptly, after the first greetings.

"Is't a holiday?" whispered Submit to her mother.

The old captain's ears were as sharp as his eyes. "Yes, child," he answered her. "The people of this colony care naught for the rude and boisterous holidays that gave license to mischief and folly in old England. They celebrate but two holidays—Thanksgiving and Fast Day. The first feast-day they did celebrate was, like this, a Thanksgiving for the harvest. Aye, that was a right royal week!"

"And I have heard that a company of near a hundred Indians were entertained at that time," said Submit's father.

"Verily, thou hast it right. Massasoit and his brother Quadequina with a suitable escort did accept our invitation, and did feast right merrily with us for near a week. Ha! 'twas a frightened hundred red men that watched our drill at arms the first afternoon. Right merrily did our cannon roar and musketry crack. Massasoit did seem amused, but Quadequina grew uneasy; and although he had brought us gifts a plenty and near

a bushel of popped corn, a delicacy many of us never before had seen, he straightway did wish to make greater gifts and did offer to lead our men on a hunt, which did so well succeed that before noon of the next day they had returned with venison to last the entire company four days. Of turkeys, too, we had a plenty, that our four best hunters had previously shot.

"Aye, 'twas a harvest for thanksgiving that year. But the years that followed—well, they are agone; 'tis best we should not think on them."

As soon as Captain Standish had returned home, Submit's father and mother began to plan how they might best celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

"Since it is our first harvest, and an abundant one, what say you, good wife, if we ask our kinsfolk and friends to feast with us that day?"

"'Twould be more pleasure than any feasting to see once more the faces we love gathered at our table, humble as it is," replied Dame Eliot. "And methinks our shy Submit will not find a few playfellows amiss for a day."

"What sayest thou, Submit?" laughed the young father merrily.

"Like mother, have them come," replied Submit eagerly; for Little-Thunder was the only child she had seen since early spring.

On Thanksgiving morning Submit was up with the birds that greet the sunrise, helping her mother make ready for the guests. Scarcely could she wait for their coming. But when they appeared, their abundant holiday spirit overflowing into jests and laughter, Submit found herself more afraid of them than she had ever been to go down the path into the woods.

"Come thou and play with us," called her cousins.

But Submit stood as silent and motionless as she had stood before Little-Thunder at their first meeting.

"Tag!" cried one of the girls, touching her. "Now thou shalt catch another."

But a slender sapling could as easily have uprooted itself and run after them.

Catch, catch, thou stupid!" cried a boy younger than Submit, daring her at barely an arm's length. "What is thy name?"

It was the same question with which the young savage of the wild-wood had won his first word from Submit. But Little-Thunder knew how to tame young foxes and could tempt young squirrels and robins to nibble from his hand and play with him, and from their wild hearts the boy had learned how to under-

stand a child like Submit; these children had neither his skill nor his patience.

"'Tis a sulky little maid; leave her to herself," they said at last. "We know games that may be played without her."

Thoughtlessly and merrily the other children sported together. Submit watched them wistfully for a time, then stole into the cabin, but her mother was too busy with her old friends to read the trouble in the child's eyes; and slowly turning away, Submit, more lonely with the guests than she had ever been by herself, wandered across the clearing down the path to the tall pines and the child-like brook.

But scarcely had she thrown herself face down among the mosses to sob out her keen disappointment, when Little-Thunder knelt down beside her. "White childs heap no good! Little-Thunder all play with Submit," he murmured, entering gently into her mood and gaining control of it. "White childs heap no good. All say—'He-e-e—Tag!—He-he-he-e-e!'" screamed Little-Thunder, imitating the voices of her little guests at play in a manner so absurd that Submit laughed in spite of herself.

"Sword Captain he tell 'bout red men bring eat for white men, Thanksgiving. Little-Thunder all make Submit Thanksgiving meat, heap like Massasoit, heap like Quadequina!"

"Submit like corn, like fish, like 'tato?" he inquired. "Come find Little-Thunder line and fish-hook."

He never before had shown her where these were hidden, but today he even trusted her to hold his line at the brook side while he stole about gathering wood for a fire, and the right kind of stones to heat it in. Then, his eyes sparkling with delight at her surprise, he brought from their hiding place the potatoes, and corn, and late blackberries with which he had planned to celebrate a Thanksgiving quite by himself after he had watched the white people's feast and learned just how it should be done. Suddenly the anxious face of Submit's father appeared above them.

"Is't thus, child, that thou dost leave thy guests to play alone with this boy of the forest?' he asked reproachfully.

Before Submit could find a word, Little-Thunder, standing straight up before her, answered in his gentle, respectful voice: "White childs heap no good at Submit. Make cry. Submit Thanksgiving with Little-Thunder, like Sword-of-the-White-Men Thanksgiving with Massasoit with Quadequina," pleadingly, "Little-Thunder give Submit heap good eat."

"But, child, mother would have thee by her side, to eat of the good things thy little hands have helped to prepare for our guests."

"Rather would I stay with Little-Thunder," murmured Submit.

"But, child, 'tis thy first Thanksgiving in New England. The feast meats are prepared that thou may'st in eating realize the abundance which our Heavenly Father has supplied us. I would have thee thankful."

"But, father, Little-Thunder is now a God-fearing boy. should he not be thankful, too?"

"Yes, verily, child," replied the father, wonderingly.

"Then I must feast with him as Miles Standish did with Massasoit; for how could Little-Thunder be thankful should I go? Thou wilt let me stay, dear father," whispered Submit.

"Truly, I cannot say thee nay. Thou shalt feast with Little-Thunder today."

"Good, heap good!" cried Little-Thunder, while Submit spoke all her gratitude with her eyes.

"And now, since I have given thee thy way, my little wild bird, can'st not find it in thy heart to come, after noon meat, with the young Indian to give thee courage, and listen to the grace after meat and join us in our games?"

But Submit's happy face clouded. "Oh, father," she gasped, and could say no more.

"Well, well, child, the day is for happiness, and of little value is the worship that cometh not from the heart. Thou shall kneel and worship with us, and from thy hiding place shall watch us at our games. Fare thee well, my Submit, be thankful and happy in thy strange feast."

Still smiling and yet somewhat disappointed, Stephen Eliot turned into the path to the clearing. He had gone but a few steps, however, when he heard Submit running lightly after him.

"And what now, wild bird?" he questioned.

"We would tell thee—Little-Thunder saith that thou, too, must be thankful," panted Submit, "and so to the grace after meat and to the games—we will come—Little-Thunder and I."—Selected.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Late in the afternoon, one Thanksgiving Day, some horses were standing in the barnyard about a large trough of water, from which each had been taking a good drink. There were two large gray team horses, Rob and Jim; a brown carriage horse, Gypsy, and one little black colt, Dexter.

"Ee, ee, ee!" whinnied Dexter, "I wish that Thanksgiving Day would last the whole year round."

"So do I," whinnied Gypsy.

"I know why you do," whinnied Rob. "It is because a little girl brought us each a nice apple which tasted so very good. Now, Dexter and Gypsy, we cannot expect apples to eat every day, but if we can think of something to be thankful for every day, I'm sure that Thanksgiving will stay in our hearts the whole year long."

"Let's all try to think of something," whinnied gray Jim, as he pawed the ground with one forefoot and shook his heavy mane.

Pretty soon he whinnied out loudly: "Oo-oo-oo! I'm thankful for the pavements in the road. Last summer the mud was so deep that we could hardly pull our heavy loads along, and we had to stop every little way to get a bit of rest; but now our loads roll along easily, and we team-horses have a pretty good time, especially when there is a nice bed to lie on at night, and plenty of good food to eat."

Gypsy threw up her head as she whinnied out: "I'm thankful for our kind master, who lets me go slowly up the steep hills, and who sometimes gets out to walk by my side when the load is too heavy."

"Ee-ee-ee!" whinnied little Dexter colt, while his heels went up so high in the air that it seemed he was trying to stand on his head: "I'm thankful for our warm barn now that it is getting so cold outside. Last summer it was very pleasant in the pasture, where my mother could eat grass while I played about her. There was a nice clump of trees under which we could hide away from the flies, and where we could stand close together and take long naps every afternoon. But summer went away after awhile and I never knew where it went to. Anyhow, the weather grew colder and colder, until one day some downy white things came thicker and faster than any flies we had ever seen. They just covered our coats, so that we looked like two white horses rather than two black ones before we could get under our clump of trees. We were not at all sorry to see our master coming with a halter in his hand. My mother was soon being led toward the barn, while I trotted along close behind her. Our coats were pretty wet by the time we reached the barn, but our master wiped them dry with whisps of hay before leaving us for the night."

"Well, I see," said Gray Rob, "that everyone has something to be thankful for."

Just then all heard a whistle from the barn, and all galloped over that way, each trying to be first in the race.—Cora E. Harris.

ON TRIAL.

Clifford Forbes was an orphan, his father and mother both dying before he had attained his second year. Since that time it had been his fate to eke out a miserable existence for four long, dreary years at the poorhouse, until a kind-hearted farmer, pitying the boy, had taken him out on trial.

"He's certainly a bright little fellow, but I don't know whether he is honest—that is what's bothering me," said the farmer, rather uneasily, one day to his wife, when the boy had been there about a week—a week of sunshine and happiness to the poor little orphan—and then the great black cloud came.

Farmer Fleetwood had a severe cough, which troubled him greatly at night, and on the bureau just beside his bed he kept a few cough-drops, "to have 'em handy," as he said. One day, chancing to go to his room for something, his eye fell on the paper bag, and to his surprise he saw there was not a cough-drop left. "That boy has been here," he muttered to himself, "I know very well there were eight or ten there when I went to bed last night, and now—they are all gone," and he came hurriedly out to question the boy.

"Clifford! Clifford Forbes! Have you been taking my cough-drops?"

The boy came running with all speed toward the farmer and looking him straight in the eyes, he replied, very deliberately:

"No, sir, I have not."

"Do you know where they are?" asked Mr. Fleetwood.

"No, sir, I do not," gravely answered the little fellow.

Then the farmer, turning to his wife, asked: "Did you take them, Cornelia?"

"What—the cough-drops? No—I have not touched them," answered the wife, sadly, and her heart sank as she thought there was no one else to take them but the little boy; and her husband's face grew serious as he questioned the little fellow more closely:

"Clifford, you need not be afraid to tell me the truth," he said, "did you or did you not take those cough-drops?"

"No, I didn't," replied the boy, very earnestly.

"O, yes, you did, Clifford; come now, tell the truth, boy," persisted farmer Fleetwood.

"But I tell you I didn't," said the boy, "and I am telling the truth."

"That is bad, very bad, indeed," whispered Mr. Fleetwood to his wife; "that is just what I have been afraid of all along; you can't always trust boys like that to tell the truth."

Then the farmer's wife, calling the boy to her, said to him in an anxious voice:

"Come, Clifford, dear, if you did take them, say so; you shall not be punished if you will only tell the truth," she urged.

"If he took them!" repeated her husband sternly; "it is as clear as daylight that he did take them. Who else is there to take them I'd like to know."

The child, as usual, had been running in and out of the bedroom all the morning in his play, but he still remained resolute and continued to deny the theft, in spite of Mr. Fleetwood's commands, and the good wife's pleading with him to tell the truth.

The farmer's face grew ominous, as he said: "I will give you until noon of this day to tell me the truth about those cough-drops, and then—if you don't confess to the truth—I'll take you straight back to the poorhouse, where you came from, and leave you there. I'll have nothing whatever to do with a boy who does not tell the truth."

"Oh, Prall, he is such a little fellow," said Mrs. Fleetwood, beseechingly, as she followed her husband to the door; give him one more trial," she pleaded.

But Mr. Fleetwood was not inclined to so easily forgive, and he replied: "My dear, when a boy of his age tells a lie—and so deliberately as he has done—and with such a calm, immovable countenance, he is ready to tell a dozen more on the top of it. It is the blood, I suppose, and he must go; I am sorry, but we cannot safely keep such a boy as that around the place." And the farmer went out to his work and the wife returned to the boy, who had again resumed his play. She talked to him long in a kind and persuasive voice, but all to no purpose; he was as firm as ever in the denial of the theft every time she questioned him.

When noon time came the farmer returned, in a thoughtful mood, to the house. After dinner the subject of the morning was renewed, and he called the child to him and in as gentle a voice as he could command, he asked:

"Clifford, are you ready to tell the truth?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well now, tell me—for the last time remember, I shall not ask you again—did you take those cough-drops?" anxiously inquired the farmer.

"No, sir, I did not, Mr. Fleetwood," persisted the little fellow, and he looked steadily into the eyes of his benefactor.

"Very well, then," said the farmer, "my horse is already

harnessed, and I shall just drive you back to the poorhouse where I guess you'll have to stay if you cannot tell me the truth."

"O, I don't want to go back there," sobbed the little fellow, piteously, and solemnly declaring that he was telling the truth, yet continuing to deny taking the cough-drops.

In spite of all this, however, Mr. Fleetwood told his wife to get the boy ready, and she cried not a little as she brought his little coat and cap out and put them on him. The boy had ceased to sob now; he seemed in some way to comprehend that an injustice had been done him, and he knit his baby brows, and held his little lips tight shut.

Finally, the horse was brought round—but I think that the farmer really believed up to the last, that the little fellow would surely confess, but he was as firm as ever, and would not. And so he was lifted into the wagon—such a little mite he looked—as they drove away. It was quite evident that he was thinking of the poorhouse to which he was returning, the helpless old women, the jeering boys, the nights of terror; all these, no doubt, he thought of, and more, when with pale face and blue lips he was taken from the wagon and placed in the poorhouse again. The farmer watched him as he went slowly up the steps of the building and entered. Soon the master of the institution came out demanding an explanation. It was given, and then the farmer drove rapidly away.

That night Farmer Fleetwood laid a fresh supply of cough-drops on his bureau, and grimly thought that now they would be safe. He retired early, but his cough troubled him so that his sleep was broken.

Mrs. Fleetwood couldn't sleep at all that night, for thinking of the boy. The tears would steal through her closed eyelids as she thought of him cowering in his cold bed with terror. Suddenly a curious sound attracted her attention; again and again she heard it, and finally, when it was repeated many times and the tiny rustle of paper was heard—the sound seeming to come from the bureau and directly where lay the cough-drops—she listened closely and her heart beat high with excitement, mingled with a feeling of joy; yes—certainly she knew that sound well, and then quickly and quietly she whispered to her husband:

"Prall, did you hear that noise?"

"Yes, it must be mice," sleepily answered her husband, who had been dozing meanwhile.

"It is mice! mice!" cried Mrs. Fleetwood, "and they are after your cough-drops!"

"Yes, it's surely mice," echoed Mr. Fleetwood, now thoroughly aroused, and listening intently to the noise on the bureau. "Good gracious! Who'd a thought it!" groaned the farmer, as

it flashed upon him instantly, that he, and not the boy, was the real sinner. Presently the noise ceased, but soon began again, and a rare feast they made on those cough-drops.

It seemed to Mr. Fleetwood and his wife as though the night would never end—they counted the hours as they struck, and at length the long night wore away and at five he got up and made the fires. And shortly after his wife came down and prepared the breakfast.

After they had finished the morning meal, Farmer Fleetwood said, "Now I am going to harness up Black Bess and go and bring that boy back." And a few minutes after the wheels rolled over the frozen ground in the direction of the poorhouse once more.

While her husband was gone, Mrs. Fleetwood was busy about the house, she brought out all the little fellow's toys—arranging them in an attractive manner about the room. Then she made him the kind of fritters that he liked, baked some potatoes, and fried some chicken nice and brown, and put some syrup on the table, with a plate of jelly cake and some tarts. Next she laid the boy's knife, fork and spoon in their place beside his plate and then set up his chair.

By this time the sun had risen and was shedding his bright beams across the table just as farmer Fleetwood, with his little charge, drove into the yard, and stopped at the door, and the wondering but happy little fellow was lifted down by the farmer's eager wife, and Mr. Fleetwood, with moist eyes and in broken voice, remarked to his wife, "He is our little boy now, Cornelia, and he is never going to leave us again."

And he didn't.—Selected.

A COUNTRY GIRL'S THANKSGIVING.

"Great Thanksgiving weather we'll be having, I'm thinking," remarked Mr. Wheeler as he came in to supper. "It's snowing hard, and the wind is coming up."

"Oh, goody," exclaimed Martha in high glee. "What's Thanksgiving without snow?"

"I guess you'll have more than enough snow, if that's what you want, before Thursday or I'm no prophet," replied her father.

Farmer Wheeler's prediction came true, for the next morning it was still snowing, and the wind was busily piling up great white drifts. "'Twon't be a pleasure trip to go to the village

with the milk," said Mr. Wheeler, as he prepared to start, "but I s'pose I've got to." He found the traveling even worse than he expected; it was very late when he reached the village, and he did not return home till nearly dark. Not being a robust man, he was completely exhausted from his exertions, and during the night became ill. By morning, Mrs. Wheeler feared an attack of pneumonia.

"Whatever shall we do?" she asked Martha despairingly. We must have the doctor, and how to get the milk to town is a problem. And Thanksgiving Day, too!"

"Oh, I'll go," volunteered Martha, cheerfully. "It stopped snowing during the night, and it only blows a little now. I'll tell Dr. Brown to come right up, and then I'll peddle the milk. I've been with father so many times that I know all the customers, and I can drive better than you."

Mrs. Wheeler protested vigorously, but as there seemed no other recourse, the hired man being away that week for the holiday, she finally consented. She objected to Martha delivering the milk, but Martha explained that if she went for the doctor, she might as well peddle the milk, and please the customers.

So Martha bundled herself up, put on her mother's rubber boots, and two pairs of mittens, and set out. "Old Billy must think I'm pretty heavy," she laughed, as she drove out of the yard with the milk cart.

Getting to the village, two miles away, was not an easy matter for a girl not yet sixteen. The roads were not broken out, and badly drifted. The milk cans bumped into each other with great force, and Martha had several narrow escapes from an upsetting. But finally, Grafton was reached, and Martha, tired but triumphant, drove through the almost deserted streets to Dr. Brown's house. That jolly individual was more than amazed to see her.

"Why, where did you drop from?" he asked.

"I didn't drop," replied Martha soberly. "It took lots of muscle to get here. Shoveling snow is no fun, you know."

When she had stated her errand, the doctor promised to go to her father immediately, and urged her to come in and rest.

"Oh, no, I can't," exclaimed Martha, "I've got all the milk to peddle, and I'm very late already. People need their milk for dinner, and the babies will be crying for it, too."

"Well, don't wear yourself out," advised the doctor, patting her on the shoulder, "and be sure and come here for dinner. I'll tell your mother you won't be back till evening. I don't want you to get sick, too, on any account."

Martha promised to return, and then set out on her rounds.

When she opened the door of Mrs. Judson, her first customer, that lady started as though she saw a ghost.

"Mercy sakes, child," she cried, catching her by the arm and seating her in a chair by the stove. "How on earth, or the snow, rather, did you get here? I'm mighty glad to see you. There ain't a milkman been around yet. I guess you're the first one to get out. Where's your pa?"

"He's sick and couldn't come."

"Land of Goshen, Martha Wheeler! I'm sorry for your pa, but you don't mean to say you came down here alone. It's a wonder your ma let you."

"She didn't want me to peddle the milk, but we had to have the doctor, and I thought folks couldn't get along without milk on Thanksgiving Day, anyway. How much do you want?"

"I'll take five quarts," answered Mrs. Judson, her heart aching for tired Martha. "I'm going to pay you double price for it, too, for you've earned it. You're the only milkman's had gumption enough to get around, so far."

Everywhere Martha went she was greeted with exclamations of surprise and delight. In nearly every instance she was voluntarily paid extra for the milk.

"I'll bless you to the last day I live," said Mrs. Morton, when Martha clumped into her kitchen with the milk can. "The baby's been crying for milk all morning and I didn't have a mite to give him. You'd ought to have a medal, that's what."

When Martha came to the house where her last customer, Miss Webster, a maiden lady, lived alone on a side street, she was surprised to see that snow had not yet been removed from the doorstep. She waded through, however, but when she opened the kitchen door she was still more astonished to find some potatoes, which had been set on the stove to boil, burning. All was very quiet, and Miss Webster could be neither seen nor heard. Martha banged the door, stamped her feet and rattled the milk can to attract attention, but all in vain. Then she felt sure something must be wrong, and set out to investigate. When she opened the door leading from the sitting room into the hall, she had no need to search further. There lay Miss Webster, unconscious, with a look of agony on her face. Martha was seized with fear, and felt a strong impulse to run. She conquered the feeling, and though she had only a vague idea of how to restore an unconscious person, she got her milk can and dashed some of the icy cold liquid over Miss Webster's face, and at length she opened her eyes. The poor lady was too dazed to talk, but only moaned about her foot. Martha tried her best to assist her up, but found it impossible. So she made her as comfortable as she could, and started for help.

At the nearest house, in response to her knock, often repeated, a feeble old lady opened the door.

"Is there anybody here who can go over to Miss Webster's till I get a doctor?" inquired Martha. "She's broken her ankle, I think."

The old lady peered at her, curiosity stamped on every feature. "Hey?" she cried in the loud tones of the deaf.

Martha repeated the question several times. She finally learned that the old woman was the only one at home, so there was no help to be had in that quarter.

In her excitement, Martha had actually carried the milk can to the door. As soon as the woman spied it, she asked eagerly: "Got any milk?"

Martha nodded.

"Give me two quarts," said the old lady, and though Martha was in great haste to go, she complied.

In the next house an Irish family lived. Even before Martha could ask her questions, Mrs. Mulcahy caught sight of the milk cart.

"And is it milk ye've got?" she asked joyously. "The saints be good to ye, child, for bringing it. I'll take three quarts if ye please."

"She's a foine lady," said Mrs. Mulcahy when Martha stated her errand, "and faith, darling, it's meself would be glad to do something, but Timmy's got the measles, and my man ain't home neither, so what kin I do, at all, at all?"

Martha concluded to waste no more time, but go directly for the doctor. Fortunately Dr. Brown had just returned from the Wheeler farm. Leaving the milk cart at the barn, Martha got into the doctor's sleigh, and they drove back to Miss Webster's. Her ankle was broken, as Martha had guessed, and she assisted the doctor while he set the fracture. When he had finished, he said:

"Now, little girl, just stay here a while longer till I can get somebody to come and take care of our patient, and then, after you are rested, we'll go home and thankfully eat our dinner."

No thanksgiving dinner had ever tasted so good to Martha before, though she missed her parents. The doctor insisted upon heaping her plate at every opportunity. "You must repair the tissue you've used up today, child," he explained.

Late in the afternoon Martha drove home, tired but happy. As the doctor had said, her father was comfortable, and was quite as much interested as her mother in listening to the narrative of her experience.

But Martha's Thanksgiving surprises were not all ended. A

few days later her father, who had nearly recovered, came home one morning and gave her a huge bundle.

"Miss Webster told me to give that to you," he said. "It's good and heavy, whatever it is." The bundle proved to contain a mammoth turkey. Around its neck was tied a blue ribbon to which a card was attached bearing the words: "For Miss Martha Wheeler, with the compliments of those whom she made happy on Thanksgiving. Look at my heart."

Martha was nearly overcome by this gift, but she proceeded to investigate the meaning of the card's last sentence. The inside of the turkey, proved to be neatly lined with white paper and contained a dainty box, inside which reposed a beautiful watch, suitably inscribed. Of course Martha was happy. She had been longing for a watch for some time, and this one was a beauty.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "we'll have a second Thanksgiving Day now, won't we? That wind and snow brought me good fortune, though I didn't think it was very nice then."—Farm Life.

PHILIP'S CHOICE.

I don't object to your going, Philip, but I very much wish you would not go on that boat."

Philip's face fell. The ride on the steam launch, he well knew, would be a large feature in the day's frolic. "Oh, why, Aunt Harriet?" he eagerly asked.

"Because, dear, I have been assured by those who know that it is not a safe boat. I wish you a very pleasant day, but I hope you will decide to go by the trolley."

"Good-by." Philip went out almost with a grimace on his face.

"All notion," he growled to himself. "Of course I want to please Aunt Harriet, but this is unreasonable. To go in that poky trolley, with all the women and children, when all the fellows will go by the boat." Philip was spending the summer with an aunt whom he had not known well before. He being one of a large family, she was able to give him help that he would need as he went on with his education. There was a picnic to be held a few miles from town, and the ride to it across the lake was naturally looked upon as far more desirable than going by the dusty trolley.

"Hello, Phil! Come on; 'most time for the boat to start."

Philip's thoughts were busy. "Of course, it's all nonsense. When I come back at night safe and sound Aunt Harriet will see that it was all right for me to go by the boat—even if she

ever knows, which, like as not, she never will." But was it all right for him to go? Even if his aunt's fears were not well founded, was it not his duty to regard her wishes? Still undecided, he walked with the boys down to the dock, entering the noisy little crowd gathering for the delightful ride over the water. How enticing it all was! "Hurry up! hurry up!" At length the word was given. At the last moment Philip's better angel got the ascendency, and he stepped off the gang plank as it was being hauled in. "Ho—Phil! You'll be left!"

"I'm going the other way," he said, as the first puff sounded.

"You goose! He's going to take us all 'round the lake; an hour's ride." But Philip waved his hat as the boat pulled out.

The summer afternoon had settled into twilight, and Aunt Harriet looked out with some anxiety. "The last trolley out into the country is in by this time," she said to herself. "I wonder if Philip went by the boat." She had purposely not forbidden it, but realized that she should feel hurt and grieved if he had gone against her wishes. She waited, hoping to hear his voice; but some time elapsed before she heard sounds in the street which told of some excitement. She walked toward the gate. "O Miss Vane, you haven't heard, have you?"

"Heard what?" she asked.

"About the accident to the boat. Oh, don't be alarmed; it was nothing as serious as might have been; nobody badly injured. Something wrong with the boiler, and there was an explosion; but by the Lord's mercy it didn't happen until they were nearly in, and Martin got his boat to shore."

"Any of the boys hurt?" Miss Vane asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, your boy's safe, but some of the others were scalded more or less. Phil's down there helping the ones that need it. You'll be likely to see him soon now."

She went and sat down, thinking as she waited. She did not feel at all like regarding Philip as in the constant position of obligation to her because of her generosity to him. "But in view of what I would like to do, I should like to do it for some boy whom I could trust as willing to be advised—willing to accede to my wishes."

An hour later, Philip came hastily in and took her hand, speaking breathlessly, "O Aunt Harriet, I would have been home earlier, but just as the trolley got in we heard some fuss down at the dock—you've heard about it? Well, I ran down there with the rest of them and we've been getting some of those poor fellows home. You were right about the boat, Aunt Harriet."

"Good night, dear," she said, after a little more talk with him about the accident.

But at the door of the room, he turned and came back to her.

"Aunt Harriet," he said, in a low voice, "I—did mean to go on the boat. I came very near it."

Aunt Harriet smiled, looking after him as he again said good night. "Loyal and frank and honest, too. He's the kind of a boy I like."—Selected.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fulness shames our discontent.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold!
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the later rain!

—John G. Whittier.

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Subscriptions for Volume VI. should be sent in before the first of December.

Local Presidents are requested to act as agents for The Children's Friend and send in to this office the orders for the next year's volumes. To get a subscription from every worker in the association, to see that every home in the ward is visited, either by herself or one of the officers, and an order taken so that the "Friend" will be enjoyed by every family in the Church.

All orders must be prepaid.

The Local President is requested to undertake this responsibility as a part of her duty and to feel that the success of The Children's Friend depends upon her efforts to build up a circulation of which all concerned may be proud. The Primary work is growing and prospering to such an extent that all engaged in this organization have occasion to feel thankful for the results of their labors. Now, let us keep our paper up, make it as great a success as the rest of the work. The Local President has it largely in her power to make The Children's Friend the success it ought to be.

When should promotions be made?

Promotions are left largely to the discretion of the local officers, with the suggestion that if possible the child be taken through the year's work and promotion made during the last meeting in December.

Are you getting ready for Nickel Day? The "Friend" will publish in the next issue a suggestive program for the 23rd of December.

GIVE THANKS.

Thanksgiving Day is a good old New England custom which has been accepted, in name at least, by the other States in this Republic.

In thousands of the homes of this country family gatherings will take place, at which members of the family long absent will be present to receive kind congratulations. "Home again!" will be the words that will be uttered by many lips.

There will be sad hearts that day, made sad by the absence of those who have gone to their long home. But, even in such cases, there will no doubt be something to be thankful for; for instance, that God spared the departed to their friends as long as He did.

In rendering thanks to God be sure and thank Him first for what He has done for others; afterwards you can thank Him for what He has done for you.

Do your utmost to make the day a cheerful one to your relatives and friends.

While making preparations for the extra nice dinner for those you have invited to your home, forget not those of your acquaintance who have not the means to give something extra to those whom they love on Thanksgiving Day. Think of that poor old man or woman who have not had the privilege of partaking of turkey meat for many years past. If you cannot do better send such an one a plateful. You will enjoy what they eat more than what you may eat yourself.

Thanksgiving Day is the day in the year to give thanks in such a way that blessings will follow. The mean man or woman does not know how to give thanks. Give so that you will feel it. Better skimp your self on that day than skimp others.

The person who cannot find out scores of things for which to thank God on Thanksgiving Day must have a very poor memory. Be thankful that you are alive and have an opportunity to smile on others. You can be thankful that you live in such a glorious country as the United States. You might have been an inhabitant of some part of the world, where others would make a meal of you on Thursday, Nov. 25, 1906.

Young people, tell father and mother on Thanksgiving morning that you thank them for the many good things they have given you during the past year. Be so thankful that they can see thanks in your eyes as well as hear them from your lips.

Grandfather and grandmother must not be forgotten when the family gathers around the dinner table. Help the old folk first to the choicest bits of turkey. They cannot eat as fast as once they could—the young folk, if helped last, can easily catch up.

Be careful what you ask for at the table, as there are only

two legs to one turkey. Only legs for two; the rest should be satisfied with what they can get and be very thankful.

Let thanks be in your hearts and on your lips all day long. It is much better to be thankful than to be occupied in begging. Suppose you make up your mind not to beg God for a single thing on Thanksgiving Day; but instead thank Him from morning until night.

I often think we are such terrible beggars. I know we are told to ask and receive. Why not sometimes thank, ask and receive?

Thanksgiving Day will be soon here again. Wake up early on the morning of thanks day. Don't allow a growl to escape your lips. Say nought but nice words.

God must love thankful people; so get into a thankful mood early in the morning and keep it up all day. Let the day close as a record-breaker for thankfulness.

The Great Father above will love you if you do your best next Thanksgiving Day. He always loves good children and feels sorry for bad children. Let Him look upon your thankful heart and bless it.

No turkey will taste good if you neglect to supply the needy and deserving. The man or woman who can afford to eat turkey can afford to be generous to others.—George R. Scott.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

Now comes on a season of social festivity and a whirl of social attractions that involve our children to a greater or less degree.

We must not deny it to them—the gaiety that is in the air at Thanksgiving time and during the holidays. We do not want them to get too much of the grown-up flavor of our own social interests, nor do we want them to go out to find their fun away from us. They must have some fun but it must be of the right kind, and we mothers must make it so.

There is nothing more delightful than a real simple, jolly children's party, under direction, not restriction. If you do not know how to make it so yourself, give some charming, womanly girl a chance to help you. She will play, dance, or sing with the children; she will recite to them sweet poems, or relate some interesting story, or she will show them some funny tricks or performances; shadows or charades. She will help them to help themselves, which is the proper way; stir them up to make and give a good time, not simply to have it.

Bear it upon your hearts, mothers of younger or older children, you must make all you can of home and home attractions in these days. Avail yourselves of every advantage that offers.—Ellen Lee Wyman.

Lesson Department.

First Grade.

Prayer for the Month:

"Can a little child like me thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes, be good and true, Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord and do your part, Learn to say with all your heart,
'Father in heaven, we thank Thee!'"

For the fruit upon the tree, for the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed, Father, Mother and the rest,
For Thy precious, loving care, for Thy bounty everywhere,
'Father in heaven, we thank Thee!'"
Amen.

Song for the Month:
"Gather Up the Sunbeams." Primary Song Book, No. 78.

Memory Gem for the month:

Each little child can some love work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.
—Susan Coolidge.

Lesson 33.

Aim: Doing Your Part.
Story: A Country Girl's Thanksgiving. Page 415.
Incident: The Widow's Mite.

Jesus was sitting in the temple at Jerusalem. He called it, "My Father's house of prayer." He was alone and yet not alone. His disciples were not far off, and many people were passing the place where He sat.

Some of these people walked quickly. Others walked very slowly. Some were dressed in beautiful clothes. Others wore clothes that were rough and coarse.

Rich and poor held money in their hands. They carried it to the place where the temple money boxes stood. Then they dropped the money into the boxes.

Jesus watched the men and women as they passed him. He

listened as their money tinkled and ran together in the boxes. He watched the people as they gave their gifts to see which were truly glad to give to the Lord.

Some people placed large sums of money in the money boxes. Others put in a very little. Some looked careless and thoughtless as they gave. These were the people who gave because they thought they must. Others looked eager and happy as they dropped their gifts into the boxes. These were the people who were glad to give gifts to God.

The day grew later and later. Longer and longer shadows lay upon the temple floor, and still Jesus watched the people. He watched until there came into the temple one who made him very glad.

Up, up the temple steps came a woman. She was not dressed in costly robes, she wore a cloak that was rough and coarse. It was the best she was able to buy, for she was very poor.

The woman was alone, for there was no one to come to the temple with her, she had neither husband nor friends, for she was a widow. Clasped in her hand she held two pieces of money; they were worth very little; they were all she had, however, for they were all she had earned that day.

On into the temple the woman came, straight to the money boxes she went, and stood beside them. As she stood, she took first one piece of money and then the other and dropped them into the box before her.

When Jesus saw what the woman had done, He called His disciples; they came hurrying at His call, and watched the woman Jesus pointed out to them.

"Do you know what this woman has done?" asked Jesus. "Most truly do I speak, this poor widow has given a gift greater than any other made here today. Other people have given more money, but they had other money besides, this poor woman has given all the money that she had, therefore her gift is greater than any other.

Lesson 34.

Aim: Kindness.
Story: A Thanksgiving Story, page 410.
Incident: The Legion of Devils Entering Swine.

You will often hear how Jesus cured people who had bad spirits. We can hardly tell you what this sad disease was that Jesus cured. It seemed to be a kind of madness, in which people lost their senses, and fancied that an evil spirit lived within them, making them to do dreadful things.

A poor man who was thus afflicted, lived at a little town where Jesus came. This poor man lived among the dreary gravestones and old tombs in the wilderness. He was very fierce, and men were afraid to pass by the place where he was. It was no use to chain him, for he broke his chain to pieces, and got loose again. There he was all day and all night, in lonely places, crying out and cutting himself with stones.

When he saw Jesus he ran to meet Him, and fell down at His feet, and cried very loud.

Jesus told the evil spirits to come out of the man.

The evil spirits said, What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come to punish us.

Jesus then spoke to the man, and said, What is your name?

The bad spirits would not let the man speak; they answered their name was Legion, which means many. They said to Jesus, Do not make us leave the man, but if you do cast us out, let us go into the swine that are feeding on the hills.

Jesus now spoke to the evil spirits, and told them to go. Then the evil spirits went out of the man and entered into the swine, and the herd ran down the mountain-side into the sea.

The man was now quite cured, and could listen to Jesus. He was in his right mind. He felt so loving and grateful to Jesus for making him well, that he wished to follow him everywhere.

Jesus said, No, go home, and tell all your friends what great things God hath done for you.

Lesson 35.

Aim: Thanksgiving.
Incident: Thanksgiving Day.

A THANKSGIVING RECIPE.

It takes one little girl or boy,
Two hands to work and play,
And just one loving little heart
To make Thanksgiving Day.

Give a brief talk about the harvest and how it was planted and gathered in for the benefit of man and beast. Review man's labor and the results from it; the power of sun and rain, and God's blessing over all. Relate the following story of the "First Thanksgiving Day" in your own words:

"Once upon a time Boston, and indeed this whole land, was covered with trees instead of houses; and there were no streets, no stores, no churches, no big buildings of any kind. Yet people lived here—Indians—who loved to live in the woods. There

were no carpenters among the Indians, so they did not build real houses, but had tents or wigwams.

By and by some people like us came to this land; but as they came in winter, the farmers could not plant anything, the ground being frozen; and so the miller had no wheat to grind into flour, and the baker had no flour to make bread of, and there was very little for the people to eat. They had fish, and clams, and such things, but often had to go hungry. A ship, which they had sent across the great ocean to bring them more provisions, had been gone so long that it seemed as if it must be lost; and the poor, hungry people did not know what they should do.

One day some of the little South Boston boys were at play on a hill near the water, and they saw a ship sailing toward the land. They knew that the ship would bring plenty of food for all the hungry people, so away they ran to tell their fathers and mothers and the neighbors about it. Can't you imagine how glad they were to spread such joyful news? Very soon the ship came to shore and was unloaded. (Let the children tell what the ship probably brought, and get them to imagine how busy the mothers were, cooking and baking for the hungry people; and how glad they all were to have enough to eat again.)

"Yes! the people were so glad that they wanted to thank the Heavenly Father; and they said: 'Let us have a day for giving thanks.' So they had a Thanksgiving Day. They went to church and thanked God for all His goodness, and then had a joyful time at home.

"Other people who had come to America had special days for giving thanks; they finally all agreed to keep the same day. And so for a long time we have had the one general Thanksgiving Day over the whole land."

Lesson 36.

Aim: Thanksgiving.
Story: Bobby Jenner's Petition to the Governor, page 401.
Incident: Thanksgiving Day.

Review the last lesson. Get the children to see that the thanksgiving is for all the blessings received through the year and that Thanksgiving Day is not set apart just for the purpose of eating turkey, etc. Encourage the feeling on the part of the children to think of others. If there is no opportunity for the sharing of material things, there are many ways in which children may be kind in helpfulness, cheerfulness and obedience.

Second Grade.

Lesson 33.

Subject: Truthfulness.
Moral Story: "On Trial." Page 412.

(Note to teachers: In giving this lesson, try to bring home to the children the need of being truthful; show them that it often requires great courage to speak the truth, as in the case of the three Hebrew Children, Washington when he cut down the cherry tree; that truth is needful all the time. Let them know that trying to shield themselves from punishment by telling that which is not true, is not only wrong, but is cowardly; children wish to be brave.)

Memory Gem:

"Listen, my boy, I've a word for you;
And this is the word: Be true! be true!
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

"And you, little girl, I've a word for you;
'Tis the very same: Be true! be true!
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night.
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right."

Lesson 34.

Subject: Obedience.
Bible Story: The Fishes. Luke 5: 1—11.
Moral Story: "Philip's Choice." Page 419.

THE FISHES.

Jesus spent most of His time in doing good and preaching to the people. Many and many had been made happy through His kindness, and many a poor, lame, sick child was now playing in the fields because Jesus had made him well.

One day He went down to the sea-shore to preach. At every step He took the crowd grew thicker and thicker. Some of the people who were ill, and wanted to be made well, reached out their hands to touch Him. All of them wanted to hear the sweet words that came from His lips and drew nearer and nearer to listen, so near that Jesus could scarcely move for the crowd that was about Him. A little way out at sea in a fishing boat,

busily mending his net, sat Simon Peter, one of the Lord's disciples. Jesus beckoned him to bring his boat to shore; then making His way through the crowd, He stepped into the boat, and went on talking to the people.

Jesus knew that Simon Peter, Andrew, James, and John, the poor fishermen on the shore mending their nets, had been out all night in their boats, but had caught nothing. He knew, too, how poor they were, and how badly they needed the fish to sell in the village for money. So when He had finished talking to the people, He told them to push their boats out to sea once more, and throw in their nets.

Simon Peter and Andrew, who were in the boat with Jesus, told Him they had been working hard all night, but had caught nothing. "But at Thy word," said Peter, "we will let down the nets."

So they pushed out the boats and let down the nets, and immediately they were full of fish, so full that they could scarcely drag them into the boats.

The disciples were astonished, but Jesus said to them, "Come with me." They then left their boats and their nets, and all that they had, and followed him.

Memory Gem:—"Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Lesson 35.

Subject: Thanksgiving.

Tell why we have Thanksgiving Day. See page 427.

Supplementary Story: "Little-Thunder's Thanksgiving." Page 405.

Lesson 36.

Subject: The Lord can turn evil to good.

Bible Story: "Balaam."

BALAAM.

You will remember the Lord had helped Moses lead the Children of Israel out of Egypt. After years of wandering, they came to the inhabited country near the river Jordan, and God helped them to conquer their enemies.

When they came near Moab, the people living there heard of the great success of the Israelites over their neighbors, and they became very much afraid. Balak, their king, called together some of his wisest men, and sent them to a man named Balaam.

They reached the place where Balaam lived, and told him of the people calling themselves the Children of Israel.

"We are not strong enough to stand against them," they said, "and so our king has told us to say to you: 'Come, I pray you, and curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me; then I shall prevail and drive them out of the land; for I know that he whom you bless is blessed, and he whom you curse is cursed.'"

Balaam couldn't decide what to do, but he told them to stay until the next morning, and then he would tell them. Soon the Lord came and asked Balaam who the men were and what they wanted.

"They are men from Balak, the king of Moab," Balaam said, "and they have come to ask me to go with them and curse the Israelites."

"Thou shalt not go with them," the Lord answered. "Thou shalt not curse the people; they are blessed."

In the morning the people of Balak went to Balaam for an answer. "Go back to the king," said Balaam, "and tell him that I will not curse the Children of Israel, for the Lord will not allow it."

The men hurried to their king with the message. Soon other men from the same country went to Balaam. They were all great princes, and they brought with them rich presents from the king, and said:

"Our king prays that you will not let anything hinder you from going to him. He will give you a high position in his kingdom and will do whatever you ask, if you will only go and curse these people."

Balaam thought the king was very generous and kind; but still he was afraid to go with them.

"If your king would give me his house full of silver and gold," he said, "I could do nothing but what the Lord wishes me to do. Stay with me tonight, and then I may know what the Lord wants done."

The Lord came to Balaam that night and told him he might go with the princes; but he should say only those things the Lord should tell him to say.

The next morning when the princes awoke, they found Balaam with his donkey all saddled, ready to start.

They traveled on over hills and deserts, Balaam riding on his donkey, and his servants walking behind him. They came to a place where the road was quite narrow. Suddenly the donkey sprang out of the road, and ran into the field. Balaam wondered what was the matter, and beat the donkey with his cane and forced it back into the road.

In a short time they reached a place with a high wall on both sides. Again the donkey sprang to one side, crushing its master's foot; and again Balaam beat it with his cane. Soon they were in a very narrow road, where it was impossible to turn around. Here the donkey stopped and fell down on its knees. Balaam was very angry and took a stick and gave the poor donkey many a blow. Then the Lord let it speak:

"Why have you beaten me?" it said. "What have I done to you?"

"You have mocked me," answered Balaam; "and if I had a sword in my hand instead of this stick, I would kill you."

"But," continued the donkey," ever since I belonged to you, you have ridden me, and have I ever acted like this before?"

"No," said its master; and then the Lord let Balaam see what had so frightened the donkey. An angel of the Lord stood before them, with his sword drawn in his hand. Balaam was frightened and bowed his head and fell on his face.

"Why have you beaten your donkey so?" asked the angel. I knew you were going to the king because of the great things he had promised you, and I came to meet you. The donkey saw me and turned away three times; an if it had not done so, I should surely have killed you and let it live."

"I have done wrong," said Balaam. "I am sorry. I didn't know you stood in the way. If you wish it, I will go back to my own country."

"No," said the angel. "Go with the men, but speak only the words you are told to speak."

When Balak heard that the wise man had come, he went out to meet him, and told him of the great rewards he should have if he cursed the Israelites; but Balaam said:

"I have no power to say anything myself. The words God puts in my mouth I will speak."

The king took him to a high hill, where he could see all the Children of Israel, and their flocks and herds. Seven altars were built and an ox and a ram offered on each altar. When this was done, Balaam went all alone to a very high place. Here the Lord told him what he should say, and he went back to Balak; but instead of cursing the Children of Israel, he blessed them.

"What are you doing?" said Balak. "I brought you here to curse my enemies, and you have blessed them."

"I can only speak the words the Lord puts into my mouth," answered Balaam.

Balak, thinking there must be some mistake, took him to another mountain, where he could see only part of the Israelites, and told him to curse them from there. Again seven altars were built and seven oxen and rams offered, and again Balaam left

the king and went away by himself. The Lord met him and told him what to say, and when he reached the king, he blessed the Children of Israel a second time.

The king became angry at this, and took Balaam to a third hill. Here, as before, the altars were built and the oxen and rams offered. This time Balaam did not go away, but he looked toward the camps of the Israelites, and the Spirit of God rested on him, and he gave those people a greater blessing than ever.

Balak was enraged. "Did I not bring you here to curse my enemies? and you have blessed them three times. You shall go to your country without any reward."

"But," said Balaam, "did I not tell your princes that if you would give me your house full of silver and gold, I could not speak good nor evil except as the Lord desired me to speak?"

And again blessing the Israelites, Balaam returned to his own country, and the king went on his way in sadness.

Third Grade.

Lesson 33.

Review of Previous Lesson.

Aim: Devotion to Duty.

Topics for Class:

1. The Return to Life of Eutychus.

Reference: The Acts, 20: 1—12.

After the disturbance in the theater, Paul called to him the disciples, and bidding them farewell, left them, and went again into the land of Macedonia. When he had preached in the different cities of that land, he came again to Troas, in Asia. And on the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to eat of the bread and drink of the wine, as Jesus had commanded, Paul preached to them, for he was going to leave Troas the next day. There were many lights in the upper chamber where they met together, and Paul continued speaking till the middle of the night.

And there sat in a window listening to him, a young man named Eutychus, who, as Paul was long preaching, slept, and while asleep, fell from the third story and was taken up dead. But Paul went down to him and putting his arms around him, said to those who stood by, Do not be troubled; he has come to life again. And the young man's friends, when they saw that he was alive, took him up and were comforted. When Paul

had returned to the upper chamber and eaten with the disciples, and talked with them a long while, even till it was morning, he left them to go from Troas.

2. The Humility of Paul.

Reference: The Acts, 20: 13—38.

And Paul and the brethren who were with him, sailed to the city of Miletus, which was not far from Ephesus. And because he did not wish to go to Ephesus at that time, he sent for the elders of the church there, to come and meet him. When they had come, he spoke to them, saying, You know, from the first day that I came among you, and for the three years that I stayed with you, how I lived at all times; serving the Lord humbly, yet having many sorrows and trials because of the Jews, who were always seeking to do me some harm. And you know that when I preached to you, I did not keep back anything that it was best for you to hear, even though it were something that might offend you; but I taught you in the synagogue and in your own houses, telling both the Jews and the Gentiles, that they should repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After Paul had said these things, he kneeled down and prayed with them. And they all wept greatly, and put their arms around his neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke that they should see his face no more. And they went with him to the ship in which he sailed away from Miletus.

And now I am going up to Jerusalem, not knowing what shall happen to me there, except that in every city the Holy Spirit, tells me, bonds and afflictions are waiting for me. Yet none of these things make me afraid, neither do I care even though I be put to death, so that I may die with you, and finish the work which the Lord Jesus has given me, as His minister, to do. And now I know that all of you who have heard me preach the gospel so often, shall see my face no more.

3. Paul in Cesarea.

Reference, The Acts, 21: 1—8.

And Paul came to the city of Tyre, for there the ship was to unload her burden. Finding some of the disciples there he stayed with them seven days. As he was about to leave them, they with their wives and children, came with him to the shore; and they all kneeled down together and prayed. And when they had bidden each other farewell, Paul and the brethren who journeyed with him, went into the ship, and the disciples returned to their own homes. And Paul came to the city of Cesarea, and went into the house of Philip, one of the seven deacons on whom the apostles had laid their hands; it was that Philip that

preached the gospel to the eunuch, as he rode in his chariot going back from Jerusalem to Ethiopia.

4. Paul Tells How God Helped Him.

Reference: The Acts, 21: 10—20.

While Paul was in Philip's house, a prophet, named Agabus, came there, who took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, saying, The Holy Ghost, has told me, that the Jews at Jerusalem shall so bind the man who owns this girdle, and shall give him to the Gentiles to be punished. When the disciples who were with Paul, heard these words, they wept, and begged him earnestly, not to go to Jerusalem lest some evil should happen him. But he said to them, Why do you weep, to trouble me and break my heart? For I am ready not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem, if they will kill me for preaching about Jesus. When they saw that he would not be persuaded to stay, they begged him no more, but said: Whatever the Lord will, let it be done.

After this Paul and his company left Cesarea and went up to Jerusalem; and the brethren of Jerusalem welcomed him gladly. The day afterward he went to the house of James, one of the apostles, and all the elders of the church were there to meet him. Then Paul told them of the places to which he had been, and how God had helped him, so that by his preaching many Gentiles believed. When they heard these things, they rejoiced and thanked God for what had been done.

Lesson 34.

Review of Previous Lesson.

Aim: Persecution of God's Witness.

Topics for Class:

1. The Jews Try to Kill Paul.

Reference: The Acts, 21: 26—36.

And Paul went up to the temple. But while he was there, some Jews from Asia, saw him and took hold of him, crying out to all the people, Men of Israel, help us. This is the man who teaches the people everywhere not to obey the law of Moses, nor to worship here; and beside this, he has brought with him into the temple, Gentiles, who are not allowed to come into this holy place. And soon all the city was in an uproar, and the people ran together, and took Paul and brought him away from the temple; and immediately the gates leading into the courts were shut. And as they were about to kill him, some person went and told the chief captain of the Roman soldiers, who stayed in a castle near the temple to guard it and keep order there.

Then the chief captain, taking some of his soldiers with him,

ran down among the people, who, when they saw him coming, stopped beating Paul. And the chief captain took him from them and commanded him to be bound with two chains, and asked who he was and what he had done. And some of the multitude cried one thing, and some another, so that no one could tell what they said. Then the chief captain ordered him to be taken into the castle. And when they came upon the stairs which led up to the castle, the soldiers carriedPaul to save him from the people, for they followed after him, crying out, Away with him! Kill him!

2. Paul is Mistaken for an Egyptian.

Reference: The Acts, 21: 37—40; 22: 1—5.

And as the soldiers were leading Paul off to shut him up in the castle, he said to the chief captain, May I speak to thee? Now, there had been, before this time, a man from Egypt who deceived the Jews. Pretending that he was a prophet, he persuaded them to follow him out into the wilderness, and caused many of them to be slain. When the chief captain saw the people so angry, he thought Paul was the man. Therefore he said to him, Art thou not that Egyptian who did lead men out into the wilderness? Paul answered, No, I am a Jew who was born in Tarsus, which is a well known city, and I beseech thee, let me speak to the people.

When permission had been given him, Paul stood on the stairs where the people could see him, and motioned with his hands for them to be still. As soon as there was silence among them, he spoke to them in the Hebrew language, which he knew the Jews would understand. He said, I am in truth a man that is a Jew, who was born in Tarsus, but brought up in this city of Jerusalem; and I was taught by a learned Jew, named Gamaliel, all the laws which Moses spoke to our fathers. And I was as anxious that every one should obey those laws as you are this day; for I persecuted, and wanted to put to death, all who believed in Jesus, binding them and sending them to prison, both men and women. The high priest, and all the Council of the Sanhedrin, will tell you that what I say is true, for they gave me letters to the Jews at Damascus, that I might go and bind the Christians whom I found there, and bring them to Jerusalem to be punished.

3. Paul Relates the Story of His Conversion.

Reference: The Acts, 22: 16—21.

Paul continues to talk to the people: But as I went on my journey and came near to Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light around me. And I fell down to the ground, and heard a voice, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? I answered, Who art thou, Lord? He said, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. The men who

were with me saw the light and were afraid, but they could not understand the words that were spoken. And I said, What shall I do, Lord? The Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do.

And when I did not see, because the brightness of that light had blinded me, I was led by the hand and came into Damascus. After three days a disciple there, named Ananias, who feared God and was well thought of by all the Jews, came and stood by me, and said, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And immediately I could see him. And he said to me, God has allowed thee to see Jesus and hear him speak, so that thou shouldst go and preach to all nations about Him. And three years after that time, when I was in Jerusalem, and was praying in the temple, I saw Jesus, in a vision, and heard Him say, Make haste; go quickly out of Jerusalem, for the Jews will not believe what thou tellest them about me, and I will send thee far away to preach among the Gentiles.

4. Paul, a Free Roman.

Reference: The Acts, 22: 22—30.

And all the multitude of the Jews, to whom Paul was speaking, listened until he had spoken these words about preaching to the Gentiles; then they cried out with loud voices, Kill him, for such a fellow is not fit to live. As they said this and, in their rage, cast off their outer garments, and threw dust in the air, the chief captain commanded that Paul should be brought into the castle and scourged, to make him confess what evil he had done.

But as they bound him with cords, and made ready to scourge him, Paul said to the centurion who stood near by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a free Roman, before any evil has been proved against him? When the centurion heard this, he went and told the chief captain, saying, be careful what thou doest, for this man is a Roman. Then the captain came and said to Paul, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He answered, Yes. The chief captain said, I paid a great sum of money to be made a free Roman. Paul answered, But I was born free. He said this because his father was a freeman, as we have read. Then the men who were about to scourge him, went away and left him; and the chief captain, also, after he heard that Paul was a Roman, was afraid lest he might be punished for having bound him.

Lesson 35.

Subject: Thanksgiving.

Let the teacher tell how Thanksgiving Day became an established custom in the United States and talk over in the class the real reasons for rejoicing at the harvest time. Relate some of the

Thanksgiving Stories and Poems which appear in this issue, or prepare a program from the Thanksgiving material in this number and appoint members of the class the week before to give the selections.

Lesson 36.

Review of Previous Lesson.

Aim: The Protection of the Lord.

Topics for Class:

1. Paul Before the Sanhedrin.

Reference: The Acts, 23: 1—10.

The next day, when the chief wanted to know certainly what the Jews accused him of, he commanded all the council of the Sanhedrin to meet together, and brought Paul down and set him before them. And Paul looking earnestly down upon them, said, Men and brethren, I have done only those things that my conscience told me were right, until this day. Then Ananias, the high priest, ordered those who stood near Paul to smite him on the mouth. Paul said, God shall smite thee, thou hypocrite, for pretending to try me according to the law, and yet commanding me to be smitten before I am proved guilty, which is against the law. The Jews said to him, Dost thou insult the high priest? Paul answered, I did not know, brethren, that he was the high priest, for it is written in the Bible that we must not speak evil of the one who rules over us.

Then Paul tried again to speak to the men in the council, but soon there arose such a great uproar among them, that the chief captain, fearing he might be torn to pieces, commanded the soldiers to go and take him from them, by force, and bring him into the castle.

2. The Lord Appears to Paul.

Reference: The Acts, 23: 11—15.

The next night, while Paul was kept a prisoner, the Lord Jesus came and stood by him, and said, Fear not, Paul, for as thou hast spoken about me to the people here in Jerusalem, so shalt thou speak about me in the city of Rome. And in the morning some of the Jews agreed together, and promised one another, solemnly, that they would neither eat bread, nor drink water, till they had killed Paul. There was more than forty that made this promise. Then they went to the chief priests and elders, and said to them, We have agreed with one another that we will not eat nor drink, till we have slain Paul. Now, therefore, do you tell the chief captain to bring him down tomorrow before the council, as though you wanted to ask some more questions of him; and while he is being brought, we will come upon him and kill him.

3. The Plot to Kill Paul Discovered.

Reference: The Acts, 23: 16—22.

But Paul's sister's son heard what the Jews said, and he went into the castle and told Paul. Then Paul called one of the centurians to him, saying, Bring this young man to the chief captain, for he has something to tell him. So the centurian took him to the chief captain, and said, Paul, the prisoner, begged me to bring this young man to thee.

Then the chief captain took him by the hand, and led him to a place alone and asked him, saying, What is it thou hast to tell me? The young man answered, The Jews have agreed to ask thee to bring Paul down tomorrow, before the council, pretending they wish to inquire something more of him. But do not thou bring him, for there will be hidden, by the way, more than forty of them, who have promised each other solemnly that they will neither eat, nor drink, till they have killed him. And they are now waiting, hoping that thou wilt do as they ask. Then the chief captain let the young man go, saying, See that thou tell no one that thou hast spoken these things to me.

4. Paul is Sent to Cesarea to Save Him From His Enemies.

Reference: The Acts, 23: 23—25.

The Roman governor of Judea was named Felix. He did not live at Jerusalem, but at the city of Cesarea, which was on the sea coast, about sixty miles from Jerusalem. When the chief captain heard that the Jews wanted to kill Paul, he determined to send him to the governor. So he called to him two centurians, and said to them, Make ready two hundred foot soldiers, and seventy horsemen, and two hundred spearmen, to go to Cesarea at the third hour of the night. And send also beasts for Paul, and the men who are with him, to ride upon, that he may be taken safe to Felix, the governor of Judea.

And the chief captain wrote a letter to the governor, saying, The man whom I send to thee was taken by the Jews, who were about to kill him; then I went with soldiers and took him from them, for I heard that he was a Roman. And because I wanted to know what evil they accused him of, I brought him before their council, and found that he had not done anything for which he ought to be put to death. When it was told me that they were still determined to kill him, I sent him to thee, and commanded the Jews who accused him, to go and tell thee what they had against him. Farewell.

Then the soldiers took Paul and brought him by night to the town of Antipatris, which was on the way to Cesarea. There the foot-soldiers left him and returned to the castle at Jerusalem, but the horsemen brought him the next day to the governor at Cesarea; and they gave the governor the letter which the chief

captain had sent. After reading the letter the governor asked Paul in what part of the empire he was born; when Paul told him, he said, I will hear what thou hast to say when the Jews who accuse thee shall also come to Cesarea. And he commanded that Paul should be kept in prison till they came.

NOVEMBER.

Who shall sing to bleak November,
Month of frost and glowing ember?
Is there nothing to praise
In these thirty chilly days?
Ah! but who shall lack for song,
When the nights are still and long;
When beside the logwood fire
We may hear the wood-elves' choir,
Making dainty music float
Up the big brick chimney's throat;
When within the flames and smoke
We may see the fairy folk,
Coming hither, going thither,
Vanishing we know not whither;
Or perhaps they all depart
To the forest's frozen heart,
There to tell the barren trees
Of the fireside's mysteries—
How they saw some other elves
Just as funny as themselves!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A POOR LITTLE BOY.

There's a poor little fellow on our street;
He has good clothes and enough to eat,
He has a dog and a horse to ride,
And a cart and a gun and a wheel beside.
But he hasn't a grandpa, and I'm sure
That is enough to make him poor;
And what Thanksgiving Day would be
Without a grandma, I don't see.

—Anna M. Pratt.

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KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are and to try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little chidren; to remember the weakness and lowliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, to ask yourself, whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your

kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT.

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gifts of the wise ones were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

—Edmund Vance Cook.

TOMMY'S SHARE.

Tommy sat on the step of the veranda, thinking—or trying to think—very hard. Last night his sister Bess had been graduated from the high school. She had worn a wonderful white dress, and there was a great crowd, and the band played between speeches, and a man came out on the stage and announced to the audience that Miss Elizabeth Bennett's subject was "The Division of Labor." Tommy didn't have any idea what it meant, and—oh, dear me—he didn't find out, for just then he went fast asleep, and only waked up because the people were clapping their hands. But there were so many people carrying flowers to send to Bess that Tommy was sure Bess had been telling them something very wonderful; and now Tommy was sitting on the veranda step, trying to think what it all meant.

There was one way to find out, he could ask mother; mother knew everything. So when he found mother alone he whispered, "Mother, what is the division of labor?"

Mother laughed and kissed the wondering brown eyes, and told him, "Well—it means that there is just so much work to be done, and that if everybody would do his share, it would all get done easily."

Tommy went back to the veranda step. Now, he could think hard. Mother said if everybody did his share—Tommy had his work; he brought in the kindling every evening. But then, Tommy saw that father and mother worked nearly all the time; so there was something wrong. There must be some people who were not doing their share. Tommy wondered what a person's share would be. At his house, now for instance. There were six of them; father and mother and Bess and Ted and Tommy and the baby. Then, he knew that a day was twelve hours long, and if six people had to divide a day's work among them, how long ought each person to work? Tommy gathered twelve blades of grass and laid them in six rows, and he found there were just two in each row. He drew a long breath of relief; he had found out just how long his share of work ought to be—two hours. He thought of something else, too. Bess had been too busy for her share, and Ted was in the high school and had to study in the evenings, and Tommy's work didn't take but five minutes; and then—why, there was the baby who of course couldn't work any! No wonder mother had to work nearly all the time when there was so many who didn't work for their two hours.

Tommy was a very sturdy-looking little boy, but that was nothing to the way he looked now while a great big determination grew in his big mind. He was going to work two whole hours, and it was going to be most all work that mother did, so she wouldn't have to do so much more than her share. Tommy put on his little blue overalls—he heard the hall clock striking eight—and got a broom, and he swept the veranda till you couldn't have found a speck on it. Then he swept the front steps, and the walk clear down to the gate. He felt warm then, and had to wipe his forehead, and the little short curls around it were all damp. He looked out into the street where there were men at work, and—why, they wore blue overalls and were wiping their foreheads, too! Tommy was quite sure he was working just like a man. He stopped a little while to listen, for there seemed to be so many lovely things in the air. There was the softest, coolest breeze coming toward him, that brought the scent from the big lilac bush. Up in the honeysuckle a brown wren perched, and swelled out his little throat like a bubble while he told everybody that he was "Pretty sweet—pretty sweet—pretty sweet." Up on the very highest twig of a maple, a flaming-red bird, a cardinal, stretched himself as tall and slim as he could, and called joyously,

"What cheer! what cheer!" Tommy thought this was a beautiful world. Then he looked around for some more of mother's work. There were her geranium beds. The weeds were growing fast in them, because she hadn't time to pull them out while she made the white dress. Tommy got his little wheelbarrow and went to work. He knew grass and plantain, but there was one thing he was afraid might be a flower. It had such a beautiful red stem, and such thick green leaves. Tommy didn't like to ask the family all his questions; sometimes they laughed. He went around to the kitchen. "Aunt Dinah," he said to the fat black cook, "is this a flower?" "Laws, honey," said Aunt Dinah, "dat's jis pusley; it's jis truck. Pull it all up today, and dar'll be jis as much dar tomorrow."

Tommy went back to the beds, and pulled and dug, till there wasn't one weed left, and his wheelbarrow was heaping full. He emptied it, and then he went to look at the clock, for he felt as though he had been working two very long hours. But no; the clock said it lacked half an hour yet. So Tommy hunted up mother. "Mother," he asked, "what work of yours can I do now?"

Mother looked pleased, but she asked wonderingly, "Why do you want to do my work, dear?"

Tommy answered, "My work doesn't take any time and I want to do two hours—that's my share—in getting some of yours done, so you'll not have to do so much more than your share." Mother leaned down to take Tommy close in her arms; and though she kissed him heartily and laughed, Tommy was quite sure there were tears in her eyes. "Dear little boy," she said, "you have helped me more now than many days of work could have done. And nobody could do more; the greatest and best man could do no better than to do his share. My dear little son!"

Then Tommy went back to the veranda step where there was so much to hear; and the wren was singing, "Pretty sweet —pretty sweet;" but I think he was peeping at Tommy when he sang it. And the cardinal was calling loudly and more joyously than ever, "What cheer! what cheer!" Tommy wished he hadn't gone to sleep last night during the speech. He was afraid Bess might have forgotten to tell the people that if everybody did their share they would be so happy.

ELLEN AND HER CHRISTMAS TREE.

Ellen Ann sat on a log, wrapped in an old plaid shawl, watching—as she had watched every winter, for seven years—the cut-

ting of the shapely, round Christmas trees for the Boston market. Ellen Ann liked the smell of the pines, the ring of the axe, the gimpses, through the trees, of snow-covered fields; and, further away on the crest of the hill, the little, low, gray house where she and Uncle Porter and Sam, the hired man, lived.

Beyond the house stood the new barn—the pride of all three, especially of Ellen Ann; she had personally superintended the driving in of every nail. But today Ellen Ann wasn't thinking of the barn, nor the snowy fields nor the clear air—instead her thoughts, keeping time to the gay ringing of Uncle Porter's axe, were busy with a question, that dated back to the time when, a little lass of six, she first sat on a log watching her uncle cut the Christmas trees.

What did a Christmas tree look like, after it was trimmed? Ellen Ann had never seen one. She and Uncle Porter didn't visit much among their few neighbors. He was a tall, silent man; she was a small, silent child; it was too far from town for her to go to school there, and there were not enough children in their district to keep the school-house open for. Uncle Porter taught Ellen Ann pretty regularly in winter, and in summer she plodded along by herself, as well as she could. She had no playmates, once—two summers ago—there had been a blissful week of fun and romping, when some cousins, on from the West, had come for a short visit. So, womanly beyond her years—but with all a child's longing after merriment and good times Ellen Ann sat on her log, trying to screw her courage up to the point of asking a very momentous question.

"Uncle Porter," she ventured, when a lull came, and the tin pail, generously stocked with pieces of apple pie and cheese, was produced—"Uncle Porter, did you ever see a Christmas tree?"

"Once. I was stopping with your pa and ma. It was 'fore you was born. Your brother Edwin, that died, was a youngster then, and your ma was set on having a tree for him. 'Twas a fine sight—all glittering and shining, with tinselly stuff, and with dozens of tiny candles burning on it. There was all sorts of gimcracks and pretty notions stuck up everywhere. The room was made as dark as possible—'fore the tree was lit. I declare! 'twas like fairy-land."

Ellen Ann sighed. There had been Christmas trees in the family, then.

"Don't you s'pose—if they hadn't died—my mother and father would've had a tree for me too," she asked.

"Prob'ly; your ma was a great hand for such carryings-on."

"Then wouldn't they want me to have one now?" Ellen Ann questioned, gravely.

Uncle Porter looked puzzled—the young one had queer ways of talking sometimes.

"It does seem odd, doesn't it? to send off so many trees each year, and never have one ourselves." Ellen Ann drew a long breath; her question was asked at last.

Uncle Porter made a third inroad on the pie pail. "Why, what would we do with a Christmas tree?" he asked. It was a new idea, altogether, that Ellen Ann could have such a wish. "We wouldn't know how to fix one up."

"I'd find out. Please, Uncle Porter, let's do it this once, anyways."

He nodded good-naturedly. "Pick it out."

Ellen Ann danced gleefully over to a small, tapering pine, standing apart from the rest. "Ain't this a good one?" she called.

Uncle Porter nodded again. "You've a keen eye for Christmas trees."

"We won't cut it yet," Ellen Ann said slowly revolving around the tree. How'll we make it stand up, Uncle Porter?"

"Plant it steady in a box of sawdust."

"And cover the dust over with pine needles,' Ellen Ann added.

Every day Ellen Ann came out for a look at her tree; even after those for the market were cut, and she had to trudge across the wide, snowy fields alone. One thing she couldn't decide—where to have it; the kitchen—which was living-room as well—was too small to set the tree up in comfortably; the best room—unused, dismal—Ellen Ann could not imagine anything so pretty and bright as a Christmas tree there; besides, something was the matter with the stove, and Sam hadn't seen about mending it—Sam was so slow. And in another week it would be Christmas. Ellen Ann stopped to rest a moment, on the top of the fence she was climbing. Just in front rose the new barn—roomy, clean, and with a big stove all set up in the open main part.

Ellen Ann looked toward it. It would be the very place—if. But to keep Christmas in a barn! Would it be proper? Proper was a favorite word of Ellen Ann's; she was its living, breathing, personification. She concluded to ask "Aunty" Bain.

Stout, motherly Mrs. Bain, whom every one called "Aunty," and every one went to in trouble was Ellen Ann's nearest neighbor—and she lived three miles away.

The next day when Unce Porter announced his intention of driving to town, Ellen Ann also announced hers of driving with him, as far as the Bain farmhouse.

Mrs. Bain was baking when Ellen Ann opened the door; the kitchen smelled delightfully nice and spicy.

"Well, you are a brave midget—and it such a bitter day,"

Aunty Bain said, drawing a big cushioned rocker up close to the stove, and filling a plate with warm ginger cookies, fresh from the great oven. "What's up, child? You're laughing all over your face."

Ellen Ann laughed out loud. "Aunty Bain, we're going to have a Christmas tree. Please, you must tell me how to trim it; and would it be proper to have it in the new barn? There's lots more room in there."

"My, Ellen Ann, I didn't know you could talk so fast. You'll have to begin all over, and go slow."

Ellen Ann smiled; willingly she commenced again beginning with her own old question and ending with her uncle's promise of the tree.

Mrs. Bain sank into a chair. "Ellen Ann Carter" she asked, solemnly, "do you mean to say you've never seen a Christmas tree? Why, if you ain't had one to home, you must of been to 'em at the Sunday-school entertainments."

"I've never been to a Sunday-school ent'tainment; it's a good spell to drive, and Uncle Porter doesn't like going out at night."

"It's a living shame!" Mrs. Bain ejaculated. But you could see 'em any Christmas time, in the store windows, in town."

"Somehow, I've never got to town at that time," Ellen Ann said, soberly. "It's a long ways from our place; and Uncle Porter thinks I'm best at home."

"And you've never had any Christmas presents, nor turkey, nor reg'lar Christmas dinner?"

"We gen'rally have a turkey and mince pie—Uncle Porter helps with the mince meat and I can make real good pies. Uncle Porter'd got out of the way of keeping Christmas much, living all alone, and he didn't know, before, that I wanted to keep it. He's given me a whole dollar to buy things for the tree."

"It takes the heart clean out of me," Mrs. Bain said. Going to John's every year—he will have it that way—I never thought. You might've gone, too, as well as not; you shall go this year, and be a child with the rest."

"Oh, I couldn't, thank you," Ellen Ann cried. "We're going to have our own tree, you know. If you'll tell me what to send for, please."

"You shall stop here tonight," Mrs. Bain decided. "Tomorrow we'll have the cutter and go shopping together."

"That'll be too lovely," Ellen Ann said, joyously; then added, soberly; "About the barn—could we have it there?"

Mrs. Bain rocked thoughtfully for a few moments. I never heard tell," she said, at last, "about a Christmas tree in a barn; but you know, deary, our Lord was born in a manger—in a stable

—and 'twould seem's if a barn was just the place, seeing it's fresh and clean."

Ellen Ann's doubts vanished.

Never dollar went further; Ellen Ann came proudly home the next day, looking—so her uncle said—like an animated express wagon. "Reckon, we'll have the tree of the season," he said.

Mrs. Bain, going to sewing meeting the following afternoon, described in graphic terms Ellen Ann's joy and wonder over her first Christmas shopping; told, too, of the child's visit of inquiry, with the result that, the day before Christmas, Ellen Ann was plunged into a condition of surprise and delight unspeakable by the arrival of several mysterious parcels—labelled "For Ellen Ann's Christmas tree.

Uncle Porter had quite agreed with Ellen Ann about having it in the barn; they had decided not to light it up until Christmas afternoon, after the early dinner. "It'll seem more Christmasy, having it on the very day," Ellen Ann said.

The question of guests had come up; but they could think of no one among their neighbors who would not be keeping the day at home. "Of course, if one lived in the town, one could find lots of poor people. It seems as if there ought to be some one," Ellen Ann said, thoughtfully; then her face brightened. "We'll ask Topsy and the animals, Uncle Porter. Topsy'll love to come.

Topsy was Ellen Ann's great pet—the blackest most amiable of mules; indulging in none of the freakishness and obstinacy commonly attributed to her kind.

Sam had gone home for the holiday; Ellen Ann regretted exceedingly that he would not be able to see her tree in all its glory, "Because it's certainly a beauty—isn't it, Topsy?" she asked, running out in the dusky Christmas eve for a glance at her treasure.

It stood in the center of the big main room, looking taller than usual in the shadowy light; Ellen Ann had covered the tub with fragrant pine needles, branches of pine were fastened here and there about the walls of the room and over the openings to the stalls. Some empty boxes had been turned down and covered with thick, soft carriage blankets; Ellen Ann had pinned up some bright-colored pictures—altogether it looked very fine and festive, in Ellen Ann's eyes. There were broad sides opening into the stalls and the cow shed, a door led into the long, well-built hen-houses, in the loft Polly Gray, the old family cat, had made the warmest, cosiest of nests for her young children, while overhead, among the eaves, the soft coo, coo of the pigeons filled the barn with low sound. "It's just the dearest place could be," Ellen

Ann said, patting Topsy's head, lovingly. "You won't look more'n you can help?" she warned. I wish I could've hung something up in front of the tree, till it was lighted. "You'd've been surprised, Topsy dear. There's a present all for you; that will be a surprise."

Uncle Porter, roused into new thoughtfulness by the Christmas spirit prevading the little house, had brought home some holly and evergreen wreathes from town the day before. He and Ellen trimmed the kitchen the last thing Christmas eve.

Christmas day was stormy, the thick white snowflakes filled the air; Uncle Porter had to clear the path to the barn more than once.

Mrs. Bain had sent over a pudding and a pan of fresh doughnuts; Ellen Ann browned the turkey to a turn, wondering why Uncle Porter had picked out such a big one for only two people. It seemed too, as if he had prepared an unnecessarily large supply of vegetables. Her wonder deepened on finding him fumbling in the chest, among the best table linen.

"We might as well make a good appearance; somebody might drop in," he explained.

"There's no one to come," Ellen Ann said, seriously; "but it'll be nice having the best things on Christmas." Uncle Porter pulled out the table. "Where's the extra leaves? Ain't place here for all those good things. Sam might've got that stove set up in the front room."

"We won't want to sit in there," Ellen Ann answered. "Soon's dinner's over, we'll have our tree. Do you know any games two can play—not sitting down games?"

"Blind-man's Buff," suggested Uncle Porter.

"That'll take a lot of people; I played it once, at Aunty Bain's party. It's such fun," Ellen Ann said, lifting down the best blue and white china. It had been her grandmother's, and the set was still complete, but then Ellen Ann never allowed "the men folks" to handle it.

After the table was set, it was time to dress. Uncle Porter had consented to put on his Sunday suit, and he even let Ellen Ann stick a sprig of holly in his button hole. She reappeared soon in her best brown cashmere and red ribbons, proceeding to envelope herself at once in a mammoth cooking apron.

About noon,Uncle Porter suddenly remembered they had forgotten the nuts; Ellen Ann had best run up to the garret and pick out some, while he fetched the hammer and a flat stone.

Ellen Ann was gone some time; there were several boxes piled up in front of the nut barrels, and she must leave things as she found them. When she got back to the kitchen, Uncle Porter was just closing the yard door.

"There's something in the barn needs looking after," he told her.

Wrapping a shawl about her, Ellen Ann ran out; there were fresh tracks in the snow. It must be more presents!

And it was. A sleigh full of laughing boys and girls, six in all, who had recently come to live in a near-by town, and whom Unce Porter had written to, begging them to come over and show his little girl how young folks kept Christmas.

"Oh!" Ellen Ann cried standing quite still in the doorway; "oh, what a good day I am having!"

"Merry Christmas, Ellen Ann," the cousins cried; they were out of the sleigh directly, crowding gleefully around her, laughing at her amazement.

Ellen Ann led them joyfully in doors. The first thing was to hug Uncle Porter for this wonderful glad surprise; the second to see about dinner.

And how that dinner vanished; Ellen Ann's face glowed over the praise of her cooking.

It didn't take very long afterwards to clean up, for the girl cousins helped, while Uncle Porter took the boys for a look at the stock.

"Don't go near the tree," Ellen Ann cried after them.

She and cousin Beth ran out to light the candles; Beth had offered to do it alone, and so give Ellen Ann the full effect, but the latter was quite sure she would enjoy it fully as much if she helped, herself.

"You've trimmed it beautifully," Beth said, when all was ready.

Ellen Ann came shyly nearer: "Beth I promised Topsy and the rest they could come; I'd hate to disappoint them."

"Who's Topsy; I didn't know there were any children about here," her cousin asked.

There aren't, Topsy's a mule; the rest are the horses and cows, and Polly Gray, and the hens. Of course the horses and cows can't really come—I only meant to push the slides back; but Topsy goes loose, she follows me all about."

"Why, it'll be jolly fun; we'll all like it," Beth said, heartily.

So Topsy wandered curiously around the tree, sniffing at the lights, and accepting graciously the tid-bits offered her; the hens clucked and chuckled over the corn Ellen Ann had provided for them; Derry and Jerry, the horses, munched their red apples contentedly; the cows their wisps of sweet hay; Polly Gray lapped her saucer of cream in a sheltered corner, looking on indulgently at the frolicking of her small kits. Prettiest of all the pigeons came flying down at Ellen Ann's call, fluttering around her while she scattered the little bag of crumbs—their gift from the tree.

Ellen Ann, herself, felt fairly overwhelmed with presents. More parcels had come in the sleigh; some for Uncle Porter, some for Ellen Ann, some for the cousins themselves. "It'll be pleasanter if we all have something together," Beth had said.

"I don't believe any one ever had so many lovely presents before," Ellen Ann said, exulting over the pile beside her. Books and games, pretty ribbons, a litle work-basket, all fitted up, warm fur-lined mittens, cologne. "No, I'm sure they didn't." Ellen Ann decided, wondering why Beth kissed her, saying she was the dearest, quaintest thing imaginable.

As for the tree—Ellen Ann kept retiring to quiet corners for a slow survey of its bright beauty. Once she pulled Uncle Porter aside. "Is it as pretty as the one you told me about?" she asked.

Uncle Porter scratched his head meditatively: "Prettier, if anything, I think."

Ellen Ann smiled blissfully.

"Didn't I tell you it would be lovely?" she asked Topsy, who came to rub her head against her little mistress's arm.

Topsy looked agreement out of her wise eyes. A generous supply of chocolates and cocoanut drops made Topsy feel life fairly satisfactory.

Ellen Ann had her Blind-man-buff—the tree being pushed to one side. The only thing necessary, in order to catch Ellen Ann, was to corner her near the tree, when she immediately stood quite still to contemplate its radiance; it was a sore trial of her honesty, not to peep while blindfolded—not at the other players, but at her tree.

It was the last thing she turned to look at before leaving the barn; and the last thing she said that night was to ask Beth if she had ever seen as nice a tree?

Beth being as truthful as Ellen Ann, hesitated—fortunately, the pause was attributed by Ellen Ann to sleepiness on her cousin's part. Beth's answer, when it came, gave full satisfaction.

"Never one I truly liked as well—or that was really nicer," she said.—Selected.

A VISIT TO THE BABY KING.

Many years ago, in the town of Bethlehem, two little girls lived with their father and mother. The hut which was their home was on the outskirts of the town, for their father was a shepherd, and spent much time with his sheep, and wanted his home as near the fields as possible. Sometimes he would not

be home for several days, and Mary and her sister would carry to him the little round cakes their mother made, and sometimes some small dried fish, which, with the pitcher of water drawn from the same well which gave water to the sheep made up his dinner. The little girls were always glad when they could go to where their father was, for they loved to be in the fields, and they liked to watch the sheep picking the scanty grass among the rocks, and the little lambs running and playing about in the bright sunshine. They would sometimes spend hours together playing with the lambs, running races with them and jumping from the rocks, or holding them in their arms and kissing them as you would your dollies.

Their father often stayed in the fields all night with the other shepherds, watching their flocks that none of the sheep or lambs should stray away, and that no wild beasts should come near them. Although these people had none of the beautiful things that are in our homes today these little girls were happy. Their father had taught them to love God and that God loved them. He used often to sing to them the songs written by the shepherd David a great many years before. The one they loved the best was the one which told that the Lord was their Shepherd, and would care for them and lead them.

Sometimes when their father was in the fields at night these little girls would sit in the door of their home and watch the stars, and they used to think that God was looking at them through the stars. Then they would say softly to each other, "The stars can see father, too, and are watching over him and us."

One night as they were watching the stars, they saw one larger and more beautiful than all the rest; and as they looked it moved until it was over the part of the town where the inn was, which seemed so large and grand to them,—yes, it must be directly over the stable back of the inn. They called their mother and the three watched the star a long time, and wondered what it could mean. When finally the mother tucked up the little girls in bed they fell asleep dreaming of the beautiful star.

They were awakened very early in the morning by hearing their father's voice. It was so unusual for him to come at that time that they hurried out of bed to greet him, and to hear what he was saying, for he was praising God and telling a strange and beautiful story. His face shone with wonderful joy, for what he had seen and heard made him very happy.

He told them how he and the other shepherds were watching their flocks in the fields at night, when suddenly a beautiful light shone all about them, and in the midst of it they saw an angel of the Lord. The light and the glory and the angel were all so

strange to them that at first they felt afraid, when the angel said: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." The angel told them that the Savior, which God had long ago promised to his people had come to earth as a little baby, and that they would find him in the town of Bethlehem close by, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Then a great number of other angels came, and all sang together the beautiful new song, which the father tried to sing to his little girls "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The father told how he and the other shepherds hurried into the town to see the little Christ-baby which the angel told them about, and how they had found him lying in a manger just as the angel had said. Then they felt sure that this was the Christ long promised, and after they had worshiped him, and given him presents of lambs, they went out and told the people of the town the wonderful things they had seen and heard. And now the father had come to tell his family on his way back to the fields to care for his sheep.

Mary and her sister thought it was the most beautiful story they had ever heard. They talked about it softly to themselves after their father had gone, and said: "Then that must have been the meaning of the beautiful star we saw last night, which stood over the stable of the inn." They could not play that day for they were thinking all the time of the dear little baby in the manger.

"Why can't we go and see the baby, too," said Mary; "we saw the star and we know the way, and father will not care, I am sure." So, hand in hand they started to find the little Christ-child on that first Christmas day so many years ago. They told some of their playmates the story and where they were going, and they joined the group.

It was a long walk for such little feet, but at last they reached the inn and went back of it to the cave-like stable. Filled with wonder they entered, fairly holding their breath lest they might waken the litle baby. A kind faced man met them and asked them what they wanted, and when they told him they had come to see the baby, who was Christ, the King, he pointed to the manger where the baby lay.

Then the other Mary, the sweet young mother, took up the sleeping baby in her arms, and the children stood around and looked at him with big-eyed wonder and joy.

Mary and her sister lived to know and love Jesus years after when he became a man, and taught and healed the people, but they never forgot the wonderful star they saw on Christmas eve,

the story and the angels' song their father told them, nor their own visit to the baby King.—Selected.

THE LITTLE COOK.

On Christmas day of all the presents under the beautiful tree, sparkling with lights, the gift that delighted Rebecca the most was a cooking stove. Quite a big stove it was—not a useless toy; and it had sauce pans and frying pans and a poker and a kettle!

"O mother!" cried Rebecca, "now you can teach me to cook!"

So every Thursday when Bridget went out, mother and Rebecca had a cooking lesson on the dear little stove. It boiled water finely, and baked apples and nice little cakes. Rebecca learned fast. Father said her biscuits were delicious, and Rebecca had made them all herself. But one day she valued the little cook stove more than ever.

Dear Cousin Bess came to stay with her. Of course Bess was delighted with the stove, and the two little girls planned to have a fine feast. But that afternoon they went out skating, and before they had been out an hour poor Bess tripped over a root, frozen in the ice, fell, and broke her ankle.

Rebecca's father carried her home. Bess tried to be very brave, though it hurt to be moved. But worse than that was the thought of lying in bed so many days till the poor ankle was well. She was too sick that night for Rebecca to see her. Mother looked at Rebecca's sorrowful little face. Mothers always think of something pleasant.

"Dearie," she said, "how would you like to cook Bess's luncheon for her every day?"

"Oh I should love it," cried Rebecca, all her smiles coming back.

So next day mother taught Rebecca to make an oyster stew. She learned how the oysters were cooked in one little saucepan, and the nice, thickened milk in another. Then she toasted crackers in the cunning little broiler. When it was all done, mother put them on a pretty tray, and Rebecca carried them upstairs. You may imagine what a surprise it was for Bess. She had been thinking the day was very long, as she lay there unable to run about.

Every day Rebecca cooked her something and brought it on the tray; and at last when the pleasant spring weather came, Bess was able to go down stairs, and she and Rebecca made some splendid candy on the little stove, to celebrate her being well again.—Meta R. M. Salter.

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REMEMBER.

Now is the time for the
Nickel Fund.
Reports for 1906.
New Minute and Roll Books for 1907.
New Subscriptions for volume VI.

IMPORTANT.

In the last number of The Children's Friend the Presidents of the Primary associations were requested to assume the responsibility of agents for the magazine and do all that is possible to send in a good list of subscriptions for volume VI. Each President will receive by mail, order blanks, receipt books and envelopes, to enable them to perform this duty with convenience and in a systematic manner. A receipt must be given for each order received and account of order kept on stub in receipt book. No order for less than One Year will be received, and all orders must be prepaid.

This is the last number for this year, and according to the rule established by the General Board when a subscription runs out no more magazines will be sent until a renewal is sent in. Do not lose any time; now is the best time; have your list sent in by December 1st.

There are still some lists of workers due. Please send them in at once.

Lesson Department.

"The teacher's part at Christmas—what is it?

Is it not "that every girl and every boy" shall learn the deeper meaning of Christmas without losing any of the joy and merriment of it. The little ones are too young to comprehend the mighty significance of the birth of the little Christ-Child for whom a world was waiting, but they can understand there is a sacred joy in the celebration of His birthday that belongs to no other;—they know about keeping birthdays.

Shall it not then mean to the children that Christmas is a birthday festival which they celebrate by gift-giving because He was the greatest gift the world ever knew? And cannot they be led to understand that they give direct to Him when they remember the unfortunate who cannot return the gift.

The teacher who can plant the thought in childish hearts, that the true Christmas feeling comes only from the loving kindness that prompts to self-forgetfulness in making the happiness of others, and at the same time not give one somber tint to the merry-making that is the children's right, has done ideal Christmas work."

PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER 23RD.

To be used in place of lesson 39.

It is suggested that the program be divided into two parts. The first part to be in honor of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. A number of good selections that are worth repeating will be found in The Children's Friend for December, 1905. "Zion's Glorious Day" will be suitable for a recitation for one of the older children.

For the second part "Santa Claus at Primary" will be found interesting and attractive, and very easy to prepare.

ZION'S GLORIOUS DAY.

Hail the day to Zion sacred,
Shout aloud from north to south,
Freedom reigns in all her mountains,
Life and Health in all her fountains,
And her banner floats for truth.

Hail her rulers, love and duty,
Are the guards of Priesthood, here,
God through them hath given them glory,
Israel's host repeat the story,
Swelling still from year to year.

Hail the past to memory sacred,
Pioneers inspired of God,
Persecuted, driven, plundered—
Living yet, though nation's wondered,
Firmly fixed on Zion's sod.

Hail her present peace and plenty,
Order dwells in all her vales,
And her foes though plotting madly,
Shake themselves, and murmur sadly
"We have failed," she yet prevails.

Hail her future, glorious future,
Triumph comes as sure as light;
God hath spoken this the token,
All her foemen's ranks are broken,
Truth's victorious in the flight.

Shout, then shout, ye gathering thousands,
Fathers, mothers swell the song;
Bid your countless sons and daughters,
Shout with voice like rushing waters,
Zion's triumph is their song.
H. W. Naisbett, from Rhymlets in Many Moods.

SANTA CLAUS AT PRIMARY.

Lesson 39. For All Grades.

Characters: Santa Claus; teacher; scholars; Christmas fairies.

Scene: A stage decorated with evergreens. Large Christmas tree in corner. Teacher at desk. Class standing before teacher's desk. Other children seated.

(Teacher, rapping desk)—Attention! Your toes are not all on the chalk mark. George Brown, you must not stand on one

foot. Sarah Jones, keep erect. John Smith, put your hands behind you. Now, Mary Wood, you may read the first stanza.

(Mary Wood reads in a piping voice)—

"'Twas the night. before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

(Teacher)—Hum-ha! Not quite right. You should pitch the tone lower. But your emphasis is good. Now, Henry Green, proceed.

(Henry Green reads in a lisping tone)—

"The stockingths were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopths that thaint Nicholath thoon would be there."

(Teacher)—I wish, Henry, that you might learn to pronounce the letter s more distinctly. However I know you always try to do your best. Now Walter White.

(Walter White reads in a rapid sing-song tone)—

"The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

(Teacher)—Oh, Walter, much too fast! Try the verse once more.

(Walter repeats the verse in a slow, drawling voice.)

(Teacher, frowning over her glasses)—You should adopt a medium tone, Walter, neither too fast nor too slow. Susan Snow, it is your turn next. (Susan Snow reads)—

"And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap—"

(Teacher)—Excellent, Susan! I am proud of you. Hiram Tucker, you may go on.

(Hiram Tucker reads in a very loud tone)—

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,"

(At this point, a boy who has been gazing over the top of his book through the window raises his hand and waves it frantically to and fro. Teacher takes no notice of it. Hiram continues)—

"I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

(As Hiram pronounces the word "what" a loud knock is heard. Pupils start, and teacher springs to her feet.)

(Teacher)—What noise was that?

(Boy)—If you please, there is a queer old man knocking at the door.

(Teacher)—Abraham Smart, open the door.

Abraham Smart throws door open. Enter Santa Claus, dressed in a long cloak, and carrying a staff upon which he leans as if very feeble. A fur cap almost covers his face, and spectacles conceal his twinkling eyes.)

(Santa Claus, in a weak, tremulous voice)—

I have wandered from my way, teacher, and am cold and weary. May I sit in the room a moment or two till I am rested?

(Teacher)—Indeed you may, my good man, and we will make you welcome to the best of our ability. Abraham, place a chair near the fire for our visitor.

(Santa Claus crosses the room with a feeble step and seats himself by the fire. Looks about him.)

Santa Claus)—This room has a Christmas look, I take it the Primary intends to keep Christmas this year, with the proper spirit.

(Teacher)—Why, yes, sir. We think there is no day like Christmas, and we are planning to celebrate it with a little festival of songs and recitations.

(Santa Claus)—A very good idea, indeed.

(Teacher)—We were rehearsing a poem for the occasion when you knocked at the door, and, with your permission, we will now resume the lesson.

(Santa Claus, turning suddenly towards Walter White)—What is the name of the poem, and who is its author?

(Walter White)—The poem is called "The Night Before Christmas," sir, and it was written by Clement Moore, if you please, sir.

(Santa Claus)—Aha! I know that poem very well, I can repeat every word of it myself. (Addresses the teacher)—I am so familiar with it, that I am quite sure you will not be offended if I say, plainly, that I would much rather hear your children recite something else. Would you allow me to ask the Primary a few questions while I warm myself?

(Teacher, in a surprised tone)—Why certainly, my good friend. Ask whatever questions you may desire to have answered. (Strikes bell. Class march to their seats.)

(Santa Claus)—Can any one here tell me why we keep Christmas?

(Very small girl rises and recites)—

Long years ago, at Bethlehem,
One holy Christmas morn,
Beneath a stable's humble roof,
The Savior, dear, was born.
Down from the skies, with glad surprise,
Bright angels' voices, then
Sang out this carol, "Peace on earth,
Good will, good will to men."

(Santa Claus)—Oh my dear little girl, that was a blessed,

blessed day. Never forget the sweet Christ-Child in the manger, and why he came to earth that Christmas morning. Never forget the meaning of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, Good will to men." I should like to ask you, children, when the bells ring on Christmas morning, what they seem to say to you?

(Larger girl recites)—

"Love one, love all,"
That's what the bells are ringing,
On Christmas morn
Within the belfry swinging;
"Love home, love friends,
Love all the bounteous earth ,
And praise the Lord,
For the blest Christ-Child's birth."

"Love one, love all,"
That's what the bells are saying,
On Christmas morn,
Within the steeple swaying;
"Love birds, love beasts,
Love all the things of earth,
And praise the Lord
For the blest Christ-Child's birth."

(Santa Claus)—I am pleased that you understand the language of the bells. Love is, indeed, the Christmas motto. If our hearts are full of the love of Jesus we shall love all mankind, and birds and beasts and flowers, and home and country. And if we love all these we shall love Jesus. I hope you love your country, children.

(Children all rise and sing one or more verses of America, then seat themselves.)

(Santa Claus)—I am sure now that you do love your great and glorious country. I sincerely trust that you love your homes, also.

(Small boy rises and recites)—

Where is there so dear a place
As home, sweet home?
No other spot has such a charm,
Where e'er we roam;
Whether we live 'neath lowly roof
Or lordly dome
Forever lives within our hearts
The love of home.

(Santa Claus)—That is well said. For my part I love my own home dearly. (Glances at Christmas tree.) What a beautiful tree. Indeed, I think that the Christmas tree ought to be acknowledged the king of the forest. Don't you agree with me?

(Larger boy rises and recites)—

The Christmas tree! The Christmas tree!
Ah, that's the tree of all for me!
With candles bright, its boughs alight,
What other tree is such a sight?

The Christmas tree! The Christmas tree!
Oh, that's the tree of all for me!
From top to root it bends with fruit
That sure the taste of all must suit.

The Christmas tree! The Christmas tree!
So bright, so beautiful to see!
While joy bells ring, we hail him king
Of woods and Christmas revelling!

(Santa Claus)—Hurrah for the Christmas tree. In my garden I have nothing else growing. (Teacher and children regard him with surprise.) But children, there is one more question I would like to ask. If you spend all your money buying gifts for your friends, what will you, yourselves, do on Christmas Day?

(Boy, shouting loudly)—Santa Claus will bring us some presents!

(Santa Claus)—Eh! What's that?

(All the school, loudly)—Santa Claus will bring us some presents!

(Santa Claus)—Santa Claus? Santa Claus? Why whom do you mean by Santa Claus?

(Boy)—I guess you've never been a boy if you don't know Santa Claus!

(Santa Claus)—Why I may have heard the name. Somehow it has a familiar sound. Please tell me something about the person.

(Four children advance to center of stage.)

(First Child)—

Old Santa Claus dwells far away,
Where six months long is every day;
Far, far up, by the cold North Pole,
Lives Santa Claus, that dear old soul.

(Second Child)—

His palace is all built of snow,
Like diamonds the turrets glow;
From floor to ceiling, packed in ice,
Are books, and games, and all things nice.

(Third Child)—

His food is seals and polar bears
And fur of wolf and fox he wears;
Eight tiny reindeer draw his sleigh,
And swifter than the birds are they.

(Fourth Child)—

His beard is long, and snowy white,
With icicles it glitters bright;
His cheeks are redder than a rose,
And so's his jolly little nose.

(Santa Claus)—Ha! ha! ha! A very good description. Yes, yes, I know Santa Claus, myself, and have known him this many a year. Why, bless me! he's one of my most intimate friends. He looks like this. (Rises and throws off his cloak and tosses away his cap and spectacles.

(Children shouting excitedly)—Why you are Santa Claus, yourself!

(Santa Claus)—Of course I am. Who should I be but myself? (Addresses teacher.) I had heard from my little friends the snow birds, a good report of your Primary, and thought I would visit it in disguise and judge for myself. (Addresses children.) I find the snow birds have told the truth. They said you were a good, kind, polite, and studious set of children, and so you are, so you are. I never saw better boys and girls.

(All the children)—Oh, thank you, dear Santa Claus!

(Santa Claus)—And now I must bid you all good night. But, hark! I hear some friends approaching.

(Santa Claus claps his hands. Enter Christmas fairies, girls and boys, dressed in white with trimmings of evergreen and holly berries. They join hands and dance about him in a circle, singing, Air: "Lightly Row.")

Merrily, merrily,
Round and round and round go we,
In a ring, while we sing

Of the joys that spring
At the happy Christmas tide,
When all hearts are opened wide,
Love must rule home and school,
During merry Yule!

Merrily, merrily,
Round and round and round go we,
Blythe and gay, while we say,
"Hail loved Christmas Day!"
Day of deepest, sweetest joys,
Dearest day to girls and boys,
Love must rule home and school,
During merry Yule!

A march may be introduced in which all the children take part at the close of which all form in a tableau and sing, "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas." The Primary Song Book, No. 33. To conclude sing, "Good Night," The Primary Song Book, No. 59.
(Curtain.)

First Grade.

Prayer for the month:

"Lord, we thank Thee for this day,
For these hours of work and play,
For the shining sun above,
For Thy great and tender love.
Help us Lord Thy will to do —
Make us loving, kind and true. Amen."

Song for the month:
A Christmas Song from The Primary Song Book, choice left to the teacher.

Memory Gem for the month:
"I am so little, I can love
A tiny little lot,
Not like our Father up above,
Who loves, and changes not;
But I a little love can show
To every one I find,
For heaven itself is—don't you know?—
Just being kind."

Lesson 37.

Aim: Loving and Giving.
Story: Tommy's Share, page 442.
Incident: The Birth of Christ.

Today I am going to tell you about a home in a country, far, far away from here, and about a wonderful thing that happened in that home a long, long time ago.

A woman with a sweet, kind face lived in this home and her name was Mary. Mary was poor and her home was poor; there were not many nice things in it to make it beautiful or very comfortable, yet, I think it must have been a happy home, because Mary was so gentle and so kind.

One day a messenger came to see Mary and told her something that made her feel very happy.

This messenger was an angel and he came from our Father in Heaven. At first Mary was very much afraid, but when she looked at the angel she saw he had a good, kind face and then she felt better about it. The angel said to Mary, "Do not fear, I come with a glad message for you. God will send you a ittle boy baby, and He shall be the Jesus, the Christ child, the one who is to bring so much love and kindness into all the world. You will be the mother of this baby, and you shall care for him and love him."

Then the angel went away. Mary was very happy thinking about it, but she wondered why God had chosen a poor, humble woman for so great a work.

'Never mind," said she, God knows best, I will do whatever He asks of me."

By and by Mary and Joseph had to go to Bethlehem. It was a long, hard journey. When they arrived there they found the town full of people and there was no room for them. They tried so many places but the people only shook their heads and said:

"Our house is full, we have no room for any more."

After a while they found a man who offered them a part of the place where the cows and horses and sheep lived. It was not very nice for Mary and Joseph, but it was the best to be had, so they made them a bed in the hay and that night the little baby came, just as the angel had promised, and the only place they could put the baby was in the manger, where the animals ate their hay.

On the same night that Jesus was born there were some shepherds out in the fields taking care of the sheep, to see that no wild animals came to frighten them. It was a cold night and perhaps the shepherds had made a fire and were gathered around

it trying to keep warm. By and by it began to grow light and the men were astonished; it wasn't time for the morning light, the sun was far away, they were all looking up into the sky wonderingly, and then they saw that the light came from a beautiful, bright angel. While they stood gazing in wonder and amazement the angel spoke and told them about the good news, that a baby was born who would bring joy to all the world and that they would find Him in a manger. Then they heard sounds of beautiful music, and the voices of many angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

After the angels went away, the shepherds said: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the baby which the Lord hath told us about."

And they left their sheep and went just as fast as they could until they came to the place where the baby was lying in the manger. After they had seen the little baby Jesus they went out and told the people all about the visit of the angels and the wonderful baby who was to bring joy to all the world.

Lesson 38.

Aim: The Christmas Thought.
Story: A visit to the Baby King, page 451.
Incident: The First Christmas Gifts.

There were three wise men who lived in different places and they had been watching for years for a new star. They were waiting for it to guide them to the baby Jesus. When it appeared, they got ready and started on the journey. There were no trains to help them in that country, so they rode on camels. After they had been traveling for a long time the three wise men met and told each other the story of the new star, how it was guiding them on their journey.

Now they traveled on together and when they came to Bethlehem the star stood still over the place where Jesus was born. The wise men got down from their camels and went into the place where the baby lay and they took with them fine gifts for little Jesus, they knelt down and worshiped Him and gave him the gifts they had brought with them.

And these were the very first Christmas gifts anybody ever gave. Every year when Christmas comes we remember about Jesus and the love and joy He brought to us, and we like to make people happy by giving them a nice Christmas gift.

Lesson 39. See page 456.

Lesson 40.

Aim: Helpfulness.
Story: The Little Cook, page 454.
Incident: The Happy Christmas.

Talk about the happy time enjoyed during the Christmas week. Especially about the things the children have done, not only in making gifts, but in doing the little kind acts, that are more than gifts. Talk over all the good times that came to others and how good it is to see happy people. Give a little time to the gifts that the children received and encourage the thought that now is a good time to share our good things with others, etc.

Second Grade.

Lesson 37.

Subject: Loving and Giving.
Bible Story: The Greatest Gift.
Supplementary Story: "A Visit to the Baby King," page 451.
Song: "Christmas Cradle Song," Primary Hymn Book, No. 32.

THE GREATEST GIFT.

There was once a great promise made to the world, that some day there would come a King to rule and bless the people. This King was to come from God, and the whole world would bow down before Him.

The children of Israel knew of this, for it had been promised that the great King would come to their nation, and they waited and waited for the promise to be kept—year after year, and each little child that came into the world was told of the great King, and learned to love Him.

Many people wished and wished, and some prayed and prayed; but the great King had not come yet.

Still none of them really doubted the promise; for the nation was very unhappy, and had many, many troubles, and they were looking and longing for a wise ruler to come and help them. They all thought that the King would come in great glory, and would sit on a throne, with beauty and grandeur around Him; that He would soon conquer all their enemies, and their troubles would be over.

The people were almost tired of waiting, and some were beginning to forget the promise, when at last the great King came —not to a grand palace, but to a humble, a very humble home.

(The children are all familiar with the first Christmas. Let them tell of the long journey of Joseph and Mary—no house in which they could stay—the manger—and the birth of Jesus. (Luke, 2: 1-7.) Let them tell also of the visit of the angels to the shepherds—the song, "Peace on earth, good will to men" (Luke 2: 7-20.); the wise men following the new star, and bringing their Christmas gifts. (Matt. 2: 1-12.) A few questions will help them to tell all of these stories, for they have heard them so often and are quite familiar with them.)

Lesson 38.

Subject: Loving and Giving.

Book of Mormon Story: The Promise of a Savior.

Supplementary Story: "Ellen and Her Christmas Tree," page 444.

Song: "Christmas Cradle Song," Primary Hymn Book, No. 32.

THE PROMISE OF A SAVIOUR.

While the people in that far-off land were waiting and watching for the promised King, some of the people on this land were waiting also. They, too, had heard of the promise of a Savior.

The Nephites and Lamanites, as the people were called, had had many unhappy times. While they did right and served God, all went well with them; but when the Spirit of God left them, they were at war with each other most of the time.

One day a stranger came to the City of Zarahemla. He looked so earnest and thoughtful, and seemed so full of some purpose that, as he passed them, the people noticed him, wondering who he was and what had brought him there.

The stranger, who was called Samuel, the Lamanite, soon let them know why he had come, for he began telling them that they must repent for in a short time, a very short time, the Savior would be born.

They had heard of the promise so long and had been told of it so often, and still the Savior had not come, that they would not listen to Samuel, and treated him so unkindly that he decided to go back to his own country.

As soon as he got outside of the city, he heard the voice of the Lord, telling him his mission was not yet ended, and that he

must go back to the city and prophesy whatever came into his heart.

Samuel, knowing it was the voice of the Lord, turned back; but when he reached the gate, the people would not let him go into the city. Still he was determined to do as the Lord had told him, so he climbed on the wall that went around the city, and, stretching out his arm, he began to tell the people that they and their cities would surely be destroyed unless they turned away from their wicked ways.

It was a strange thing for the Nephites to have a Lamanite, one of the people they had so looked down upon, telling them to repent, and they did not like to hear what he told them; so many hurried away, while others laughed and scoffed.

"But you shall hear my words," said Samuel. "I am standing here on the walls of your city, for an angel has sent me to warn you and to tell you again of the coming of the Savior."

"We have heard it over and over again," said some of the people, "but it has not come true. How can we know that a Savior is coming?"

"I will tell you," said the Prophet; "I will give you a sign."

Then some of the people grew interested. "A sign!" they said. "Yes, give us a sign."

"When five years shall have passed," continued the Prophet, "the Son of God will come. You will know when He comes, for there will be great lights in the heavens, and then on the night He is born, there shall be no darkness, and it shall seem as if there has been no night. There will be a day and then the sun will set; but no darkness will come. In the morning the sun will rise again, and there will be another day. So when there are two days and a night without any darkness at all, you will know that the Savior is born.

"And then," continued Samuel, "there shall be a new star in the sky, such a one as you have never seen before; and all these things will fill you with wonder and fear, and you shall fall on your faces. But those who believe in what has been taught them about the Savior need have no fear."

The people were silent, many of them believing what the Prophet had said.

"Could it be true," they thought, "that in five short years the Savior would really come, and yet Samuel spoke as if he knew it woud be so." So while some believed, some still doubted.

"And there is yet another sign," said the Lamanite, still standing on the wall, "a sign of the death of our Savior. For three whole days there shall be no light upon the face of the land; the sun, moon, and stars will refuse to give light, and a terrible dark-

ness will be over all. Then there shall be thundering and lightnings for many hours; the earth shall shake and tremble, and the rocks, both above and below, shall be broken up. There shall be great storms, and mountains shall fall and make valleys, and the valleys shall rise and form mountains, and many great and terrible things shall happen."

Many of the people still would not believe what Samuel had said, even though he had given them these signs; and they tried to hit him with stones and shot arrows at him while he stood on the wall. But the Spirit of the Lord was with him, and none of them could harm him. He jumped from the wall and hurried away from the city to his own country, and the Nephites never again heard of him.

Time passed, and the words of the prophets began to be fulfilled, and great and wonderful things were done among the people. Angels appeared to wise men, and told them many glad tidings, and every day it was seen that the prophecies in the Scriptures were coming true.

But even these things did not help some of the people. Most of them, both Nephites and Lamanites, went on in their proud, haughty, sinful ways, depending upon their own strength and their own wisdom, and laughing and scoffing at those who were trying to do right, and were watching and waiting for the coming of the Savior.

'But," said those who believed, "see how many things the prophets have told us have come true. Why should not the other things be true also?"

"Of course," would be the reply, "they are sure to guess some things out of so many they have told us; but we know well enough that all the wonderful and marvelous things they have predicted cannot come to pass."

"And then," one would say, "it isn't reasonable that such as a Savior should come. And even if He did come to earth, why should He not come here as well as in Jerusalem?"

"Oh," another would answer "that's just something handed down to us by our fathers. They said it would happen in a far-off land so that we couldn't see whether it happened or not."

"And then, the time is past anyway, and the words of Samuel haven't been fulfilled, and all your joy and your faith in it have done you no good."

Soon there began to be sorrow among those who believed, and they thought, "What if anything should happen so that these things should not come true?"

They waited and watched more anxiously than ever for the day and the night and the day when there should be no darkness.

But the unbelievers were not content with laughing and scoffing at their more righteous brethren, and they set apart a certain time, and said that unless the sign that Samuel had promised should come should be seen before that day, all who believed in the coming of the Savior should be put to death.

How anxiously they all watched now for the coming of the two days and night when there should be no darkness; for to a great many it meant that they might live, if the sign came before the appointed day.

Nephi, the prophet, heard the news with a great deal of sorrow. There was only one help—that of their Father in Heaven. He prayed earnestly for the people all the day. At last a voice answered him:

"Lift up your head," said the voice, "and be of good cheer, for behold the time is at hand and on this night shall the sign be given."

That night as the sun went down. no darkness came; it was as light as day, and stayed so all during the night. The people began to be astonished when the sun went down and no darkness appeared all during the night. Then they knew the sign had come and the Savior would be born.

All that night it was as light as day, and in the sky they found the new star, as Samuel had promised. In the morning the sun came up as usual, and they all knew it was the day the Savior was born, because the promised sign was given.

And so the glad tidings, with peace on earth, good will to men, came to the people of this land; and how many wished that they might see the little baby who was to be the great King.

Lesson 39. For All Grades.

Lesson 40.

Subject: Love for Others.
Book of Mormon Story: The Appearance of Jesus.

APPEARANCE OF JESUS.

For a few years after the birth of Jesus there was peace in the land. There were no wars between the Nephites and Lamanites. Most of those who had laughed at the prophets and treated them cruelly now believed in their teachings, for had not the promised sign been given. But a few even now would not believe that a Savior had been born, and tried to say that the sign did not mean anything at all.

In a few years trouble came upon the land again. Many of the people went back to their old ways. Prophets tried to warn them; but they would not listen, and the men who tried to tell them of their evil were stoned and put in prison.

The prophet Nephi was so worried over the condition of the people that he tried to go among them and help them. He knew he might be stoned or put in prison, or even killed, just as other prophets had been; but he was not afraid for himself; he was afraid of the great punishments that would come upon the people.

He went among them, preaching to them, healing all the sick and doing many wonderful things; but they were angry because he had greater power than they had. His faith in Jesus was so strong that angels came to help him every day. Some few who saw the great things he did believed in what he said and were baptized.

It was just time now for the other sign Samuel, the Lamanite prophet, had given them, and they began to look earnestly for the three days of darkness. Some said it would not come, but they had not long to wait.

Soon after this a terrible storm came over the land. Great peals of thunder that seemed to shake the earth were heard, and terrible flashes of lightning, worse than they had ever before seen, came, setting fire to some of the cities. Then came the rain, not in a calm, gentle shower, but in cloud bursts and floods. The wind whirled around carrying many people away, some of whom were never seen again; great forests of trees were blown up and carried in the air; buildings trembled and fell to the ground with a crash. The whole earth shook and quaked, and in some places where there had once been cities, great mountains appeared, and some mountains fell and valleys came in their place. Many cities were sunk in the depth of the sea. The sheep and cattle were driven around and lifted from their feet by the wind, and everything seemed changed and terrible.

This awful storm lasted three hours, but to those who had seen and heard it, it seemed a very, very long time.

When the tempest was over, a great darkness came over everything; no ray of light could be seen. There was not a glimmer from the sun, moon, nor stars, and the people could not light lamps nor candes nor torches, nor even make a fire. They could only crouch together in fear of the terrible darkness, almost too frightened to speak to each other. Those who had homes left could not find them in the darkness, for the streets were so full of fallen buildings, trees, and water.

Now they thought of their past wickedness. Why had they been so proud of their grand houses and of their riches; many of those same houses were now in ruins, and all the gold and silver

they had could not buy them a single ray of light. If they had listened to the warnings that had been given them!

"Oh, if we had only repented!" they cried. "If we had only listened to the prophets, and had believed what they told us, then these terrible things would not have happened."

In the midst of the crying and groaning, all the people in the land heard a voice. They listened in terror. It was the voice of Jesus ,telling them of their sins, and of the terrible punishments that had come upon those who had been the most wicked. He asked them to repent and come unto Him, and He would be merciful to all who would try to do better.

"Therefore," He said, "whoso repenteth and cometh to Me, as a little child, him will I receive; for of such is the Kingdom of God. Behold, for such I have laid down my ilfe and have taken it up again; therefore, repent, and come unto me, ye ends of the earth, and be saved."

The people listened to the voice, and for many hours there was silence in the land, and then the voice was heard again by all the people, telling them how often they had been asked to repent and give up their sins, but they would not do so, and as they would not obey, these troubles had come upon them.

For three days, as the Prophet Samuel had said, the terrible darkness lasted and then the earth stopped trembling and shaking, and the noises passed away, and light came again.

All was peaceful again. The people who had lately been so terrified were praising God for His goodness to them in sparing their lives and letting them see so many prophecies fulfilled.

They stood and looked around them in surprise. Beautiful buildings had fallen; large trees had been uprooted and were lying on the ground; everywhere there was something to show the great disaster.

"Look!" said one of them, in a low voice, full of awe. "What can that be? What has become of the city that was there a few days ago?"

His companions turned in the direction he pointed, and instead of the large city which had stood there, they saw a lake of calm, shining water.

"And the mountain over there? Where has it gone?" said another.

Again they turned in astonishment, and saw the mountain had been removed and a valley was in its place.

"What wonderful changes!" they cried.

But nothing was so wonderful to them as the coming of the Savior.

Although large stately buildings and beautiful parks around

had been destroyed, the Temple in the Land of Bountiful still stood, and by this time a large crowd of people had gathered around it. They stood talking of the wonderful things that had happened, of the darkness, and the great changes; but most of all of the Savior, of whose coming their prophets had said so much.

While they stood there a voice was heard, not a harsh nor a loud voice, but a low calm one, which seemed to pierce the hearts of all who heard it, and they trembled with fear. What it was or where it came from they could not tell; but it seemed to come right from heaven. They looked around in wonder, too frightened to speak, but could see no one.

Again the voice was heard, sweet and clear, but they could not understand what it said. They still listened, their eyes turned toward heaven. A third time the voice spoke. This time they all understood what it said.

"Behold my beloved Son," said the voice, "in whom I am well pleased; in whom I have glorified my name; hear ye Him."

They kept their eyes turned toward heaven, and soon saw someone, dressed in a shining white robe, descending to earth. They dared not speak even to each other, for they thought an angel was coming to them.

Slowly He came among them, and, stretching our His hand, said:

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world."

He then told them He was the Light and Life of the World, and had suffered death for the sins of the world, and had done the will of His Father from the beginning.

As soon as He finished speaking, all the people fell to the earth, for they remembered that their prophets had told them that Jesus should show Himself to them after He had gone to heaven.

He told them to go to Him, to feel the prints of the nails in His hands and feet, that they might know for themselves that He was really Jesus Christ who had died for the sins of the world.

One by one they silently obeyed Him, and saw the prints of the nails in His hands and feet, and then they knew it was surely He of whom the prophets had told them.

They all began to sing: "Hosanna, blessed be the name of the Most High God!"

Then He called Nephi, the one who had been so faithful and so earnest in teaching the people.

Nephi went and bowed himself before Jesus, and kissed His feet; Jesus told him to stand up. He obeyed, and the Savior gave

him power and authority to preach the Gospel and to baptize. He then called eleven others and made these twelve His apostles on this land.

Jesus stayed with them for awhile, teaching them in his gentle, loving way, healing the sick, blessing the children, and doing for them as he had done for His children in the far-off land, where the angels had told the shepherds of His coming, and where the wise men had carried their gifts to Him as He lay in the manger.

Third Grade.

Lesson 37.

Review of Previous Lesson.
Aim: Endurance.
Topics for Class:

1. Tertullus Speaks Against Paul.

Reference: The Acts, 24: 1—9.

After five days, Ananias the high priest, and some of the council, came down from Jerusalem to Cesarea. They brought with them also a lawyer, named Tertullus, that he might speak against Paul before the governor. And when Paul was brought out of prison to be tried, Tertullus began to accuse him, saying, We have found this fellow to be a wicked man, who is stirring up trouble and disorder among the Jews all over the world; and he is a chief one among those who believe in Jesus of Nazareth. He has also brought Gentiles into the temple, who are not allowed to go there. And we would have tried him according to our law, to see what his punishment should be, but the chief captain came with soldiers and took him from us, by force, commanding us to come before thee and accuse him. Now, therefore, we are here, ready to prove all the things that we speak against him. When Tertullus had finished, the Jews who were with him said that all he had spoken was true.

2. Paul Defends Himself.

Reference: The Acts, 24: 10—21.

Then Paul, after the governor had given him permission, answered, saying, It is now but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem to worship, and they found me in the temple, yet not disputing with any man, nor trying to stir up the people; neither

can they prove the things which they speak against me. But this I confess to thee, that I worship God in a way different from them, although I believe everything that is written in their Scriptures. And I expect the dead, both the bad and the good, to rise up at the last day, as the Jews themselves say that they will. And believing this, I am trying all the time to do nothing that my conscience tells me is wrong, either to God or to man.

Now, after being away from Jerusalem for many years, I come back at this time to bring alms to the poor Jews there, and also an offering to God. And some Jews from Asia found me in the temple, yet not with a multitude nor causing any disturbance. And they are the ones who should have been here to tell if they had anything against me. Or let these Jews who are here now say, whether they found any evil in me when I was taken before the council in Jerusalem, unless they will say it was wrong for me to preach about the dead rising up from their graves at the judgment day.

3. Paul Detained in Prison.

Reference: The Acts, 24: 22—27.

After Paul had spoken these things, Felix would hear no more, but sent the Jews away, saying, When the chief captain shall come down I will ask him all about your matters. And he commanded the centurian to keep Paul in prison, but to let him walk out, and to see any of his friends who should come to visit him.

Now, Drusilla, the wife of Felix, was a Jewess. And after some days, Felix sent for Paul to come and speak to him and Drusilla, and explain the gospel to them. And as Paul spoke to them, persuading them to obey God, and not listen to temptation, and told them how they must be judged at the last day, Felix thought of his sins, and was afraid so that he trembled. Yet he did not repent of those sins, but sent Paul back to prison, saying, At some other time, when it shall be more convenient, I will send for thee again to tell me about these things. Felix hoped also that Paul would offer him money to let him go free, and on that account he sent for him the oftener to talk with him. But after two years, when another governor, named Festus, came to take Felix's place, instead of letting Paul go, Felix left him in prison.

4. Paul Asks to Be Sent to Rome.

Reference: The Acts, 25: 1—12.

When Festus, the new governor, was come to Cesarea, the Jews asked of him that Paul might be sent to Jerusalem to be tried; for they intended now, as they did before, to have men hidden by the way who would rise up and kill him. But Festus answered them, and said, Paul shall stay in Cesarea, and

those who wish to accuse him, may come here and say what they have against him. So when they had come, the governor commanded Paul to be brought before them, and the Jews stood and accused him of many things. But Paul answered for himself, saying, Neither against the laws of the Jews, nor against the temple, nor against Ceasar, have I done anything wrong. Then Festus, because he wanted to please the Jews, answered Paul and said, Art thou willing to go up to Jerusolem, and there be tried for the things they accuse thee of?

Now, it was a law, that any Roman who was going to be put to death, might ask to be taken before Caesar, the emperor, for the emperor to say whether he should die, or be allowed to live. And when Festus asked Paul if he were willing to go up to Jerusalem to be tried before the Jews, who he knew were determined to kill him, Paul answered, saying, Jerusalem is not the place where I ought to be tried; for I have done no wrong to the Jews, as thou well knowest. I ask to be taken before Caesar. Then Festus said, Hast thou asked to be taken before Caesar? Unto Caesar shalt thou go. He meant that Paul should be taken to the city of Rome, where the emperor, Caesar, lived.

Lesson 38.

Review of Previous Lesson.
Aim: Faithfulness.
Topics for Class.

1. Agrippa at Cesarea:
Reference: The Acts, 25: 13-27.

Some days after this, Agrippa, who was king over another part of the land of Israel, came with his sister Bernice, to visit Festus at Cesarea. And Festus told him about Paul, saying, There is a man here in prison, whom the chief priests and elders of the Jews have asked me to put to death. Now Agrippa was a Jew, and when the governor told him that the Jews wanted to put Paul to death, he said, I would like also to hear what the man says, myself. Festus answered, Tomorrow thou shalt hear him.

The next day Agrippa came, and Bernice, dressed in their royal robes, with the chief captains and principal men of the city around them. And Festus sent for Paul to be brought out of prison, and he came with the chains, such as prisoners wore, fastened upon him. Then Festus told Agrippa that this was the man whom the Jews wanted to kill.

2. Paul Tells His Story to Agrippa.
Reference: The Acts, 26: 1-13.

And Agrippa spoke to Paul, saying, Thou hast permission to speak for thyself, and to answer the things which the Jews say against thee. Then Paul stood up and told King Agrippa he was very glad that he might make his answer to him, because he was sure that the king had learned all about the laws of the Jews, and would understand what he was now going to say before him.

Then Paul said, The Jews themselves know very well how I have lived, and what I have done, ever since I was a child. For I also am a Jew, and if they would speak the truth they would say, that I used to be one of the strictest among them. I, too, thought that I ought to do many things against Jesus of Nazareth. Many of His disciples I shut up in prison, and when they were tried and put to death, I was the one who spoke against them. I punished them in every synagogue, and did all I could to make them speak against their Savior. And being full of rage against them, I went even to other cities to seek for them. But as I was going to Damascus, when I came near that city, I saw, in the middle of the day, a light from heaven, brighter than the sun, that shone around me and the men who were with me. And we were afraid and fell to the earth.

3. Paul Continues His Story to Agrippa.

Reference: The Acts, 26: 14-23.

And Paul told Agrippa and Festus, and all who were listening to him, how Jesus spoke to him at that time, and said that he had come to make Paul a minister, and sent him to preach the gospel to the Gentiles, so that they might repent and have their sins forgiven them. And when I heard his voice, Paul said, I did not disobey what the Lord commanded, but went and preached to the Jews at Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and also to the Gentiles, telling them to repent and obey God. And because I did this, the Jews caught me in the temple and were about to kill me. But God saved me from them. Therefore since God helped me, I have kept preaching till this day to all the people, both the poor and the rich. Yet I have told them only those things which the prophets said should happen; that Jesus would be put to death, and afterward would rise up from the dead, and be a Savior both to the Jews and the Gentiles.

4. Agrippa Is Almost Converted.

Reference: The Acts, 26: 24-32.

While Paul was speaking, Festus, the governor, said, with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. He meant that Paul had lost his senses, and was crazy, because he had read and thought so much about what was written

in the Scriptures. But Paul answered, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but am speaking only words that are true. And king Agrippa understands what I say; for I am sure he has heard of all these things. Then Agrippa said to Paul, Thou dost almost persuade me too, to be a Christian. Paul said, I wish that not only thou, but also all these persons who are listening to me this day, were Christians such as I am, except that they might not have to wear these chains.

When Paul had spoken these words, Agrippa rose up, and Festus, and the chief men of the city who were with them, and they went alone to talk with one another, saying, This man has not done anything for which he should be put to death, or kept in prison. Then Agrippa said to Festus, He might have been set at liberty if he had not asked to be taken to Rome to Caesar.

Lesson 39. See page

Lesson 40.

Review of Previous Lesson.
Aim: Fulfilment of Prophecy.
Topics for Class:
1 Paul Starts for Rome
Reference: The Acts, 27: 1-12.

When the time came for Paul to be sent to Rome, Festus gave him and some other prisoners that were to go there into the care of a centurion, who took soldiers with them to guard them by the way. And they went into a ship that sailed from Cesarea, and came the next day to the city of Sidon. Here they stopped for a while, and the centurion, whose name was Julius, treated Paul kindly, letting him go on the shore to visit some friends whom he had in that city.

After leaving Sidon they came to the city of Myra. There the centurion took his prisoners on board of another ship in which they sailed toward Rome. After sailing slowly many days they reached a place called the Fair Havens, in the island of Crete. And now as it was winter, and the time for the storms on the sea had come, Paul said to the men on the ship, Sirs, I see that while we are on this voyage there will be great danger, not only to the ship, but also to our lives. But the master of the ship, because he did not believe what Paul said, nor think the Fair Havens a good harbor to stay in for the winter, determined to leave it and try to reach a place called Phenice. And when there came a wind that blew softly from the south, the sailors thought they would be able to do this. Therefore they left the Fair Havens and sailed out on the sea again.

2. The Storm.

Reference: The Acts, 27: 13-44.

But soon there arose a fierce wind, that beat against the ship; and when the sailors could steer no longer, they let her go wherever the wind might drive her. And they came near to an island called Clauda, and there could hardly save the little boat that was fastened behind the ship from being washed away; but when they had taken it up out of the water, they wound cables, or chains about the ship, underneath and all around it, to keep it from breaking to pieces. And being greatly tossed by the tempest, the next day they threw out into the sea some of the cargo to make the ship lighter. On the third day the storm was so great that neither sun nor stars could be seen, and all hope was given up of being saved. But Paul told them that the Lord had said that he (Paul) should be brought to Rome and that an angel had appeared to him and said that all on board the ship should be saved. And after many days the ship ran aground, but every one on the vessel was able to reach the shore in safety.

3. Paul Reaches Rome.

Reference: The Acts, 28: 1-31.

The island where Paul and those on board the ship landed was called Melita. The people who lived here were barbarians, but they treated the ship-wrecked crew with great kindness. Paul had some great experiences on this island, he was bitten by a venomous snake and it did not hurt him. The barbarians were so astonished that they thought he must be a god. The chief of the island was named Publius, and while Paul was on the island the father of this chief became very ill and Paul administered to him and healed him. After this many who were afflicted came to this servant of God and were also healed.

After being on the island for three months, Paul and the passengers who had been wrecked were taken by a ship and after some delays finally reached Rome and Paul was handed over to the captain of the guard, to be kept as a prisoner.

Paul was allowed to hire a house in which to live, he was given a great deal of freedom, but was compelled to wear a chain, and always had a soldier with him so that he might not escape.

Paul sent for the Jews who lived in Rome to come and see him and told them why he was a prisoner. Some believed what he said, some did not, and nothing was done about his case, so that for two years he remained in Rome preaching the gospel, and no one interfered with him.

4. Prophecies Fulfilled.

During the time that Paul was a prisoner in Rome he was

not idle for he preached to the Gentiles and the Jews, and also wrote many letters to the saints in different places, which are now found in the New Testament, and are known as the Epistles of Paul.

Paul was finally tried and set free. Leaving Rome he visited Greece, Asia Minor, Spain and probably Britain. He was again arrested and sent to Rome, where, with the Apostle Peter, he suffered martyrdom.

In putting to death the Apostles, the world showed that it was unworthy to have the presence of such holy men. The Gentiles now as well as the Jews were left without the comfort and presence of inspired men, Apostles and Prophets. Many of the people who had become Christians apostatized and John, who was the last of the Apostles, was the only one through whom the Lord could speak to those who remained faithful. The words of John were more in reproof than in praise, because there was so much apostasy.

When all the Apostles were gone the Church was left without proper guidance. The members were easily led astray by false teachers who arose and claimed the right to teach the saints. The laws and ordinances of the gospel were changed to suit people's own ideas, and soon there came what is known in history as the time of spiritual darkness, which lasted for many thousands of years until God in His love and mercy sent the light of His gospel and restored the proper order of the priesthood, from Apostles down to Deacons, through His servant the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"THE YOUNG AND UNTRIED YEAR IS AT THE GATE."

"The Christmas moon rides bravely in the skies,
The young and untried year is at the gate.
We tremble at his aspect grave with fate,
At his inscrutable, unsmiling eyes,
Subtle with hope and full of prophecies.
Lord, he is all unknown, but Thou art true,
As in the old year, guide us in the new!"

For they who think of others most,
Are the happiest folks that live.

—Phoebe Cary.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

An excellent game for the fireside circle during the happy holiday season is called "Tray." The players should all be provided with sheets of paper and pencils. A tray is brought into the room filled with assorted articles of all sizes and shapes; the greater the variety, the more amusing the game. The players are allowed to look at the articles on the tray for three minutes, but they must on no account touch anything or make any remark about anything, keeping perfect silence while the observations are being made. At the expiration of the allotted time the tray should be covered over or removed from sight, and each player must write down everything he or she can remember to have seen on it. Three minutes is allowed for this, or, if there are many articles on the tray a little longer time may be given. The player who has made out the longest list reads it out, the other players checking theirs, by his, and some one by the articles on the tray. This is really rather a difficult game, especially when it is played two or three times in close sucession, as one is very apt to get the different tray-loads mixed.

Another extremely amusing game is "The Blind Pig." A blackboard or a large sheet of paper should be set up, the latter pinned on a drawing-board. Each player in turn must be blindfolded and led to the board or paper, given chalk, and told to draw a pig. As a rule the pictures will be provocative of most unconventional laughter and enjoyment. The best and the poorest should be rewarded with prizes.

A rather novel way of playing the old nut and potato races has found great favor of late. Place in two parallel rows and about two feet apart five large and irregular potatoes, and at the end an empty bowl. The player must pick up each potato on a teaspoon, carry it to the bowl, and drop it in. The potato must not be touched by hand or foot, and if dropped must be picked up with the spoon again. Record is kept of those first succeeding in getting all the potatoes in the bowl. Two or more can run the race at once,according to the number of rows of potaotes. For a nut race place a bowl of nuts at one end of the rom, and several empty bowls at the other. Each contestant, holding the hands flat, with the fingers close together and extended, dips into the bowl, getting as many nuts as possible on the back of his hand. These must be carried across the room and dropped into the other bowls. A certain number of journeys must be decided upon, and the one who gets the greatest number of nuts into his bowl wins the race. Both of these "races" are very mirth-provoking, and children of a larger growth usually enjoy them as much as their juniors.—Mary Foster Snider.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS CORNER.

In places where it is difficult to get a Christmas-tree, a pretty corner may be made to take its place by stretching a sheet across an unused corner of the room as high above the floor as the seat of a chair.

The sheet may be decorated with bright-colored stars, paper dolls, bright cornucopias filled with candy, the fancy candies used for Christmas trees, strings of cranberries, etc.; oranges suspended by wrapping a heavy thread each way and tying, and rosy apples add to the beauty.

Festoons and wreaths of cedar and holly, or branches of either pinned about the sheet, give a Christmas-like effect, while a drapery of bunting across the top and sides, with bunches of flags, is very showy, and always in place.

Fancy articles of tinsel, and small toys to be found about the home, may be added without expense. Small gifts will also find their place upon the sheet and add to its interest.

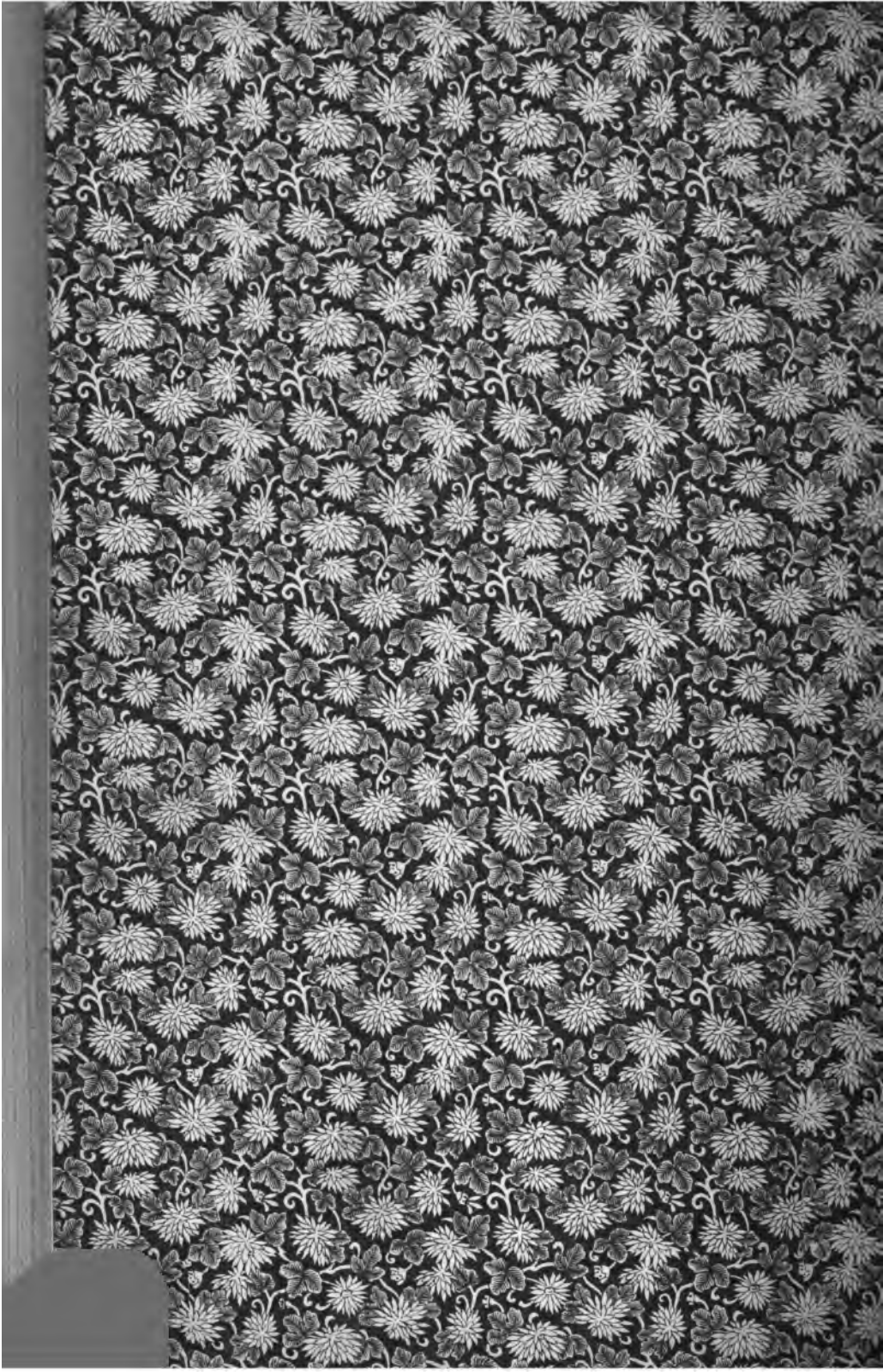
Back of the sheet may be placed a chair for each child, with seat protruding below, and above them may be fastened each child's name in bright letters and on it may be placed the heavy gifts.

Mothers will find this device inexpensive, easy to arrange, and a pleasant change for the chlidren. Where there is but one child a very small corner will serve the purpose.—(Mrs.) Osie B. Fox, Fostoria, Ohio.

JOHNNY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus: When you come to our house
Please bring me a trumpet an' drum,
A hobby-horse, jumpin'-jack, base-ball an' bat,
A sled, an' a top that will hum.

An', Santa, our fireplace is all stopped up
(With a furnace we don't need that),
But ring the door-bell, an' I'll let you in,
An' show you where the stockin's is at!



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